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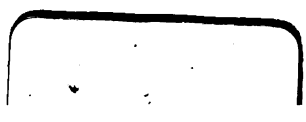

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CENSURA LITERARIA.

CONTAINING

TITLES, ABSTRACTS,

AND

OPINIONS

OF

OLD ENGLISH BOOKS,

WITH

ORIGINAL DISQUISITIONS, ARTICLES OF BIOGRAPHY, AND OTHER LITERARY ANTIQUITIES.

BY

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART. K. J. M. P.

SECOND EDITION.

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POETRY.

ART. CLXXVII. *The most pleasante Historie of Albino and Bellama, a Poeme: to which is annexed the Vindication of Poesie, by N. W. Lond. Printed, and are to be sould by Nicho. Fussell,* 1639.—&c.

To the Editor.

SIR,

THE last time I had the pleasure of meeting you in London, you requested I would furnish you with some information respecting a little volume in my possession. The volume to which I allude is entitled "*The most pleasante Historie of Albino and Bellama, a Poeme: to which is annexed the Vindication of Poesie, by N. W. London, printed and are to be sould by Nicho. Fussell,* 1639." It has a title-page neatly engraved, by Cor. Van. Dahen, from subjects in the poem. Of the author I learn, from a copy of commendatory verses (in Latin) by Jacob Bernard of Trinity College, that WHITING was Master of Arts, and that he was of King's College, Cambridge. There are several commendatory poems prefixed, as was the custom of the age. The scene is placed in Spain; and of the story, which is written in the sextain measure of a stanza and a couplet,

the following is a brief analysis. "Bellama, the daughter of Don Rivilezzo, refusing to marry Don Fuco, a rich old nobleman, is carried by her father to the monastery of Darwey, the inhabitants of which are minutely described; then follows an account of her instauration,

Adorn'd with vesture, white as bleached snow;
A cyprus mantle, over which was cast,
(So lightly hung 'twould not abide a blow)
A milk-white ribbon lock'd unto her waste,
Grac'd with a crucifix: her slender wrists,
With praying beads were wreathed on sable twists."

Among the votaries attendant upon the convent is Albino, a young monk of modest carriage and singular beauty, whose mental talents are complimented in two lines:

Discreet as Tyros are, he'd store of wit
In that he knew to use and husband it;

in which the mind naturally reverts to Butler's account of Hudibras:

Who, though he had great store of wit,
Was very spare of shewing it.

Upon the first sight of Bellama he is enamoured of her beauty, and finds an opportunity of disclosing his passion to her; after several meetings the jealous matron discovers them in an arbor in the garden, in consequence of which Bellama is secluded, and the frown of the duenna, when next he meets her, convinces Albino that his attachment is discovered. Unable to gain the ear of his mistress, he employs one of his brother monks to deliver letters to Bellama;

but Bardino, forfeiting his trust, discloses the letters to the "Abbatesse," and tells Albino that his lady treated him with scorn. Rivilezzo, after two years' confinement, fetches Bellama from the convent *vi et armis*. Albino, in order to obtain the sight of his mistress, assumes the habit of a young woman, and presents himself at the grate of the abbey as the daughter of Don Fulco, and is admitted into the order, where he soon learns the escape of his flame. In order to get without the pale of his confinement the *he-lady* persuades the "Abbatesse" that in his way he has lost a ring, but the abbess only offers to send a maid to recover it. He then endeavours to bribe the porter by a purse of coins, consisting of pieces of glass gilt over; but before the time of elopement arrives, Avaro discovers the fraud. At the hour appointed Phœliche (the lover's assumed name) knocking loudly to awaken the porter awakens the abbess, who had been dreaming that her ward was destroying by a lion, and she is on the instant persuaded by the noise which alarmed her, that her vision is realized. In her fright she discharges a pistol which awakens the porter. The bell is immediately rung and the whole convent is roused: the attempt to bribe Avaro being disclosed, Phœliche is confined closely and dieted sparely for three days. Unable at length to effect his escape, Albino (alias Phœliche) turns his regard to his sister nuns, and in a few weeks the influence of his intimacy becomes visible. After many fruitless searches the cause of this change in the appearances of the devotees is traced to its source, and the "Abbatesse" contrives to get Albino into a cell utterly excluded from the light.

The lynx at mid-day there would wish for day,
And cats, without a light, must grope their way.

Pa. 92.

Here she invents means to torment him by stoves "under-vaulted" in summer, and in winter by pouring water through holes drilled in the roof of his confinement.

Bellama hearing nothing of Albino despatches a messenger to the gate of the convent, but obtains no other answer than that he had left the priory long since, and it was supposed he was dead. Albino in the interim manages to gain the favour of Conrado by promising him marriage, if the monk will extricate him from his present confinement. The purpose is effected, and by a stratagem Albino leaves Conrado in the prison. Immediately upon his escape Albino secretes himself in a cavern in a neighbouring thicket, where he rescues from the embrace of a rude rustic his flame Bellama, who, in company with her maid in disguise, had fled her father's house with the hope of discovering Albino. At night they take up their abode in a peasant's hut, but are surprised early in the morning by the noise of the monkish crew in pursuit of their runaway. The fugitives, after assuming various disguises, at length arrive at the house of the brother of Albino, a Carthusian friar, by whom they are united."

Such are the adventures of this "Harlequin and Columbine," of which I have drawn an abstract, because the volume, at least as far as I have discovered, is of uncommon occurrence. From the nature of the fable it will be readily imagined the language is

not free from licentiousness. The "Vindication of Poesie" is written in the form of a vision, which has since become a favourite mode of composition.

O. G. G.

ART. CLXXVIII. *Extracts from John Taylor's Praise of the Needle. By a Correspondent.*

THE following extracts have been sent me by a Correspondent, whose literary talents I have long respected, but the title page of the volume whence they were taken being lost, and not being acquainted with the poem, here cited, I have waited in hopes of ascertaining the point, because my Correspondent conceives the author not to be the writer of this name, who is called "The Water-Poet."

THE PRAISE OF THE NEEDLE. *

II.

Katharine first married to Arthur, Prince of Wales, and afterwards to Henry the 8. *King of England*

I read that in the seaventh King Henrie's raigne,
Fair Katherine, daughter to the Castile King,
Came into England with a pompous traine
Of Spanish ladies, which she thence did bring.
She to the eight King Henry married was,
And afterwards divorc'd, where vertuously
(Although a Queen) yet shee her dayes did pas
In working with the Needle curiously;
As in the Tower, and places more beside,
Her excellent memorials may be seene:
Whereby the Needle's praise is dignifide
By her faire ladyes, and her self, a Queene.

* See it among John Taylor's Works in the next article, p. 20.

Thus for her payne, here her reward is just;
Her works proclaime her praise, though she be dust.

III.

Mary, Queene of England, and Wife to Philip King of Spaine.

Her daughter Mary here the scepter swaide;
And though she were a Queene of mighty power,
Her memorie will never be decaide;
Which by her workes are likewise in the Tower,
In Windsor Castle, and in Hampton Court,
In that most pompous roome cal'd Paradice:
Who ever pleaseth thither to resort,
May see some workes of hers of wondrous price.
Her Greatnesse held it no disreputation,
To take the Needle in her royall hand:
Which was a good example to our nation,
To banish idlenesse from out her land:
And thus this Queene, in wisedome thought it fit,
The Needle's worke pleas'd her, and she grac'd it.

IV.

Elizabeth Queene of England, and daughter to King Henry the eight.

When this great Queene, whose memory shall not
By any tearme of time be overcast;
For when the world, and all therein shall rot,
Yet shall her glorious fame for ever last;
When she a maide, had many troubles past,
From jayle to jayle, by Mary's angry spleene;
And Wood-stocke, and the Tower in prison fast,
And after all, was England's Peerlesse Queene;
Yet howsoever sorrow came or went,
She made the Needle her companion still:

And in that exercise her time she spent,
As many living yet, doth know her skill.
Thus was she still a captive, or else crown'd,
A Needle-woman Royall, and renown'd.

V.

The Right Honourable, vertuous, and learned Lady, Mary, late Countesse of Pembrooke.

A patterne and a patronesse she was,
Of vertuous industry, and studious learning:
And she her earthly pilgrimage did passe,
In acts, which were high honour most concerning.
Brave Wilton-house in Wiltshire well can show
Her admirable workes in Arras framed;
Where men, and beasts, scene-like, trees seeme to grow,
And Art (surpass'd by Nature) seemes asham'd.
Thus this renowned honourable dame
Her happy time most happily did spend:
Whose worth recorded in the mouth of fame,
(Until the world shall end) shall never end,
She wrought so well in Needle-worke, that she,
Nor yet her workes, shall ere forgotten be.

VI.

The Right Honourable and religious Lady, Elizabeth Dormer, wife to the late Right Honourable the Lord Robert Dormer, deceased.

This noble Lady imitates time past,
Directs time present, teacheth time to come:
And longer then her life, her laud shall last;
Workes shews her worth, though all the world were dumbe.
And though her reverend selfe, with many days
Of honourable age is loaden deepe,

Yet with her Needle (to her worthy praise)
Shee's working often, ere the sunne doth peepe,
And many times, when Phœbus in the west
Declined is, and Luna shewes her head,
This ancient honour'd Lady rests from rest,
And workes, when idle sloath goes soone to bed.
Thus she the Needle makes her recreation,
Whose well-spent paines are others' imitation.

L——d, Jan. 21, 1806. H. W.

To whatever John Taylor this poem of "The Praise of the Needle," belongs, which my Correspondent says has been his delight from childhood, it may not be out of place to give the best account, which occurs to me, of the "Water Poet." This is to be found in the third volume of Osborne's Catalogue of the Harleian Library, in which No. 3517, is, "*All the Workes of John Taylor, the Water-Poet: being sixty and three in number. Collected into one volume by the author, with sundry new additions; corrected, revised, and newly imprinted,* 1630, *fol.*"

"These works consist of several pieces, partly serious, but mostly comical, in prose, as well as verse; which the author had published from time to time, in single pamphlets. He frankly owns himself no scholar; but being a man of good natural parts, of a ready and copious invention, and having travelled much and seen company of all sorts, he has, in many things, made good use, especially in the satirical vein, of his fancy and observations. Several of the nobility, &c. encouraged him; and to them he dedicates several of these tracts,

There are also commendatory verses, before many of them, by some ingenious writers. Among the pieces, for which he was most noted, may be reckoned his *Whip of Pride; the Travels of Twelve-pence; Taylor's Goose; Taylor's Motto; his Chronicles in Verse; the Cormorant; Praise of Hemp-seed; Praise of Clean Linen; the Peace with France; in praise of Archy; several Elegies, &c.* Among the Prose pieces, his *Penniless Pilgrimage, from London to Edinburgh*, in which he travelled a mile underneath the sea; *The acts of Nich. Wood, the Kentish Germund*; his *Pieces upon Tho. Coriat, the Odcumbian Traveller; Wit and Mirth, or pleasant Jests, &c.*

"As to the Author, he is said to have been a Glocestershire man, and was bred a sailor: he was at the taking of Cadiz, under the Earl of Essex, in 1596, and at Flores, in the Island Voyage, next year; he was besides in Germany, Bohemia, Scotland, &c. He was many years Collector for the Lieutenant of the Tower, of the wines, which were his fee, from all ships, which brought them up the Thames: but was at last discharged because he would not purchase the place at more than it was worth. He calls himself "the King's Water Poet," and the "Queen's Waterman;" and wore the badge of the royal arms. After the beheading of King Charles, he kept a public house in Phœnix Alley, near Long Acre, and set up the Mourning Crown, for his sign; but found it safer to take it down again and hang up his own head, instead of it. It is said he died about the year 1654."

ART. CLXXIX. *Drinke and Welcome: or the famous Historie of the most part of Drinks in use now in the kingdomes of Great Brittaine and Ireland: with an especiall declaration of the potency, vertue, and operation of our English Ale. With a description of all sorts of Waters, from the Ocean Sea to the teares of a Woman: As also, the causes of all sorts of Weather, faire or foule, sleet, raine, haile, frost, snow, fogges, mists, vapours, clouds, stormes, windes, thunder and lightning. Compiled first in the high Dutch tongue, by the painefull and industrious Huldricke Vnn Speugle; a grammaticall brewer of Lubeck; and now most learnedly enlarged, amplified, and translated into English prose and verse: By John Taylor. London: Printed by Anne Griffin,* 1637. *4to.*

DR. FARMER, in his admirable *Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare*, has given this title-page at full length, professedly for the humour of it. TAYLOR, indeed, like several of his contemporaries, will sometimes be found to lavish the chief attractions of his wit and ingenuity on the title-page of his book. The present tract affords an apposite illustration of this remark, and a short extract may serve to confirm it; while, at the same time, it enumerates the various Drinks of which he had drawn up fanciful etymologies in prose.*

* A specimen of these etymological whimsies may be entitled to marginal admission: "This graine (Barley) after it had beene watred and dryed, was at first ground in a mill in the island of Malta, from whence it is supposed to gaine the name of *Malt*: but

"I, a Water-man, in various fashions
Have wrote a botchpotch here of strange mutations,
Of ancient liquors made by Liber Pater,
Of drinkes, of wines, of sundry sorts of water.
My Muse doth like a monkey friske and frigge,
Or like a squirrell skip from twigge to twigge;
Now sipping *Sider*, straightway supping *Perry*,
Metheglin sweet, and *Mead* that makes her merry;
With *Braggot*, that can teach a cat to speake,
And poore *Pomperkin*, impotent and weake:
And lastly, as the chief of all the rest,
She tipples huff-cap *Ale*, to crowne the feast:
Yet now and then in *Beer* and *Balderdash*
Her lips she dips, and cleane her entrails wash:
And ending, she declares *Sack's* mighty power,
Which doth time, coyne, wit, health, and all devoure.—
Through drinks, through wines, and waters, I have run,
And, being dry and sober, I have *done*."*

Some account of John Taylor has been printed in the last article, from Osborne's Harleian Cata-

I take it more proper from the word Malleolus, which signifies a hammer or mutle; for Hannibull, that great Carthaginian captaine, in his sixteene yeares' warres against the Romans, was called the *Maule* of Italie; for it is conjectured that he victoriously *maul'd* them, by reason that his army was daily refreshed with the spiritefull elixar of *Mault*."

* Taylor gives the following reason for his use of this termination, at the close of his "Uncertaine Journey."

"I came to London when the clock struck one:
And so my Journey and my Book is DONE.
Amongst the Muses, where the number Nine is,
The learned poets end their works with *Finis*:
But when unlearned I have volumes pen'd,
Finis in Latin, English *Done's* an end."

logue. More may be seen in Wood and Granger. My present object is to supply an extended list of his productions; premising that those pieces were collected in the folio edition of his works in 1630, which bear no later date.

1. "Heaven's Blessing and Earth's Joy; or a true relation of the supposed sea-fights, fire-workes, &c. on the marriage of Frederick Count Palatine, and the Princess Elizabeth, 1613: including Epithalamia, &c.
2. The Nipping or Snipping of Abuses, or the Wooll-gathering of Wit. 1614. (This contains the author's description of a poet and poesie, &c.)
3. The pennyles Pilgrimage, or the moneylesse perambulation of John Taylor, alias the King's Majestie's Water-poet, from London to Edenborough on foot, 1618, pr. and ver.
4. Superbiæ Flagellum, or the Whip of Pride. 1621.
5. Taylor's Goose: describing the Wilde Goose, Tame Goose, the Taylors', Winchester, Clack, Soland and Huniburne Goose, Goose upon Goose, &c. 1621.
6. A Memoriall of all the English Monarchs from Brute to Charles the First.

6*. A briefe remembrance of English Monarchs from the Norman Conquest.

7. Wit and Mirth, chargeably collected out of Taverns, Ordinaries, Innes, Bowling-Greens and Alleys, Alehouses, Tobacco-shops, Highwayes, and Water-passages. pr.
8. Master Thomas Coriat's Commendations to his

friends in England: from Agra, the Capitoll of the Great Mogol. pr.

9. Laugh and be fat; or a Commentary upon the Odcombian Banket.

10. Odcomb's Complaint; or Coriat's funerall epicedium, or death song, upon his late reported drowning.

11. The World's Eighth Wonder, or Coriat's reviving from his supposed drowning.

12. A few lines, to small purpose, against the scandalous aspersions that are either maliciously or ignorantly cast upon the Poets and Poems of these times.

13. The Life and Death of the most blessed amongst all Women, the Virgin Mary. 1622.

14. John Taylor's Motto: *et habeo, et curo, et caro;* I have, I want, I care. 1622. (This was a retort metrical upon Wither's motto, *Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo,* which was printed in 1618 and 1621.)

15. A Shilling, or the Travailes of 12 pence. 1622.

16. The praise and vertues of an arrant Thiefe—a Bawd—a Whore—a Jayle and Jaylers, 1622.

17. The unnaturall father: or the cruell murther committed by one John Rowse, of Ewell, Surry, upon two of his own children. pr.

18. A Farewell to the Tower-Bottles. 1622.

19. An Encomium or Enco-mi-ass-trick, to the honour of the noble Captaine O'Toole.

20. The World runnes on Wheeles, or Oddes betwixt Carts and Coaches. pr.

21. Prince Charles his welcome from Spaine in 1623.
22. A living Sadness upon the Death of King James. 1625.
23. Funeral Elegies upon Prince Henry, Earl of Nottingham, Bp. of Winchester, Duke of Richmond, John Moray, Esq. and Earl of Holdernesse.
24. Taylor's Travels to Hamburgh in Germany, and to Prague in Bohemia, in 1616. pr. and ver.
25. An Englishman's love to Bohemia. ibid.
26. The Book of Martyrs, 1st and 2d part.
27. The praise of Hempseed. 1623.*
28. The Water Cormorant, his complaint against a brood of land Cormorants, in 14 satires. 1623.
29. Taylor's Water worke: or the Sculler's travels from Tyber to Thames, &c. (This contains the Sculler, a collection of epigrams.)
30. Taylor's Pastorall: or the noble Antiquitie of Shepheards; with the profitable use of Sheepe. 1624.
31. Jack-a-Lent, his beginning and entertainment: with the mad pranks of his gentleman usher Shrove Tuesday, that goes before him; and his footman Hunger attending. pr.
32. Taylor's Urania. (consists of 87 octave stanzas.)

* In this year was published "Taylor the Water-poets' tongue combat, lately happening betweene two English souldiers in the tilt-boat of Gravesend:" but the dedication is signed *Hexham*.

33. The several sieges, assaults, and sackings, &c. of Jerusalem, 1st and 2d part.
34. Against cursing and swearing. pr.
35. Taylor's revenge, or the rimer, Wm. Fennor, firkt, ferrited, and finely fetcht over the coals.
36. Fennor's defence against John Taylor, or I am your first man, &c.
37. A cast over the water by John Taylor, given gratis to Will. Fennor, the rimer, from London to the King's bench.
38. The fearefull Summer, or London's Calamitie. 1626. (A short address to the printer is signatured 'John Taylor of Oriell Colledge in Oxford.')
39. Anagrams and Sonnets (addressed to several persons of distinction.)
40. An Armado, or navy of Ships and other vessels, who have the art to sayle by land, as well as sea. pr. (This Navy consists of Words terminating with the syllable *ship*.)
41. The Begger, or the praise, antiquitie, and commoditie of Beggarie, Beggars and Begging.
42. The great Eater, or part of the admirable Teeth and Stomack's exploits of Nicholas Wood of Harrison [Harrietsham] in the county of Kent. pr. and ver.
43. Sir Gregory Nonsence, his newes from no place. (partly written in mock blank verse.)
44. A very merrie wherrie-ferry Voyage, or Yorke for my money.

45. A Discovery by Sea, from London to Salisbury. pr. and ver.
46. The Scourge of Basenesse.
47. A Kicksey-Winsey, or a lerry-come-twang: wherein John Taylor hath satyrically suted 750 bad debtors, that will not pay him for his return of his journey to Scotland.
48. The praise of cleane Linen, with the commendable use of the Laundress.
49. The true cause of the Waterman's suit concerning Players: and the reasons that their playing on London side is their extream hindrance. pr.
50. A Dogge of Warre; or the Travels of Drunkard, the famous Cur of the round Woollstaple in minster.
51. The Dolphin's Danger and Deliverance: a sea-fight in the gulph of Persia, famously fought by the Dolphin of London, against five of the Turks men of war and a sattie, Jan. 12, 1616.
52. Honour conceal'd, strangely reveal'd: or the worthy praise of the renowned Archibald Armstrong.
53. Verbum Sempiternum.
54. Salvator Mundi.
55. The Churches' Deliverances.
56. The Suddaine Turne of Fortune's Wheele; or a Conference holden in the Castle of St. Angello, betwixt the Pope, the Emperour, and the King of Spaine. 1631. M.S.
57. John Taylor's Thame and Isis. 1632.

58. Three Triumphs of London, in the reign of Chá. I. Robert Parkhurst, Mayor. 1634.
59. The olde old very old man; or the age and long life of Thomas Parr. 1635. (reprinted in 1794.)
60. John Taylor the Water-poet's Travels through London, to visit all the taverns in the city and suburbs, alphabetically disposed; with the names of all the vintners at that time. 1636.
61. Drinke and Welcome; or the famous history of the most part of Drinkes, &c. 1637.
62. The Carrier's Cosmographie, or relation of Innes, Ordinaries, Hosteries, &c. 1637.
63. Taylor's differing Worshipe; the Oddes between some Knights' service and God's. 1640.
64. Taylor's Swarme of Sectaries and Schismatiques. 1641.
65. Taylor's physicke has purged the Divil, or the Divell has got a squirt. 1641. (This was written as an Answer to a Swarme of Sectaries, and therefore not by Taylor.)
66. A reply as true as steele to a rusty, rayling, ridiculous, lying libel, which was lately written by an impudent, unsoder'd Ironmonger, [Henry Walker] and called by the name of 'An Answer to a foolish pamphlet, entituled a Swarme of Sectaries.' 1641.
67. George the Runner, against Henry the Walker, in defence of John the Swimmer. 1641.
68. The whole life and progresse of Henry Walker, the Ironmonger, collected and written by J. Taylor. 1642.

69. Religion's Enemies; with a brief and ingenious relation, as by Anabaptists, Brownists, Papists, Familists, Atheists, and Foolists, saucily presuming to tosse Religion in a blanquet. 1641. pr.
70. A Pedlar and a Romish Priest, in a very hot discourse, full of mirth, truth, wit, and folly. 1641. pr. and ver.
71. Mad Fashions, Odd Fashions, all out of Fashions. 1642.
72. John Taylor, the Water-poet's Manifestation. 1642.
73. Taylor's Aqua Musæ, or Cacafogo Captain George Wither wrung in the Withers: wherein the juggling rebell is finely firked and jirked for his railing pamphlet, called Campo Musæ. 1643.
74. Rebels anathematized: a satyrical salutation to the pulpit praters. 1645.
75. John Taylor's Wanderings to see the wonders of the West: how he travelled neere 600 miles to the mount in Cornwall, and home again. 1649.
76. The Number and Names of all the Kings of England and Scotland, from the beginning of their governments to this present. Written by John Taylor, at the signe of the Poet's Head in Phœnix Alley neer the middle of Long Aker, or Covent Garden. 1649.
77. A late weary merry Voyage and Journey: or John Taylor's month's travells by sea and land, from London to Gravesend, to Har-

wich, to Ipswich, to Norwich, to Linne, to Cambridge; and from thence to London. Performed and written on purpose to please his Friends and pleasure himselfe, in these unpleasant and necessitated times. 1650. pr. and ver.*

78. Epigrammes, written on purpose to be read: with a proviso, that they may be understood by the reader. Being ninety in number: besides two new made Satyres that attend them. 1651.

79. Of Alterations strange, of various Signes,
Heere are compos'd a few poetick lines:
Here you may finde, when you this Book have read,
The Crowne's transform'd into the Poet's head.

Read well. Be merry and wise. Written by John Taylor, poeta aquatica. 1651.

80. John Taylor's Ale, ale-vate into the Ale-titude: a learned Oration before Ale Drinkers. 1651.

81. Newes from Tenebris: or preterpluperfect nocturnall or night worke. Written by candle-light, betwixt owle-light and moon-light, with the helpe of star-light and twy-light, and may be read by day-light. 1652. pr.

82. Taylor's Arithmetick. 1653.

* Taylor, in this tract, makes a melancholy report of his infirmities and apprehended mortality.

"Now Atropos is ready with her knife
To cut the uncertaine feeble twist of life:
Now in my Autumne, or my fall o' th' leafe,
Halfe dead, halfe living, halfe blinde, lame, half deafe," &c.

83. A merry Bill of an uncertaine Journey, to bee performed by John Taylor by land, with his Aqua Musa. The certainty of the uncertaine Travels of John Taylor, performed in this yeere, 1653.*

84. The Needle's Excellency: a booke wherein are divers admirable workes wrought with the Needle, newly invented, and cut in copper for the pleasure and profit of the industrious. 1657."

The date of this last tract is taken from Major Pearson's catalogue, and if correctly given, it must either have been a posthumous publication, or Wood has antedated the decease of Taylor. Some

* In this, which appears to have been an eleemosynary production, he utters the following plaint:

"Seven times at sea I serv'd Elizabeth,
And two Kings, forty-five years; untill Death
Of both my royal masters quite bereft me,
That nothing now but age and want is left me;
This makes me travell, and my friends to trie;
Else I might, like my fellowes, starve and die.

Many of foreign travels boast and vaunt,
When they of England are most ignorant:
But yeerly I survey my country native,
And, mongst six cases, live upon the *dative*.
I travell hard, and for my life's supply
I every yeere receive a *Subsidie*:
Or else, to come more near unto the sense,
'Tis fit to call it a *Benevolence*.
Thus travelling, a toiling trade I drive,
By reason of mine age—neer seventy-five:
It is my earthly portion and my lot,
The proverb says—'Need makes the old wife trot.'"

interesting extracts taken from a copy which wants the title, have been already inserted at p. 5—8. The compiler of this copious list suspects that it might still admit of enlargement.

T. P.

ART. CLXXX. *Q. Horatius Flaccus Venusinus* [*round a circle containing a likeness of Horace*] *Brevi complector Plurima Cantu. Ut assequar. Odes of Horace. The best of Lyrick Poets, containing much morallity, and sweetnesse. The Third Edition. Selected, translated, reviewed, and enlarged, with many more, by Sir T. H.* 1635. *Imprinted at London by J. Hauiland for Will. Lee, and are to be sold at his shopp in Fleet-street, at the signe of the Greate Turk's head.*

THIS title is engraved, forming a tablet between two pillars, with circles at top and bottom; in the one compartment against the figure of the pillar, "*Lyrica Poesis;*" in the other "*Imitatio,*" 12mo. pp. 178, besides Introduction. Second title, *Odes of Horace, &c. ut sup.*

"SIR THOMAS HAWKINS, *Knight,*" (the translator) "was an ingenious man, was as excellent in the faculty of music as in poetry;"* he was a person of fine accomplishments and learning; and, among other works, translated Causinus's Holy Court, and died in 1640. In his descendants resident at Nash, who lie all of them buried in the north chan-

* Wood's Ath. Oxon. Vol. II. 260.

cel of this church, [Boughton under Blean near Canterbury], this seat [Nash Court Mansion] at length continued down to Thomas Hawkins, Esq. of Nash, who rebuilt this seat, of which he died possessed in 1766, æt. 92. In whose time, anno 1715, during the ferment the nation was thrown into, on account of the rebellion in Scotland, this family being of the Roman Catholic persuasion, the seat of Nash was plundered by some of the neighbourhood. Every part of the furniture, family pictures, writings of the estate and family, &c. were burnt by them, with an excellent library of books.* Such is the account given by the historian of Kent. A small collection of books, that remained at Nash, was purchased by a bookseller in the course of last year. Hasted authenticates his account "as well from records, as private evidences," yet afterwards states "every part" to have been destroyed, which, from the early account given of the family, makes this statement appear inconsistent: nor is there a doubt of some portion of the library being saved, although it was probably a very small part of the original collection. Several volumes selected by the writer, upon the late sale, are dated earlier than 1600; and two or three MSS. claim a date *ante* the Elizabethan era. One of the last is an old French poem of near four thousand lines, and proves, upon comparing with a MS. in the Harleian Collection (N°. 270), to be a copy of Guerne's Metrical Life of Thomas a Becket, written 1172.† There is the variance,

* Hasted's Kent, Oct. 1798. V. VII. 10. Nash Court is lately sold.

† See an account of this poem in Ellis's Specimens, &c. Vol. I.

between the two copies, usually found in collating MSS. the lines not similarly arranged, orthography different, varying of abbreviations, and either copy having occasionally a stanza omitted in the other. To the one in the writer's possession there is a Latin introduction enumerating the festivals and ceremonies to be kept in honour of the Saint, as well as a table of the whole poem, in short six-line verse, rhyming in couplets and third and sixth lines, which are not in the Harleian copy. Some future account will be given of articles derived from the Nash-Court collection, and therefore this digression may not appear ill-timed, especially as they seem relics of what once belonged to our translator; and now an account of his performance.

This translation appears to have been well received by the public, this being the *third*, and succeeded by another edition in Oct. 1638 (see Wood). The address "to the reader" is short; in one passage the editor says "many, no doubt, will say Horace is by mee forsaken, his lyrick softnesse, and emphaticall muse maimed: that in all there is a general defection from his genuine harmony. Those I must tell, I have in this translation, rather sought his spirit, than numbers; yet the musike of verse not neglected neither, since the English eare better heareth the distich, and findeth that sweetnesse, which the Latine affecteth, and (questionlesse) attaineth in saphick or iambick measures." The address is followed by seven pieces of complimentary poetry, viz.

56; or, from whence that account appears abridged, the Archæologia, Vol. XII.

"To the Translatour.

What shall I first commend, your happy choyce
Of this most usefull poet; or your skill
To make the eccho equall with the voyce,
And trace the lines drawne by the author's quill?
The Latine writers by unlearned hands
In forraine robes unwillingly are drest,
But thus invited into other lands,
Are glad to change their tongue at such request.
The good, which in our mindes their labours breed,
Layes open to their fame a larger way:
These strangers, England with rich plentie feed,
Which with our countreye's freedome we repay:
When sitting in pure language, like a throne,
They prove as great with us, as with theire owne.

JOHN BEAUMONT, Bar."

"In fidelissimum Horatii interpretem T. H. Equitem Auratum." Eight lines in Latin, sig. "F. L. Eq. Au."

"To his worthy friend, Sir T. H. Knight, upon his translation." Twelve lines English, sig. "G. Fortescue."

"To my noble friend, Sir T. H. Knight, an ode in pure iambic feet.

"I knew before* thy daintie touch
Upon the lordly violl;
But of thy lyre, who knew so much
Before this happy triall?
So tuned is thy sacred harp,
To make her eccho sweetly sharp.

* To what does this refer?

I wote not how to praise enough
Thy musique and thy muses:
Thy glosse so smooth, the text so tough,
Be judge who both peruses.
Thy choyce of odes is also chaste,
No want it hath, it hath no waste.

A grace it is for any Knight,
A stately steed to stable:
But unto Pegasus the light
Is any comparable?
No courser of so comely corse,
Was ever as the winged horse.

That Astrophill,* of arts the life,
A knight was and a poet:
So was the man† who tooke to wife
The daughter of La-Roët.‡
So thou that hast reserv'd a part,
To rouze my Johnson,‖ and his art.

Receive the while my lowly verse,
To wait upon thy Muses;
Who cannot halfe thy worth rehearse,
My braine that height refuses;
Beneath thy meed is all my praise,
That askes a crowne of holy bayes.

HUGH HOLLAND."

"In laudem Authoris Oda. In qua versiones nonnullæ ab eodem factæ prænotantur," 28 lines, sig. "G. D."

* Sir Phil. Sidney. † Sir Geof. Chaucer.
‡ See Ellis's Specimens of Early Poets, Vol. I. 206. 3d. edit.
‖ Probably Ben Jonson.

"Hendecasyllabon in laudem Authoris," 21 lines, sig. "E. H."

"V. Cl. T. H. Equiti Aurato, Suo," 12 lines, sig. "J. Chapperlinus."

The odes translated were—Book I.—Ode 1. 2. 3. 11.* 12. 14. 15.* 16.* 22. 24. 31. 34. 35. 37.*—Book 2—Ode 1. 2. 3. 9. 10. 11. 13.* 14. 15. 16. 17. 18.—Book 3.—Ode 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7.* 9. 11. 14. 16. 23. 24. 27. 28. 29. 30.—Book 4—Ode 2. 3. 4. 5. 7. 8. 9. 12. 13. 14. 15.—Epodes 1. 2. 7. 9.* 13. 16.*—Carmen Seculare, &c.

The original is given on the alternate pages, and the asterisks denote the "many more" mentioned in the title. The length of this article demands the shortest specimen.

B. I. Ode 11.

"To Leuconoe.

Strive not, Leuconöe, to know what end
The gods above to thee, or mee will send;
Nor with astrologers consult at all,
That thou may'st better know what can befall.
Whether thou liv'st more winters, or thy last
Be this, which Tyrrhen waves 'gainst rocks doe cast;
Be wise, drink free, and in so short a space
Doe not protracted hopes of life embrace;
Whilst we are talking, envious time doth slide;
This Day's thine owne, the next may be deni'de."

J. H.

Art. CLXXXI. *The Nightingale warbling forth her owne Disaster: or the Rape of Philomela. Newly written in English verse, by Martin Parker.*

London: Printed by G. P. for Wm. Cooke, and are to be sold at his shop neere Furnevals Inne Gate in Holbourne. 1632. 12mo.

THIS is the tale of Philomel paraphrastically versified from the sixth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, and dedicated to Henry Parker, Lord Morley and Mount-Eagle, "the patterne and patrone of curtesie." Then follows an epistle deprecatory,

"*To the judicious Reader.*

"I am not ignorant, courteous reader, of the old adage, 'He that seeks to please all men shall never finish his task:' for there is no piece so accurately done, but some (either through ignorance or envie) will espie conceited faults in it: let Apelles draw his picture with never so much art and judgment, the cobler will find a hole in his coate: let an author write as learnedly as Homer (were it possible) he shall be subject to the cavilling censure of Zoilus. No marvell then if I, the most unperfect vassall of the Muses, be scoft for my endeavour; when the best deserving artist is not free. But my hope is, that though I be condemned by the ignorant Momus or envious critick, I shall be bayl'd by the learned and judicious, to whom I only send my book. For the rest, as they cannot be bar'd from reading, so I will not hinder them from their owne opinions: which when they have, their gaine is little and my losse is lesse. If my *Nightingale's song* please the honest and intellectuall man, she hath her wish: for she sings not to please knaves and fooles: nor can they hurt her much; unlesse they shoote her dead with the arrowes of aspersion. But I thinke none is so

inhumane to hurt, much lesse to kill, a Nightingale; therefore she is confident of her safety, and dares adventure into the world to warble forth her owne disaster. I have endeavoured (as her secretary) to pen her song, with as much skill as my little learning can produce: wherein if I have pleased the fancy of the understanding reader, I have hit the white, and gained the fruition of my hopes; if not, all my poetry is quite kild in the egge. Therefore, good reader, for the love thou bearest to the Muses, judge charitably now, that I may be animated to proceede, to thy future profit and pleasure: which hoping thou wilt doe, I commit thee to the tuition of thy Maker; and rest

Thine, if now, ever hereafter,
MARTIN PARKER."

This MARTIN PARKER, the Nightingale's secretary, as he terms himself, was, according to contemporary information, "the ballad maker and laureat of London."* Ritson pronounced him "a Grub-street scribler, and great ballad-monger of Charles the First's time;"† but Ritson, possibly, might have softened this stigma, had he met with the present poem, or had he known that Martin Parker was the author‡ of those original words *When the King en-*

* See Naps on Parnassus, 1658, signat. A 7. Flecknoe also says, in a Whimsey, printed at the end of his Miscellanea, 1653, "Inspir'd with the spirit of *ballating*, I shall sing in *Martin Parker's* veyn."

† See Ancient English Songs, 1790, p. 239.

‡ This is ascertained from the Gossip's Feast or Morrall Tales, 1647, which, after a loyal ballad in praise of King Charles, thus proceeds—"The gossips were well pleased with the contents of this antient ballad, and Gammer Gowty-legs replyed, 'By my faith,

joys his own again, "the most famous and popular air ever heard of in this country."*

By Martin Parker the true tale of Robin Hood was written in verse, and probably printed in 1631:† —it has been reprinted by Ritson from a black-letter copy in 1686. The true story of Guy, Earle of Warwicke, in prose, by Martin Parker, was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1640. By the same writer a ballad entitled "John and Joan, or a mad couple well met," is given by Ritson, in Ancient Songs, p. 239. Dr. Percy, before his Reliques, p. xcix, enumerates the Garland of withered roses by Martin Parker, among the b. l. Penny Merriments: and in the mock romance of Don Zara del Fogo, 1656, a marginal note speaks of Martin Parker's heroic poem called Valentine and Orson.

But it is time to return to the production now before me, and supply a few stanzas therefrom, as a specimen of the metre. Philomel, in her own person, thus relates the triple transformation contrived by the Roman poet.

"I, *Philomel*, turn'd to a Nightingale,
Fled to the woods, and 'gainst a bryer or thorne
I sit, and warble out my mournfull tale;

Martin Parker never got a fairer brat: no, not when he pen'd that sweet ballad, *When the King injoyes his own again.*"

* See Ritson's Ancient Songs, p. 229, where he speaks of a new set of words, written to the same tune, at the Restoration. A song, concerning Mercurius Britannicus, adapted to this tune may be found at the end of a satirical catechism betwixt a Newter and a Round-head, 1648.

† See Notes and Illustrations to Ritson's Life of Robin Hood, p. xlix.

To sleepe I alwaies have with heed forborne,
But sweetly sing at evening, noone, and morne:
No time yields rest unto my dulcide throat,
But still I ply my lachrimable throat.*

My sister *Progne* metamorphos'd was
Into a Swallow, as the poet† sayes:
Both of us, all the winter-time doe passe
Unseene of any, till Hyperion's rayes
Increase in hot influence, and the dayes
Are drawne in length by Nature's annual course:
The swallow is a signe of summer's force.

Tereus was made a Lapwing; he doth cry
For his sonne *Itis*, as aloft he flyes;
Which words, being reverst, doe signifie
Tis I; who by one horrid enterprise
Did cause such floods of mischief to arise:
My wife, her sister, and my owne deare child,
I have quite overthrone,—oh, monster wild!

The reason why the poet sayes, we three
(I and my sister with her husband) were
Transformed into birds, was cause that we
Were all unworthy humane shapes to beare,
As by our deedes prodigious doth appeare:
The morall of the story is the chiefe;
As for the changing formes, 'tis past beleife."

T. P.

ART. CLXXXII. *Wit's Recreations. Selected from the finest Fancies of the Modern Muses. London, Printed by R. H. for Humphry Blunden*

* A misprint perhaps for *note.* † Ovid.

at the Castle in Corn-hill. 1640. *Sm.* 8*vo. not paged.*

THIS volume has also an engraved frontispiece by Marshall; with the same title and these additional words, "With a thousand outlandish proverbs."

It consists of 504 short poems, or epigrams; and 126 epitaphs. A specimen or two will be enough.

No. 167. *Satis est quod sufficit.*

Weep no more; sigh nor groan;
Sorrow recalls not times are gone;
Violets pluck'd the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh or grow again.
Joys are windy, dreams fly fast:
Why should sadness longer last!
Grief is but a wound to woe.
Gentle fair, mourn no moe.

No. 19. *To Mr. William Abington on his Castara, a Poem.*

Thy Muse is chaste, and thy Castara too;
'Tis strange at Court; and thou hadst power to woo,
And to obtain, what others were denied,
The fair Castara for thy vertuous bride.
Enjoy what you dare wish, and may there be
Fair issues branch from both, to honour thee!

No. 18. *To Mr. George Sandys.*

Sweet-tongued Ovid, though strange tales he told,
Which gods and men did act in dayes of old;
What various shapes for love, sometimes they took,
To purchase what they aim'd at; could he look
But back upon himself, he would admire
The sumptuous bravery of that rich attire;

Which Sandys hath clad him with, and then place this
His change amongst their Metamorphosis.*

Among the Epitaphs is the following.

No. 102. *On Prince Henry.*

Lo, where he shineth yonder,
A fixed star in heaven
Whose motions thence come under
None of the Planets given.
If that the Moon should tender
The Sun her love, and marry,
They both could not engender
So bright a star as Harry.

In this collection are also Sir Henry Wotton's beautiful lines on the Queen of Bohemia; but without his name. Indeed there is not the name of a single author added; which adds to the defects of this pitiful volume.

Wit's Recreations. Containing 630 *Epigrams*, 160 *Epitaphs; variety of Fancies and Fantasticks: good for melancholly humours. London, printed by Tho. Cotes for H. Blunden.* 1641.

Such was the second title-page of this metrical oglio. It was again set forth in 1654, 1663, 1667, and 1683, with enlargement, and new prefixes, nearly like the following:

Recreation for Ingenious Head-pieces: or a plesant Grove for their Wits to walk in. Of Epigrams 700; *Epitaphs*, 200; *Fancies, a number; Fantas-*

* This alludes to Sandys's Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

ticks, abundance; with their new addition, multiplication and division. London. Printed by S. Simmons, and sold by T. Helder, &c.

The following lines on Tusser, the agricultural poet, serve to shew that he did not profit by his own preceptive points of good husbandry and housewifery.

No. 278. *Ad Tusserum.*

"Tusser, they tell me when thou wert alive,
Thou, teaching thrift, thy self couldst never thrive;
So, like the whetstone, many men are wont
To sharpen others when themselves are blunt."

One more may be admitted for the sake of the person it celebrates.

No. 136. *On Sir Francis Drake.*

"Sir Drake, whom well the world's end knew,
Which thou didst compasse round,
And whom both poles of heaven once saw
Which north and south do bound:
The stars above would make thee known,
If men were silent here;
The Sun himselfe cannot forget
His fellow-traveller."

T. P.

ART. CLXXXIII. *The Parliament of Bees; with their proper characters: or a Bee-hive furnished with twelve honey-combs, as pleasant as profitable; being an allegorical description of the actions of good and bad men, in these our daies. A Masque, by John Day.* 1640. 4to.

This author, says Mr. Reed,* had been a student in Caius College, Cambridge, and by the date of his works must have flourished in the reigns of James and Charles the First: but the precise time of his birth and death are not known. He wrote two dramatic pieces in conjunction with Marlow and Decker, and published six of his own; among which the Parliament of Bees is numbered in the old catalogues; but with little propriety, since it consists of what never could be adapted for theatrical representation,—a succession of twelve satirical colloquies in rhyme, without any continuity of character. The book is inscribed "To the worthy gentleman Mr. George Butler, professor of the arts liberal, and true patron of neglected poesie." The following is perhaps its fairest specimen.

"*The Booke to the Reader.*

"In my commission I am charg'd to greet,
And mildly kisse the hands of all I meet,
Which I must do, or never more be seene
About the fount of sacred Hippocrene.
Smooth-sockt Thalia takes delight to dance
I' th' schools of art; the door of ignorance
She sets a cross on; detractors she doth scorn,
Yet kneels to censure, so it be true-born.
I had rather fall into a beadle's hands
That reads, and with his reading understands,
Than some plush-Midas, that can read no further
But *Bees!*—whose penning?—Mew, this man doth murther
A writer's credit; and wrong'd poesie,
Like a rich diamond dropt into the sea,

* Biogr. Dramatica, I. 119.

Is by him lost for ever. Quite through read me,
Or 'mongst waste paper into pastboard knead me;
Presse me to death: so, though your churlish hands
Rob me of life, I'le save my paper lands
For my next heire, who with poetick breath
May in sad elegie record my death.
If so; I wish my epitaph may be
Only three words—*Opinion murdered me!*

T.

ART. CLXXXIV. *The Whole Workes of Samuel Daniel, Esquire, in Poetrie. London: Printed by Nicholas Okes for Simon Waterson, and are to be sold at his shoppe in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Crowne*, 1623. 4to. *pp.* 231 *and* 479.

THE first series of pages contains the poem of *The Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster*, in 8 books.* In the second series of pages are several additional title-pages, viz.

1. *A Letter from Octavia to Marcus Antonius. London, &c. as before.* Here, at p. 15, occurs *A Funeral Poem on the Death of the Earl of Devonshire.*

2. At p. 27, *A Panegyrike Congratulatorie, delivered to the King's most excellent Majestie at Burleigh Harrington in Rutlandshire. By Samuel Daniel. Also certaine Epistles,† with a Defence of Ryme heretofore written, and now published by the Author.*

Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.

* The four first books were published 1595, 4to.; a fifth book was added 1599; a sixth, 1602; and the two last 1609.

† Published separately. London. 1603.

London, &c. as before. The Epistles are to Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper; to Lord Henry Howard; to Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland; to Lady Lucy, Countess of Bedford; to Lady Anne Clifford; and to Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. Then follows "The passion of a distressed man, who being in a tempest on the sea, and having in his boat two women, of whom he loved the one that disdained him, and scorned the other, who affected him, was by commandement from Neptune, to cast out one of them to appease the rage of the tempest, but which was referred to his own choice," two pages.

3. At page 79, *Musophilus, containing a General Defence of Learning.*

4. At p. 173. *The Complaint of Rosamond.** At p. 149 commence the Sonnets, called *Delia.*† After p. 180, *A Description of Beauty, translated out of Marino,* three pages. Then an address *To the Angell Spirit of the most excellent Sir Philip Sidney,* three pages. Then, *A Letter written to a worthy Countess,* three pages of prose. Then, *To the Right Rev. James Montague, Bishop of Winchester,* a poetical epistle, three pages. All these pages are unnumbered.

5. At p. 181, *The Tragedy of Philotas. London: Printed &c.*‡

6. At p. 257, *Hymen's Triumph. A Pastorall Tragicomœdie, presented at the Queene's Court in the*

* First published 1592, 4to.—1594, 12mo.

† Daniel's first publication was "The Tract of Paulus Jovius, 1585."

‡ First published 1602, 12mo.—1605, 4to.—1611, 12mo.

Strand, at her Majestie's magnificent entertainement of the King's most excellent Majesty, being at the nuptials of the Lord Roxborough.

7. At p. 325, *The Queene's Arcadia. A Pastorall Trage-Comedie, presented to her Majesty and her Ladies by the University of Oxford in Christ's Church in Aug.* 1605.*

8. At p. 403, *The vision of the Twelve Goddesses, presented in a Maske the eight of January, at Hampton Court by the Queene's most excellent Majesty and her Ladies.*†

9. At p. 421, *The Tragedie of Cleopatra.*

Ætas prima canat veneres, postrema tumultus.

ART. CLXXXV. *The Battailes of Crescey and Poictiers, under the fortunes and valour of King Edward the Third of that name, and his sonne Edward, Prince of Wales, named the Black. By Charles Aleyn. Printed by Tho. Harper, &c.* 1633.‡

THIS is the 2d edition—the first was published in 1631.

ART. CLXXXVI. *The Historie of that wise and fortunate Prince Henrie of that name the Seventh, King of England. With that famed battaile fought between the said King and Richard III.*

* Published the following year, 1606, 4to.—1611, 12mo.

† Printed by Waterson, 1594, 12mo.—1599, 4to.—1611, 12mo.

‡ This title is copied from Oldys's article of Aleyn in Kippis's Biogr. Brit. my copy having lost the title-page.

named Crook-back, upon Redmore, near Bosworth. In a poem by Charles Aleyn. Printed for Tho. Cotes.* 8vo. 1638.†

ART. CLXXXVII. *The Reign of King Henry the Second, written in Seaven Bookes. By his Majestie's command.*

Invalidas vires Rex exutat, et juvat idem
Qui jubet; obsequium sufficet esse meum. AUSON.

London: Printed by A. M. for Benjamin Fisher, dwelling in Aldersgate streete at the signe of the Talbot. 1633. *Sm.* 8vo.

THESE articles are thus placed here, that they may illustrate each other by way of juxta-position. Of Daniel and Drayton‡ it will be necessary to say very little, as they are well known, and have lately been reprinted in Anderson's Poets. In matters of taste it is neither my wish nor would it be possible to convince; but, I confess, my own preference of Daniel to Drayton is decisive. If the language of the latter is less abstract, that of the former is more pure, perspicuous, fluent, pointed, and original; it abounds in a stream of the most acute moral reflections, often expressed with surprising force and felicity, the result of a discriminative head constantly exercised in meditating on all the variety of human affairs, and constantly arranging those meditations

* Aleyn also published "The History of Euryalus and Lucretia," translated from Æneas Sylvius. 8vo. 1639.

† Athenæum, No. 23, (Novr. 1808) p. 422.

‡ See ante, ART. XCVI. Vol. II. p. 161.

till they were ready with all their shades of difference at his call. But all these nice and masterly operations of the head would have been little, unless they had received a vivifying effect from the spirit of a feeling, warm, and virtuous heart. It is said that he is too much of an historian, rather than a poet. But does not Drayton, who makes this charge, * fall into the same defect?

I will select a short specimen from each on similar topics; the presages of death felt by K. Edward II. and K. Richard II. which are very favourable extracts of both poets.

"*Edward II. at Berkeley Castle. By Drayton. Baron's Wars, Cant. V. st. 40, &c.*

40.

"Thus they to Berkeley brought the wretched King,
Which for their purpose was the place fore-thought.
Ye Heavenly Powers, do ye behold this thing,
And let this deed of horror to be wrought,
That might the nation into question bring?
But, O, your ways with justice still are fraught!
But he is hap'd into his earthly hell,
From whence he bade the wicked world farewell.

41.

They lodg'd him in a melancholy room,
Where through strait windows the dull light came far,

* "Amongst these, Samuel Daniel, whom if I
May speak of, but to censure do deny,
Only have heard some wise men him rehearse
To be too much historian in verse;
His rhimes were smooth, his metres well did close,
But yet his manner better fitted prose."
Drayton's Epistle to Reynolds of Poets and Poesy.

(In which the sun did at no season come)
Which strengthen'd were with many an iron bar,
Like to a vault under some mighty tomb,
Where night and day wag'd a continual war;
Under whose floor the common sewer past,
Up to the same a loathsome stench that cast.

42.

The ominous raven often he doth hear,
Whose croaking him of following horror tells,
Begetting strange imaginary fear,
With heavy echoes, like to passing bells:
The howling dog a doleful part doth bear,
As tho' they chim'd his last sad burying knells:
Under his cave the buzzing skreech-owl sings,
Beating the windows with her fatal wings.

43.

By night affrighted in his fearful dreams,
Of raging fiends and goblins that he meets,
Of falling down from steep rocks into streams,
Of deaths, of burials, and of winding sheets,
Of wand'ring helpless in far foreign realms,
Of strong temptations by seducing sprites;
Wherewith awak'd, and calling out for aid,
His hollow voice doth make himself afraid.

44.

Then came the vision of his bloody reign,
Marching along with Lancaster's stern ghost;
Twenty-eight Barons, either hang'd or slain,
Attended with the rueful mangled host,
That unreveng'd did all that while remain,
At Burton-bridge, and fatal Borough lost;

Threat'ning with frowns, and quaking every limb,
As though that piece-meal they would torture him.

45.

And if it chanc'd, that from the troubled skies
The least small star through any chink gave light,
Straitways on heaps the thronging clouds did rise,
As though that Heaven were angry with the night,
That it should lend that comfort to his eyes;
Deformed shadows glimpsing in his sight,
As darkness, that it might more ugly be,
Thro' the least cranny would not let him see.

46.

When all th' affliction that they could impose
Upon him, to the utmost of their hate,
Above his torments yet his strength so rose,
As though that Nature had conspir'd with Fate:
When as his watchful and too wary foes,
That ceas'd not still his woes to aggravate,
His further helps suspected, to prevent,
To take away his life, to Berkeley sent.

47.

And to that end a letter fashioning,
Which in the words a double sense did bear,
Which seem'd to bid them not to kill the King,
Shewing withal, how vile a thing it were;
But by the pointing was another thing,
And to dispatch him bids them not to fear:
Which taught to find, the murderers need no more,
Being thereto too ready long before.

48.

When Edward hop'd a chronicle to find
Of those nine kings which did him there precede,
Which some there lodg'd forgotten had behind,
On which to pass the hours he fell to read,
Thinking thereby to recreate his mind;
But in his breast that did sore conflicts breed:
For when true sorrow once the fancy siezeth,
What ere we see, our misery increaseth."

Edward now reads the fates of the different Norman Princes from the Conqueror down to his father, Edw. I. Then,

58.

" Turning the leaf, he found, at unawares,
What day young Edward Prince of Wales was born;
Which letters look'd like conjuring characters,
Or to despite him, they were set in scorn,
Blotting the paper like disfiguring scars:
'O let that name,' quoth he, 'from books be torn,
Lest in that place the sad displeased earth
Do loath itself, as slander'd with my birth.

59.

'Be thence hereafter human birth exil'd,
Sunk to a lake, or swallowed by the sea;
And future ages asking for that child,
Say 'twas abortive, or 'twas stol'n away:
And lest, O Time, thou be therewith defil'd,
In thy unnumber'd hours devour that day:
Let all be done, that power can bring to pass,
To make forgot, that such a one there was.'

60.

The troubled tears then standing in his eyes,
  Through which he did upon the letters look,
Made them to seem like roundlets, that arise
  By a stone cast into a standing brook,
Appearing to him in such various wise,
  And at one time such sundry fashions took,
    As like deluding goblins did affright,
    And with their foul shapes terrify his sight."
      &c. &c.

"*Richard II. at Pomfret. By Daniel. From his Civil Wars, Book III.*

62.

"Whether the soul receives intelligence
  By her near genius of the body's end,
And so imparts a sadness to the sense,
  Foregoing ruin, wherein it doth tend:
Or whether Nature else hath conference
  With profound sleep, and so doth warning send
    By prophetizing dreams what hurt is near,
    And gives the heavy careful heart to fear.

63.

However so it is; the now sad King
  (Toss'd here and there his quiet to confound)
Feels a strange weight of sorrows gathering
  Upon his trembling heart, and sees no ground;
Feels sudden terror bring cold shivering;
  Lists not to eat; still muses; sleeps unsound:
    His senses droop; his steady eyes unquick;
    And much he ails; and yet he is not sick.

64.

The morning of that day, which was his last,
After a weary rest rising to pain,
Out of a little grate his eyes he cast
Upon those bord'ring hills, and open plain,
And views the town, and sees her people press'd;
Where others' liberty makes him complain
The more his own; and grieves his own the more
Conferring captive crowns, with freedom poor.

65.

'O happy man,' saith he 'that lo I see
Grasing his cattle in those pleasant fields!
If he but knew his good, (how blessed he,
That feels not what affliction greatness yields!)
Other than what he is, he would not be,
Nor change his state with him that sceptre wields.
Thine, thine is that true life, that is to live,
To *rest* secure, and not rise up to *grieve*.'

66.

'Thou sitt'st at home, safe by thy quiet fire,
And hear'st of other harms, but feelest none;
And there thou tell'st of kings, and who aspire,
Who fall, who rise, who triumphs, who do moan.
Perhaps thou talk'st of me, and dost inquire
Of my restraint; why here I live alone;
And pitiest this my miserable fall;
For pity must have part; envy not all.

67.

'Thrice happy you, that look as from the shore,
And have no venture in the wreck you see;
No interest, no occasion to deplore
Other men's travels, while yourselves sit free.

How much doth your sweet rest make us the more
To see our misery, and what we be!
Whose blinded greatness ever in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.

68.

'Great Dioclesian, (and more great therefore
For yielding up what thereto pride aspires)
Reck'ning thy gardens in Illyria more
Than all the empire, all what th' earth admires;
Thou well did'st teach, that he is never poor,
That little hath, but he that much desires;
Finding more true delight in that small ground,
Than in possessing all the earth was found.

69.

'Are kings, that freedom give, themselves not free,
As meaner men to take what they may give?
What! are they of so fatal a degree,
That they cannot descend from that, and live?
Unless they still be kings, can they not be?
Nor may they their authority survive?
Will not my yielded crown redeem my breath?
Still am I fear'd? Is there no way but death?'

70.

Scarce this word *death* from sorrow did proceed,
When in rush'd one, and tells him such a Knight
Is now arriv'd!———" &c. &c.

It is now my business to give a specimen of the poetry of ALBYN. The passage which I can most easily detach is the following.

"*Prelude to the Battle of Crescey. From C. Aleyn's Battle of Crescey, p.* 18.

"Now War doth quit her prison, and rejoice
To try in Bretagne her uncertain chance;
Edward for Montfort stands, Philip for Blois,
Who both plead right in that inheritance:
Weapons are drawn on both sides to cut out
Their rights, but are put up before they fought.

For now two Cardinals (a Nun before)
Make a fair truce, and are the shields of France,
As Fabius of Rome: their swords fence more
Than arms; but when the English next advance,
And march to Crescey, then the French shall know,
Their church hath not a guard for such a blow.

Impatient Mars once more to prison must
And fast from blood; nor dare once dream of fight;
Their tools of death for want of use shall rust,
Whilst ploughmen stew'd in sweat make their's look bright.
'Twas iron's proper use for which 'twas found,
Not to carve up a Christian, but the ground.

This pause doth not determine, but defer,
And make more work for wounds, when next they fought;
This rest doth to another day refer;
This fire is yet but smother'd, not put out.
Truce is the curfew-bell, whose humming chime
Rakes up war's embers for some other time.

Now tho' their helmets gather rust, and are
The shops where spiders weave their bowels forth;
Yet let not those brave heads, which did them wear,
In rusty idleness entomb their worth.
The spirits are extinct, and valour dies,
Without their sovereign diet, exercise.

Which mov'd our second Arthur to erect
A table, lest their magnanimity
Should languish in dull coldness and neglect
Of practising their arms, and chivalry:
For exercise and emulation are
The parents that beget children for war.

Fam'd Arthur, worthy of best pens, but that
Truth is so far before 'tis out of sight;
Thy acts are made discourse for those that chat
Of *Hampton's* cut-throat, or the Red-Rose Knight:
Yet there is truth enough in thy fair story,
Without false legends to enshrine thy glory.

Some Monkish pen hath given thy fame more blows,
Than all the Saxons could thy body lend:
The hand a sacrifice to Vulcan owes,
That kill'd the truth by forgeries it pen'd.
When truth and falsehood interlaced lie,
All are thought falsehoods by posterity.

And to invite great men from foreign parts
(Guests worthy of this table) he did add
Rich salaries to sublimate their hearts
For high designs: some guerdon must be had
To raise a great, and a dejected soul:
Virtue steers bravely where there's such a pole.

Antiquity the Arts so flourishing saw,
Cheer'd by their patron's sweet and temperate air:
'Twas hope of meed that made Apelles draw
Such an unvalued piece of Philip's heir:
And well he might: rewards not only can
Draw such a picture, but make such a man.

Philip well knowing this association
Was of high consequence, and great import,

A table did erect in imitation,
Where Almains and Italians should resort.
He writ by Edward's copy: in all schools
Examples may instruct, as well as rules.

Yet in the reign of this first son of Mars,
All is not sternly rugged; some delights,
Some amorous sports to sweeten Tartar wars,
And then a dance begun the Garter Knights.
They swell with love, that are with valour fill'd,
And Venus' doves may in a head-piece build.

As Sarum's beauteous Countess in a dance
Her loosen'd garter unawares let fall,
Renowned Edward took it up by chance,
Which gave that order first original.
Thus saying to the wond'ring standers by,
There shall be honour to this silken tye.

From that light act this ORDER to begin,
May seem derogatory from its worth:
And yet small things have directories been,
Actions of veneration to bring forth.
That accident might the original prove:
Nobility lies couching under love.

At least the MOTT retorted on the Queen,
And smiling courtiers might from hence proceed.
Something like that of Philip's having seen
The regiment of lovers that lay dead
At Cheronea. *May Destruction fall*
On them, who these think any ill at all.

Some the beginning from first Richard bring,
(Counting too meanly of this pedigree)
When he at Acon tied a leather string
About his soldier's legs, whose memory

Might stir their valour up. But choose you whether
You'll Edward's *silk* prefer, or Richard's *leather*.

But they take not a scruple of delight,
More than's by nature given to relish pain;
At once, you're welcome pleasure, and good night;
Before 'tis settled, 'tis expell'd again.
As dogs of Nilus drink a snatch, and gone;
Sweets must be tasted, and not glutted on.

By this time France is rank; her veins are full
And ripe to be let blood; death's instruments
Are now keen-edged, which before were dull,
And fit to execute the mind's intents:
The furies roused from their loathed shelves,
For former fastings now may feast themselves.

This truce was not to famish them, but get
Them better stomachs when they next shall feed;
The fight, and not the war was ended yet;
War by peace only is determined;
Truce but suspends a war, makes it not cease,
For there's no medium between war and peace.

Th'act of hostility, and the exercise
Of war hath stoppage, but the war is still:
As when victorious sleep doth win my eyes,
And captivate my senses; yet none will
Say I have lost my sense: thus truces are
But the mere sleeps, and holidays of war."

Of THOMAS MAY, I feel impelled to give a longer specimen.

" *Description of Henry the Second's Coronation of his Son at Westminster. By Thomas May. From his Reign of Henry the Second. Book II.*

" How ill Imperial Majesty can brook
A sharer, seek not far; nor need you look
Stories, whose credit time has ruin'd quite;
Nor need you read what old tragedians write
Of this sad theme, or cast your pitying eyes
Upon the Theban brothers' tragedies,
Or brother's blood, that Rome's first voice did stain.
The spacious heavens (as poets wisely feign)
Brook'd not old Saturn and his Jupiter.
By every age, and dire example near
To us, how oft has this sad truth been prov'd!
How many sons and fathers have been mov'd
To parricide, to set themselves but free
From that, which Henry makes himself to be,
Rival'd in reign! But if he still retain
Full regal powers, what more dost thou obtain
By this thy father's kind donation,
Young King, than title and a fruitless throne?
How vain thy sceptre is, when thou shalt see
The power divided from the dignity?
Yet do not so mistake thy fate; no less,
Nay greater far esteem thy happiness,
Than if thou now wert seiz'd of all alone;
The cares and dangers waiting on a crown
Have made some fear the burden, or despise
That sacred jewel of unvalued price.
A prudent King, when he awhile survey'd
The glittering splendour that his crown display'd,
Was sighing heard to say, if those that view
Far off thy flattering glories only, knew
How many cares and griefs in thee are found,
They would be loth to take thee up from ground.
This wisest monarch, if he now should see
Thy royal state, young King, would envy thee;

And count thee happy sure, that dost alone
Wear, without cares, the glories of a crown;
That from the burden of a king art free,
Invested only with the dignity,
  Yet this prerogative brings no content
To thee, that seem'st to want th' accomplishment
Of royalty, the power and regal sway.
Nothing, alas, this coronation day
Has brought thee to, but to a nearer sight
Of what thou hast not, nor is yet thy right.
Thy stirring mind meets torture with a throne,
But tantalized in dominion.
The cause, alas, of woes that must ensue,
And thy great father too too soon shall rue.
  That day's solemnity in truest state
The court of England strove to celebrate,
And with such great magnificence, as might
The majesty of that high presence fit;
When all at once two Kings, three Queens were met,
Besides so many high-born princes, great
In fame and wealth. The feasting boards were fill'd
With what this island or rich France could yield.
Such cates as those, with which old poets feign'd
In Thessaly the gods were entertain'd
At silver-footed Thetis' bridal feast,
Where Jove himself vouchsaf'd to be a guest;
Where aged Chiron waited at the board,
And brought what air, earth, waters could afford,
When all rich Tempe, and th' adjoining seas
Were search'd, besides what then the Naiades,
What young Palæmon, Glaucus, and the green
Sea-nymphs had brought to grace their beauteous Queen.
The choicest wines that France or Spain could yield
In cups of gold, studded with gems, were fill'd,

And antique goblets, where the carver strove
To equal Nature's skill; beasts seem'd to move,
And precious birds their glistening wings display'd.
The fair and massy vessels that convey'd
The feast to them, did far in their high rates
Exceed the value of those sumptuous cates.
King Henry, wanton with excess of joy,
Which now he thought no fortune could destroy;
(How soon deceiv'd! how soon enforc'd to find
The error in his ill-presaging mind!)
To testify a great affection,
And grace the state of his young-crowned son,
Himself, as sewer, will vouchsafe to wait
Upon his son; who sits in regal state,
And to his table the first dish present;
The Lords and Princes all with one consent
Applaud the King's great Love, but secretly
Are struck with wonder these strange rites to see.
Some seek examples for it; some within
Themselves do sadly from that sight divine;
When York's Archbishop the young King bespake;
'Rejoice, my princely son, and freely take
The comfort of your state; no monarch, know,
On earth has such a servitor as you.'
With that the Prelate gently smil'd; but he
With a proud look replies; 'why wonder ye?
Or think these rites so strange, my father does?
My birth is far more royal, well he knows,
Than his; he only by the mother's side
With high imperial blood was dignified:
His father was but Anjou's Earl; but I
Derive from both my parents royalty,
A King and Queen!' They all with wonder hear;
King Henry sigh'd; and 'gan e'en then to fear

What after might ensue from such a pride.
But at that triumph he resolv'd to hide
His fears or griefs. Instead of which the court
Was fill'd with revels; with all royal sport;
All shows that high magnificence could give;
There Art in strange varieties did strive
Both to perplex and please the eyes of all;
But Nature more; for to the festival
From every part the choicest beauties came:
There, like a fire etherial, every dame
Did blaze more bright than elements could make,
While from the countries they all flock'd to take
Survey of kingly glories; while they sought
To view the lustre of a court, they brought
The lustre with them, and might seem to be
Themselves that splendour, that they came to see.
Amidst those sparkling beauties Cupid sat,
Love's powerful god, and rul'd in highest state,
Arm'd with his fires and shafts, resolv'd to be
In Henry's court a greater king than he;
Whose yoke the King must suffer. On the state
Of Cupid there the little loves did wait.
Throughout the court they took their wanton flight
With wings unseen; and, when they list, would light
Upon the ladies' shoulders, or their breasts,
Their ruffs, or tires: they feel not those light guests
Which they give harbour to. Bold LICENCE there;
Sweet reconciled ANGER; blushing FEAR,
Unseen DELIGHT, did with pale WATCHING fly;
Desiring TEARS with wanton PERJURY,
And all the rest. They say the beauteous Queen
Of Love herself upon that day was seen
Approaching London: up clear Thames's stream
Borne on a sounding Triton's back she came:

The river smooth'd his face to entertain
The Queen of Love with her light-footed train.
The silver swans ador'd her all the way,
And churking did their snow-white wings display.
The river-nymphs, that saw her coming, thought
Some sweet achievement now was to be wrought;
That Cupid sure had promis'd her to see
Some high exploit, some royal victory,
As that, when once he made imperial Jove
Low like a bull for fair Europa's love;
Or when he made rough Neptune feel his fire;
Or warm'd chaste Cinthia's bosom with desire,
And made her court the shepherd. Such a one
Love's Queen now look'd for from her conquering son:
Nor was her expectation void. She found
As much as she could hope; a royal wound.
No less than Henry's noble breast must be
The trophy of her Cupid's victory.
Henry's pleas'd eyes now wander'd every where
Among those stars, that made his court their sphere,
(For such they seem'd; and no less bright they shew'd,
Although of different light and magnitude.)
Oft could he change the objects of his eye
With fresh delight; praise the variety
Without distracted thoughts, till like the Queen
Of Light, fair Cinthia, ROSAMUND was seen.
There did he fix; there his amazed eye
Forgot all pleasure of variety,
And gaz'd alone upon her matchless hue.
False Cupid laugh'd, and thence in triumph flew.
Too much, alas, found Henry's wounded breast,
How much her beauty did outshine the rest.
So golden Venus 'mong the sea-nymphs; so
Did Deidamia 'mong her sisters shew

When she inflam'd the young Achilles' heart.
As Rosamund appear'd, each single part
Of Love's rich dower, which she alone possest,
Had been enough to fire a vulgar breast,
And in another raise high beauty's fame.
Into her form all several Cupids came,
And all the Graces their perfection shew'd:
Nature confess'd she had too much bestow'd
On one rich mixture, which alone must wear
All her fair liveries; pure whiteness there,
Nor red alone must beauty's colours show;
Blue pleads a title, since her veins are so;
E'en black itself plac'd in her eye is bright,
And seems to be the colour of the light:
As they are hers, all forms, all colours please.
Henry, the more he looks, does more increase
His flame; and whether he should check desire,
And go about to quench so sweet a fire;
Or feed the flame he cannot yet resolve.
A thousand thoughts does his sick breast revolve:
Sometimes he seeks to cure the wound, and cast
Out Cupid's fatal shaft; but still more fast
The arrow sticks; and goes more deep into
His wounded heart; ensnared fishes so,
When they have once receiv'd the baited hook,
The more they plunge the deeper still are struck.
So when by chance the stately stag is shot,
In vain he strives 'gainst fate; it boots him not
Thro' all the forests, lawns, and fields to take
His speedy course; no force, no flight, can shake
The mortal shaft out of his wounded side.
It boots not Henry to survey the pride
Of other beauties now; converse with all
The Princes met at his great festival,

Or fix himself on the solemnities,
The sports and revels of his court. His eyes
Can recompense him with no sight at all;
Nor yield him pleasure equal to the thrall
They brought him to, by sight of Rosamund.
No thoughts of state have power t' allay his wound.
Sometimes he yields to Love's imperial flame;
Resolves to court her favour straight; but shame
Restrains that thought. His servants all discern
A change; but are afraid the cause to learn.
'Tis not the crowning, Henry, of thy son,
Though that shall bring a sad confusion,
Can make thee less than King; or disenthrone
Thee half so much, as love of her has done.
That makes thee humbly sue: makes thee become
Thyself a subject, forc'd t' abide the doom
That sovereign beauty shall be pleas'd to give.
Thou, mighty Prince, whose high prerogative,
Equal to fate itself, us'd to bestow
Or death or life on suppliants, art now
Thyself an humble suppliant, and bound
To sue for health to beauteous Rosamund!"

May's *Reign of K. Edward the Third, in 7 books*, was published in 1635, in 8vo.

His Translation* of Lucan's Pharsalia, though

* It is dedicated to William, Earl of Devonshire, and has commendatory verses by Ben Jonson, H. V. and I. Vaughan. I have a copy in sm. 8vo. unpaged; but extending to sign. T. The title-page being torn away, (probably an engraved one.) I know not the date; which however may easily be ascertained by a reference to catalogues. The third edition was *London*, 1635, 8vo. The following description of the prodigies which preceded the Civil Wars between Cæsar and Pompey, on which he thus begins,

"Wars more than civil, on Œmathian plains,
We sing; rage licens'd; where great Rome distains

since superseded by Rowe's, was highly praised by his cotemporaries.

In her own bowels her victorious swords;
Where kindred hosts encounter, all accords
Of empire broke: where arm'd to impious war
The strength of all the shaken world from far
Is met; known ensigns ensigns to defy,
Piles against piles; gainst eagles eagles fly;"

exhibits as favourable a specimen, as I could collect

FROM THE END OF BOOK I.

"You gods, that easily give prosperity,
But not maintain it; that great city fill'd
With native souls, and conquer'd, that could yield
Mankind a dwelling, is abandon'd now
An easy prey to Cæsar; when a foe
Begirts our soldiers in a foreign land,
One little trench night's danger can withstand;
A sudden work rais'd out of earth endures
The foe's assault; the encamped's sleep secures.
Thou, Rome, a war but nois'd, are left by all,
Not one night's safety trusted to thy wall.
But pardon their amaze; when Pompey flies,
'Tis time to fear; then lest their hearts should rise
With hope of future good, sad augury bodes
A worse ensuing fate; the threat'ning gods
Fill heaven, and earth, and sea with prodigies:
Unheard of stars by night adorn the skies:
Heaven seems to flame, and thro' the welkin fire
Obliquely flies; state-changing comets dire
Display to us their blood-portending hair;
Deceitful lightnings flash in clearest air.
Strange-formed meteors the thick air had bred
Like javelins long, like lamps more broadly spread.
Lightning without one crack of thunder brings
From the cold north his winged fires, and flings
Them 'gainst our Capitol: small stars, that use
Only by night their lustre to diffuse,
Now shine in midst of day: Cinthia bright,
In her full orb, like Phœbus, at the sight

Of earth's black shades eclipses: Titan hides,
(When mounted in the midst of heaven he rides
In clouds his burning chariot) to enfold
The world in darkness quite: day to behold
No nation hopes: as once back to the last
He fled at sight of sad Thyeste's feast,
Fierce Vulcan opes Sicilian Ætna's throat,
But to the sky her flames she belches not,
But on the Italian shore obliquely flings;
Blood from her bottom black Charybdis brings;
Sadlier bark Scylla's dogs than they were wont;
The vestal fire goes out; on th' Alban mount
Jove's sacrificing fire itself divides
Into two parts, and rises on two sides
Like the two Theban princes' funeral fires;
Earth opes her threatening jaws; th' Alps nodding spires
Shake off their snow; Thetis does higher now
'Twixt Libyan Atlas, and Spain's Calpe flow.
The native gods did weep; Rome's certain fall
The Lares sweating shew'd; the off'rings fall
Down in the temples; and, as we have heard,
Night's fatal birds in midst of day appear'd;
Wild beasts at midnight from the deserts come,
And take bold lodging in the streets of Rome.
Beasts make with men's articulate voice their moan,
Births monstrous, in both limbs, proportion,
And number; mothers their own infants fear'd:
Sybilla's fatal lines were sung and heard
Among the people; and with bloody arms
Cybel's head-shaking priests pronounc'd their charms,
I' th' people's ears howling a baleful moan;
And ghosts from out their quiet urns did groan.
Clashing of armour, and loud shouts they hear
In desert groves; and threatening ghosts appear.
The dwellers near without the city wall
Fled; fierce Erynnis had encompass'd all
The town; her snaky hairs and burning brand
Shaking; as when she rul'd Agava's hand,
Or the self-maim'd Lycurgus: such was she,
Who once, when sent by Juno's cruelty,

Great Hercules, new come from Hell, did fight:
Shrill trumpets sounded; dismal airs of night
That horrid noise, that meeting armies yield,
Did then present: in midst of Mars his field
Rose Sylla's ghost; and woes ensuing told:
Ploughmen near Aniens streams Marius behold
Rise from his sepulchre, and fly appall'd.
For these things were the Tuscan prophets call'd,
As custom was."

May continued this poem down to the death of Julius Cæsar in 7 books, both in Latin and English verse, which continuation was joined to the translation of the original in 2d. edit. 1633, dedicated to the King. Sir Arthur Gorges had already translated this poem, which was published by his son Carew Gorges in 1614.

May was joined with Sir Robert Le Grys in the translation of "Barclay's Argenis, 1628, 4to." He also Englished "Barclay's Mirror of Minds, 1633, 12mo."

Langbaine says, that being candidate with Sir W. Davenant for the honourable title of Queen's Poet, and being frustrated in his expectations, out of mere spleen, as it is thought, for his repulse, he vented his spite in his "History of the late Civil Wars of England." In an Elegy on the Death of John Cleveland, printed in his Works, p. 282, and signed I. M. (supposed to be Jasper Mayne) are these lines:

"His honest soul in consultation sat,
Unmasking vices both of church and state,
It was not power, but justice made him write,
No ends could, *May-like*, turn him parasite."

May also translated "Virgil's Georgics, London, 1622, 8vo. Oldys says "he died suddenly in the night of the Ides of November, 1650, being overcharged with wine." See *Andrew Marvell's Poem on his death.*"

ART. CLXXXVIII. *Poems by Thomas Carew, Esquire, one of the Gentlemen of the Privie Chamber; and Sewer in ordinary to his Majesty. London: Printed by J. D. for Thomas Walkley,*

and are to be sold at the signe of the Flying Horse, and York House. 1640.* *Sm.* 8vo. *pp.* 264.

ART. CLXXXIX. *Castara: Carmina non prius audita, Musarum sacerdos, Virginibus. The third edition corrected and augmented. London: Printed by T. Cotes, for Will. Cooke: and are to be sold at his shop neere Fernivals-Inne Gate in Holburne,* 1640.† 12*mo. pp. pp.* 228.

ART. CXC. *Lucastà: Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c. to which is added Aramantha, a Pastorall, by Richard Lovelace, Esq. London: Printed by Tho. Harper, and are to be sold by Tho. Exster, at the Gun Ivie Lane,* 1649. *Sm.* 8vo. *pp.* 166.

ART. CXCI. *Lucasta. Posthume Poems of Richard Lovelace, Esq.*

Those honours come too late,
That on our ashes waite.

Mart. Lib. I. Epig. 26.

London: Printed: by William Godbid for Clement Darby, 1659. *Sm.* 8vo. 107.

Elegies sacred to the memory of the author: by several of his friends. Collected and published by D. P. L.

Nunquam ego te vitâ frater amabilior
Adspiciam posthac; at certe semper amabo.

CATULLUS.

London: Printed 1660. *Sm.* 8vo. *pp.* 14.

OF these three elegant poets of the reign of Charles I. though the public notice has been frequently drawn to them of late years, and the volumes are not particularly scarce,‡ yet I should be sorry to

* The second edition 1642; third 1651; fourth 1670.

† The second edition was in 1635, 8vo.

‡ They are however far from common.

omit the register among the comprehensive contents of works of a similar class, which have at length found a place in the CENSURA.

In the elegant Specimens of Mr. George Ellis they have each of them found their due place; and the first of them was reprinted by T. Davies in 1772. A portrait of Lovelace from an original picture has been given in Harding's *Biogr. Mirror;* and a memoir of him inserted in Gent. Mag. Vol. XLI. p. 1094; Vol. LXII. pp. 99, 321, 604, 971.* Carew has had the good fortune to be delineated in the beautiful colours of Lord Clarendon's pen. Of Habingdon and his family a very interesting account may be found in Nash's † History of Worcestershire I. 588. He died Nov. 30, 1654.

"Thomas Carew," says Lord Clarendon, "was a younger brother of a good family, and of excellent parts, and had spent many years of his youth in France and Italy; and returning from travel, followed the court; which the modesty of that time disposed men to do sometime before they pretended to be of it; and he was very much esteemed by the most eminent persons in the court, and well looked upon by the King himself some years, before he could obtain to be Sewer to the King; and when the King conferred that place upon him, it was not without the regret even of the whole Scotch nation which united themselves in recommending another gentleman to it; of so great value were those relations held in that age, when Majesty was beheld with the reverence it

*He died 1658. See Wood's Ath. II. 223.

†See also Wood's Ath. II. 109, 110.

ought to be. He was a person of a pleasant and facetious wit, and made many poems (especially in the amorous way) which for the sharpness of the fancy and the elegancy of the language, in which that language was spiced, were at least equal, if not superior to any of that time. But his glory was that after fifty years of his life spent with less severity or exactness than it ought to have been, he died with the greatest remorse for that licence, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity, that his best friends could desire." * He is said to have

* Life of Lord C. i. 36.—Common as Lord Clarendon's works are, yet his characters are so excellently drawn, that I cannot refrain from throwing together in this note, the portraits of other cotemporary poets.

BEN JONSON.

"Ben Jonson's name can never be forgotten, having by his very good learning, and the severity of his nature and manners, very much reformed the stage; and indeed the English poetry itself. His natural advantages were judgment to order and govern fancy, rather than excess of fancy, his productions being slow and upon deliberation, yet then abounding with great wit and fancy, and will live accordingly; and surely as he did exceedingly exalt the English language in eloquence, propriety, and masculine expressions, so he was the best judge of, and fittest to prescribe rules to poetry and poets, of any man who had lived with, or before him, or since; if Mr. Cowley had not made a flight beyond all men, with that modesty yet, to ascribe much of this to the example and learning of Ben Jonson. His conversation was very good, and with the men of most note; and he had for many years an extraordinary kindness for Mr. Hyde, till he found he betook himself to business, which he believed ought never to be preferred before his company. He lived to be very old; and till the palsy made a deep impression on his body and his mind." He died Aug. 6, 1637, æt. 63. A collection of Elegies and Poems, under the title of *Jonsonius Verbius*, was published on the occasion.

died in 1639, aged fifty. See also Wood's Ath. I. 630, who says he was younger brother of Sir Mat-

CHARLES COTTON, THE FATHER.

"Charles Cotton was a gentleman born to a competent fortune, and so qualified in his person and education, that for many years he continued the greatest ornament of the town, in the esteem of those who had been best bred: his natural parts were very great; his wit flowing in all the parts of conversation; the superstructure of learning not raised to a considerable height; but having passed some years in Cambridge, and then in France, and conversing always with learned men, his expressions were ever proper and significant, and gave great lustre to his discourse upon any argument, so that he was thought by those who were not intimate with him to have been much better acquainted with books than he was. He had all those qualities, which in youth raise men to the reputation of being fine gentlemen; such a pleasantness and gaiety of humour; such a sweetness and gentleness of nature; and such a civility and delightfulness in conversation, that no man in the court, or out of it, appeared a more accomplished person; all these extraordinary qualifications being supported by as extraordinary a clearness of courage, and fearlessness of spirit, of which he gave too often manifestation. Some unhappy suits of law, and waste of his fortune in those suits, made some impression on his mind; which being improved by domestic afflictions, and those indulgences to himself, which naturally attend those afflictions, rendered his age less reverenced than his youth had been; and gave his best friends cause to have wished, that he had not lived so long." He died, 1658. He was son of Sir George Cotton, of Warblington, Hampshire (on the borders of Sussex,) and married a daughter of Sir John Stanhope of Elvaston in Derbyshire, heiress to her mother, who was a Beresford of Beresford* in Derbyshire. By her he had Charles Cotton, the younger, a well-known poet, born 1630, who died 1687; and whose Poems were published together 1689: his *Wonders of the Peak*; his *Virgil Travestie*; and *Burlesque of Lucian*, are well-known; as is his *Complete Angler*, annexed to Isaac Walton's.

* See Topog. III. Suppl. p. 25.

thew Carew of the Gloucestershife branch of the family.

THOMAS MAY.

"Thomas May was the eldest son of his father, a Knight, and born to a fortune, if his father had not spent it; so that he had only an annuity left him not proportionable to a liberal education; yet since his fortune could not raise his mind, he brought his mind down to his fortune by a great modesty and humility in his nature, which was not affected, but very well became an imperfection in his speech, which was a great mortification to him, and kept him from entering upon any discourse but in the company of his very friends. His parts of nature and art were very good, as appears by his translation of LUCAN, which being entirely his own, for the learning, the wit, and the language, may be well looked upon as one of the best epic poems in the English language. He writ some other commendable pieces of the reign of some of our Kings. He was cherished by many persons of honour, and very acceptable in all places; yet to shew that pride and envy have their influences upon the narrowest minds, (and which have the greatest semblance of humility,) though he had received much countenance and a very considerable donative from the King, upon his Majesty's refusing to give him a small pension, which he had designed and promised to another very ingenious person, whose qualities he thought inferior to his own, he fell from his duty and all his former friends; and prostituted himself to the vile office of celebrating the infamous acts of those who were in rebellion against the King; which he did so meanly, that he seemed to all men to have lost his wits, when he left his honesty, and so shortly after died miserable and neglected, and deserves to be forgotten." He died 1652.

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN.

"Sidney Godolphin was a younger brother of Godolphin; but by the provision left by his father, and by the death of a younger brother liberally supplied for a very good education, and for a cheerful subsistence in any course of life he proposed to himself. There was never so great a mind and spirit contained in so little room; so large an understanding and so unrestrained a fancy, in so very small a body; so that Lord Falkland used to say merrily, that he thought it was a great ingredient into his friendship for Mr. Godolphin, that he was pleased to be found in his company, where

"*A Pastoral Dialogue. By Tho. Carew.*

Shepherd; Nymph; Chorus.

Shep. This mossy bank they prest. *Nym.* That aged oak
Did canopy the happy pair
All night from the dank air.
Chor. Here let us sit and sing the words they spoke,
Till the day breaking their embraces broke.

he was the properer man; and it may be, the very remarkableness of his little person made the sharpness of his wit, and the composed quickness of his judgment and understanding the more notable. He had spent some years in France, and in the Low Countries; and accompanied the Earl of Leicester in his ambassage into Denmark, before he resolved to be quiet, and attend some promotion in the court, where his excellent disposition and manners, and extraordinary qualifications, made him very acceptable. Though every body loved his company very well, yet he loved very much to be alone, being in his constitution inclined somewhat to melancholy, and to retirement amongst his books; and was so far from being active, that he was contented to be reproached by his friends with laziness, and was of so nice and tender a composition, that a little rain or wind would disorder him, and divert him from any short journey he had most willingly proposed to himself; insomuch as when he rid abroad with those in whose company he most delighted, if the wind chanced to be in his face, he would (after a little pleasant murmuring) suddenly turn his horse and go home. Yet the civil war no sooner began (the first approaches towards which he discovered as soon as any man by the proceedings in Parliament, where he was a member, and opposed with great indignation) than he put himself into the first troops which were raised in the west for the King; and bore the uneasiness and fatigue of winter marches with an exemplar courage and alacrity; until by too brave a pursuit of the enemy into an obscure village in Devonshire, he was shot with a musket; with which, (without saying any more than, *Oh God, I am hurt*) he fell dead from his horse, to the excessive grief of his friends, who were all that knew him; and the irreparable damage of the public." He died Feb. 1643. He was second son of Sir William Godolphin, who died 1613, by Thomasin daughter and heir of

Shep.

See, Love, the blushes of the morn appear,
And now she hangs her pearly store
(Rob'd from the eastern shore)
I' th' cowslip's bell, and roses rare:
Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

Thomas Sidney, Esq. of Wrighton, in Norfolk. He translated into English verse from the fourth book of Virgil, *the passion of Dido for Æneas*, printed 1658. Sidney Godolphin, the Lord Treasurer, who was created Earl of Godolphin, was also a writer of verses, and his nephew. He died 1712, aged 67.

EDMUND WALLER.

"Edmund Waller was born to a very fair estate by the parsimony or frugality of a wise father and mother; and he thought it so commendable an advantage, that he resolved to improve it by his utmost care, upon which in his nature he was too much intent; and in order to that he was so much reserved and retired, that he was scarce ever heard of, till by his address and dexterity he had gotten a very rich wife in the city against all the recommendation and countenance and authority of the court, which was thoroughly engaged on the part of Mr. Crofts; and which used to be successful in that age against any opposition. He had the good fortune to have an alliance and friendship with Dr. Morley, who had assisted and instructed him in the reading many good books, to which his natural parts and promptitude inclined him, especially the poets, and at the age when other men used to give over writing verses (for he was near thirty years of age, when he first engaged himself in that exercise, at least that he was known to do so,) he surprised the town with two or three pieces of that kind; as if a tenth Muse had been newly born, to cherish drooping poetry. The Doctor at that time brought him into that company which was most celebrated for good conversation; where he was received and esteemed with great applause and respect. He was a very pleasant discourser in earnest, and in jest; and therefore very grateful to all kind of company, where he was not the less esteemed for being very rich.

"He had been even nursed in parliaments, where he sat when he was very young; and so when they were resumed again (after a

Nymph.

Those streaks of doubtful light usher not day,
But shew my sun must set, no morn
Shall shine, till thou return;
The yellow planets, and the grey
Dawn shall attend thee on thy way.

long intermission) he appeared in those assemblies with great advantage; having a graceful way of speaking, and by thinking much upon several arguments (which his temper and complexion, that had much of melancholic, inclined him to) he seemed often to speak upon the sudden, when the occasion had only administered the opportunity of saying what he had thoroughly considered, which gave a great lustre to all he said; which was rather of delight than weight. There needs no more be said to extol the excellence and power of his wit, and pleasantness of his conversation, than that it was of magnitude enough to cover a world of very great faults; that is, so to cover them, that they were not taken notice of to his reproach; viz. a narrowness in his nature to the lowest degree; an abjectness and want of courage to support him in any virtuous undertaking; an insinuation and servile flattery to the height, the vainest and most imperious nature could be contented with; that it preserved and won his life from those who were most resolved to take it; and in an occasion in which he ought to have been ambitious to have lost it; and then preserved him again from the reproach and contempt that was due to him for so preserving it, and for vindicating it at such a price; that it had power to reconcile him to those, whom he had most offended and provoked; and continued to his age with that rare felicity, that his company was acceptable where his spirit was odious; and he was at least pitied, where he was most detested." He died 1687, aged 82.

DR. JOHN EARLE.

"Doctor Earles* was a person very notable for his elegance in the Greek and Latin tongues; and being fellow of Merton College in Oxford, and having been proctor of the university, and some very

* So Clarendon writes it.

Shep. If thine eyes gild my paths, they may forbear
Their useless shine. *Nymph.* My tears will quite
Extinguish their faint light.
Shep. Those drops will make their beams more clear;
Love's flames will shine in every tear.
Chor. They kiss'd, and wept, and from their lips and eyes
In a mix'd dew of briny sweet
Their joys and sorrows meet.

witty and sharp discourses being published in print without his consent, though known to be his," [probably *Microcosmography*, 1628, 8*vo*. "he grew suddenly into a very general esteem with all men; being a man of great piety and devotion; a most eloquent and powerful preacher; and of a conversation so pleasant and delightful, so very innocent and so very facetious, that no man's company was more desired, and more loved. No man was more negligent in his dress and habit and mien; no man more wary and cultivated in his behaviour and discourse; insomuch as he had the greater advantage when he was known by promising so little before he was known. He was an excellent poet both in Latin, Greek, and English, as appears by many pieces yet abroad; though he suppressed many more himself, especially of English, incomparably good, out of an austerity to those sallies of his youth. He was very dear to the Lord Falkland, with whom he spent as much time as he could make his own; and as that Lord would impute the speedy progress he made in the Greek tongue to the confirmation and assistance he had from Mr. Earles, so Mr. Earles would frequently profess, that he had got more useful learning by his conversation at *Tew* (the Lord Falkland's house) than he had at Oxford. In the first settling of the Prince his Family, he was made one of his chaplains, and attended on him, when he was forced to leave the kingdom. He was among the few excellent men, who never had, nor ever could have an enemy, but such an one, who was an enemy to all learning and virtue, and therefore would never make himself known." He was made Bishop of Worcester 1662; translated to Salisbury 1663, and died Nov. 17. 1665. His Elegy on Francis Beaumont is prefixed to that author's *Poems*, 1640. See Wood's Ath. II. 365.

But she cries out. *Nym.* Shepherd, arise;
The sun betrays us else to spies.
Shep.
The winged hours fly fast whilst we embrace;
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with leaden feet.
Nym. Then let us pinion time, and chase
The day for ever from this place.
Shep.
Hark! *Nym.* Ay me, stay! *Shep.* For ever. *Nym.*
No, arise,
We must be gone. *Shep.* My nest of spice.
Nym. My soul. *Shep.* My paradise.
Chor. Neither could say farewell, but through their eyes
Grief interrupted speech with tears supplies."

To my friend G. N. from Wrest. *

"I breathe, sweet Ghib, the temperate air of Wrest
Where I, no more with raging storms opprest,
Wear the cold nights out by the banks of Tweed,
On the bleak mountains, where fierce tempests breed,
And everlasting Winter dwells; where, mild
Favonius, and the vernal winds exil'd,
Did never spread their wings; but the wild North
Brings sterile fern, thistles, and brambles forth.
Here steep'd in balmy dew, the pregnant earth
Sends from her teeming womb a flowry birth,
And cherish'd with the warm sun's quick'ning heat,
Her porous bosom doth rich odours sweat;
Whose perfumes thro' the ambient air diffuse
Such native aromatics, as we use;
No foreign gums, nor essence fetch'd from far,

* I suppose, Wrest, in Bedfordshire, the seat of the Earls of Kent.

No volatile spirits, nor compounds that are
Adulterate; but at Nature's cheap expense
With far more genuine sweets refresh the sense.
Such pure and uncompounded beauties bless
This mansion with an useful comeliness
Devoid of art; for here the architect
Did not with curious skill a pile erect
Of carved marble, touch, or porphyry;
But built a house for hospitality:
No sumptuous chimney-piece of shining stone
Invites the stranger's eye to gaze upon,
And coldly entertains his sight, but clear
And chearful flames cherish and warm him here.
No Doric, nor Corinthian pillars grace
With imagery this structure's naked face.
The Lord and Lady of this place delight
Rather to be in act, than seem in sight;
Instead of statues to adorn their wall
They throng with living men their merry hall,
Where at large tables fill'd with wholesome meats
The servant, tenant, and kind neighbour eats.
Some of that rank, spun of a finer thread,
Are with the women, steward, and chaplain fed
With daintier cates; others of better note,
Whom wealth, parts, office, or the Herald's coat
Have sever'd from the common, freely sit
At the Lord's table, whose spread sides admit
A large access of friends to fill those seats
Of his capacious circle fill'd with meats
Of choicest relish, till his oaken back
Under the load of pil'd up dishes crack.
Nor think, because our pyramids, and high
Exalted turrets threaten not the sky,
That therefore Wrest of narrowness complains,

Or straiten'd walls; for she more numerous trains
Of noble guests daily receives, and those
Can with far more convenience dispose
Than prouder piles, where the vain builder spent
More cost in outward gay embellishment
Than real use: which was the sole design
Of our contriver, who made things not fine,
But fit for service. Amalthea's horn
Of plenty is not in effigie worn
Without the gate, but she within the door
Empties her free and unexhausted store.
Nor crown'd with wheaten wreaths doth Ceres stand
In stone, with a crook'd circle in her hand:
Nor on a marble tun, his face besmear'd
With grapes, is curl'd unscissar'd Bacchus rear'd.
We offer not in emblems to the eyes,
But to the taste, those useful deities.
We press the juicy God, and quaff his blood,
And grind the yellow Goddess into food.
Yet we decline not all the works of Art:
But where more bouteous Nature bears a part,
And guides her handmaid, if she but dispense
Fit matter, she with care and diligence
Employs her skill; for where the neighbour source
Pours forth her waters, she directs her course,
And entertains the flowing streams in deep
And spacious channels, where they slowly creep
In snaky windings as the shelving ground
Leads them in circles, till they twice surround
This island mansion, which i' th' centre plac'd,
Is with a double crystal heaven embrac'd,
In which our watry constellations float;
Our fishes, swans, our waterman, and boat
Envied by those above, which wish to slake

Their star-burnt limbs in our refreshing lake;
But they stick fast, nail'd to the barren sphere,
Whilst our increase in fertile waters here
Disport, and wander freely where they please
Within the circuit of our narrow seas.
With various trees we fringe the water's brink,
Whose thirsty roots the soaking moisture drink,
And whose extended boughs in equal ranks
Yield fruit, and shade, and beauty to the banks.
On this side young Vertumnus sits, and courts
His ruddy-cheek'd Pomona. Zephyr sports
On th' other with lov'd Flora, yielding there
Sweets for the smell, sweets for the palate here.
But did you taste the high and mighty drink,
Which from that fountain flows, you'll clearly think
The God of Wine did his plump clusters bring,
And crush the Falern grape into our spring;
Or else disguis'd in wat'ry robes did swim
To Ceres' bed, and make her big of him,
Begetting so himself on her: for know,
Our vintage here in March doth nothing owe
To theirs in Autumn; but our fire boils here
As lusty liquor as the sun makes there.
Thus I enjoy myself, and taste the fruit
Of this blest peace, whilst toil'd in the pursuit
Of bucks, and stags, th' emblem of war you strive
To keep the memory of our arms alive."*

"*A Dialogue between Araphill and Castara. By William Habingdon.*

ARAPH. Dost not thou, Castara, read
Amorous volumes in my eyes?

* See a description of Wrest in Pennant's Journey to London.

Doth not every motion plead
What I'd shew, and yet disguise?
Senses act each other's part;
Eyes, as tongues, reveal the heart.

CAST. I saw love as lightning break
From thy eyes, and was content
Oft to hear thy silence speak:
Silent love is eloquent.
So the sense of Learning hears
The dumb music of the spheres.

ARAPH. Then there's mercy in your kind,
List'ning to an unfeign'd love.
Or strives he to tame the wind,
Who would your compassion move?
No y' are piteous, as y' are fair.
Heaven relents o'ercome by prayer.

CAST. But loose man too prodigal
Is in the expense of vows;
And thinks to him kingdoms fall,
When the heart of woman bows;
Frailty to your arms may yield:
Who resists you wins the field.

ARAPH. Triumph not to see me bleed;
Let the boar chaf'd from his den
On the wounds of mankind feed:
Your soft sex should pity men.
Malice well may practise art;
Love hath a transparent heart.

CAST. Yet is love all one deceit;
A warm frost, a frozen fire.
She within herself is great,
Who is slave to no desire.
Let youth act, and age advise,
And then Love may find his eyes.

ARAPH. Hymen's torch yields a dim light,
When Ambition joins our hands;
A proud day, but mournful night,
She sustains, who marries lands.
Wealth slaves man; but for their ore
Th' Indians had been free, though poor.

CAST. And yet wealth the fuel is
Which maintains the nuptial fire;
And in honour there's a bliss;
Th' are immortal, who aspire.
But truth says, no joys are sweet,
But where hearts united meet.

ARAPH. Roses breathe not such a scent
To perfume the neigb'ring groves,
As when you affirm content
In no sphere of glory moves.
Glory narrow souls combines:
Noble hearts Love only joins."

These lines appear to the Editor to be highly elegant and beautiful; and require no allowance whatever for the time at which they were written. They are alone sufficient to immortalize Habingdon's name.

The following is from the third part of Castara, entitled *The Holy Man;* and consisting almost wholly of religious poems.

"*Cogitabo pro peccato meo.*

"In what dark silent grove
Profan'd by no unholy love;
Where witty Melancholy ne'er
Did carve the trees, or wound the air,

Shall I religious leisure win
To weep away my sin?

How fondly have I spent
My youth's unvalued treasure, lent
To traffic for celestial joys?
My unripe years pursuing toys,
Judging things best that were most gay
Fled unobserv'd away.

Grown elder I admir'd
Our poets as from heaven inspir'd.
What obelisks decreed I fit,
For Spenser's art, and Sydney's wit?
But waxing sober, soon I found
Fame but an idle sound.

Then I my blood obey'd,
And each bright face an idol made:
Verse in an humble sacrifice
I offer'd to my mistress' eyes.
But I no sooner grace did win,
But met the devil within.

But grown more politic,
I took account of each state trick;
Observ'd each motion, judg'd him wise,
Who had a conscience fit to rise;
Whom soon I found but form and rule,
And the more serious fool.

But now my soul prepare
To ponder what and where we are:
How frail is life; how vain a breath
Opinion, how uncertain death:
How only a poor stone shall bear
Witness that once we were.

How a shrill trumpet shall
Us to the bar as traitors call:
Then shall we see too late that pride
Hath Hope with flattery belied;
And that the mighty in command
Pale cowards there must stand."

"*The Grasshopper. By Richard Lovelace, Esq.*

To my noble friend, Mr. Charles Cotton.

"*Ode.*

"O thou that swing'st upon the waving hair
Of some well fill'd oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear
Dropp'd thee from heaven, where now th' art rear'd;

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly,
And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire
To thy carv'd acorn-bed to lie!

Up with the day; the sun thou welcom'st then;
Sport'st in the gilt plats of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thy self, and melancholy streams.

But ah! the sickle! golden ears are cropt;
Ceres and Bacchus bid good night;
Sharp frosty fingers all your flowers have topt,
And what scythes spar'd, winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool! and now green ice, thy joys
Large and as lasting, as thy perch of grass,
Bid us lay in 'gainst winter, rain, and poise
Their floods, with an o'erflowing glass.

Thou best of men and friends! we will create
A genuine summer in each other's breast;
And spite of this cold time and frozen fate
Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally
As vestal flames; the north wind he
Shall strike his frost-stretched wings, dissolve and fly
This Ætna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come weeping in,
Bewail th' usurping of his reign;
But when in showers of old Greek we begin,
Shall cry, he hath his crown again.

Night as clear Hesper shall our tapers whip
From the light casement, where we play,
And the dark hag from her black mantle strip,
And stick there everlasting day.

Thus richer than untempted kings are we,
That asking nothing, nothing need:
Though lord of all what seas embrace; yet he
That wants himself is poor indeed."

"*Sonnet. Set by Mr. William Lawes.*

I.

"When I by thy fair shape did swear,
And mingled with each vow a tear,
I lov'd, I lov'd thee best;
I swore, as I profest;
For all the while you lasted warm and pure,
My oaths too did endure;
But once turn'd faithless to thyself and old,
They then with thee incessantly grew cold.

II.

I swore myself thy sacrifice
By th' ebon bows that guard thine eyes,
Which now are alter'd white,
And by the glorious light
Of both those stars, of which their spheres bereft
Only the jelly's left:
Then changed thus, no more I'm bound to you,
Than swearing to a saint, that proves untrue."*

"*Elegy to the memory of his worthy friend, Colonel Richard Lovelace. By Charles Cotton.*

"To pay my love to thee, and pay it so
As honest men should what they justly owe,
Were to write better of thy life than can
The assuredst pen of the most worthy man:
Such was thy composition, such thy mind
Improv'd from virtue, and from vice refin'd;
Thy youth an abstract of the world's best parts,
Inur'd to arms and exercis'd to arts;
Which with the vigour of a man became
Thine and thy country's pyramids of fame,
Two glorious lights to guide our hopeful youth,
Into the paths of honour and of truth.
These parts so rarely met made up in thee
What man should in his full perfection be;

* Some one in my copy has mark'd in pencil the following imitation:

"I lov'd thee, beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now."

Walter Harte has observed, that "not a few celebrated poets

So sweet a temper into every sense,
And each affection breath'd an influence,
As smooth'd them to a calm, which still withstood
The ruffling passions of untamed blood,
Without a wrinkle in thy face to show;
Thy stable breast could no disturbance know;
In fortune humble, constant in mischance;
Expert in both; and both serv'd to advance
Thy name by various trials of thy spirit,
And give the testimony of thy merit;
Valiant to envy of the bravest men,
And learned to an undisputed pen;
Good as the best in both, and great; but yet
No dangerous courage, nor offensive wit:
These ever serv'd, the one for to defend,
The other nobly to advance thy friend;
Under which title I have found my name
Fix'd in the living chronicle of fame
To times succeeding; yet I hence must go
Displeas'd, I cannot celebrate thee so;
But what respect, acknowledgment, and love,
What these together when improv'd, improve,
Call it by any name (so it express
Aught like a tribute to thy worthiness,
And may my bounden gratitude become)
LOVELACE, I offer at thy honour'd tomb.
  And though thy virtues many friends have bred,
To love thee living, and lament thee dead,
In characters far better couch'd than these,
Mine will not blot thy name, nor theirs increase;

have taken the liberty to borrow some thoughts from this author; and sometimes the very expressions." Gent. Mag. Vol. LXII. p. 166.

'Twas by thine own great merits rais'd so high,
That, maugre time and fate, it shall not die.

Sic flevit
CHARLES COTTON."

Of these three poets, the most intrinsic merit appears to me to be possessed by Habingdon; and Carew is superior to Lovelace, with the exception of the famous Song by the latter, to ALTHEA from Prison; beginning "*When Love with unconfined wings.*" It is the fault of Carew's poems that they are too quaint, laboured, and far-fetched; which renders the censure of his satirical cotemporaries, that he was slow and costive in his productions, highly probable. Superfluous ornament is the result of art and toil; and never flows from animated genius in the fervour of composition. The search after minute similes and metaphors, and still more the pursuit of metaphysical conceits, is totally inconsistent with the rapid movements of the eye "in a fine phrenzy rolling." Headley says of Carew, I think rather unhappily, that "he has the ease without the pedantry of Waller, and perhaps less conceit." He certainly writes like an elegant courtier, of an ingenious and exercised fancy; but his ingenuity and elegance are palpably laboured. Lovelace would have exhibited more nature with equal imagination, if he had made composition more a business; but he seems to have wanted the requisite degree of polish and attention. Habingdon seems almost every where to shew a mind exuberant in a copious and affecting morality, gilded by a smiling fancy, almost always chaste and classical.

Additional Criticism by a Correspondent.

"THE dedication of the Posthume Poems to the Right Honourable John Lovelace, Esq." by Dudly Posthumus Lovelace (a brother of the author) is not unworthy of the *name*, and spite of the diffidence of its writer discovers a vein, which even in this polished era would not be censured as deficient in smoothness and talent; indeed it appears to me to possess an arrangement and phraseology characteristic of a much later period.

"Lucasta (fair, but hapless maid!)
Once flouriaht underneath the shade
Of your illustrious mother; now,
An orphan grown she bows to you!
To *you*, her vertue's noble heir,
Oh may she find protection there;
Nor let her welcome be the less,
'Cause a rough hand makes her address,
One (to whom foes the Muses are)
Born and bred up in rugged war;
For, conscious how unfit I am,
I only have pronounc'd her *name*,
To waken pity in your breast,
And leave her tears to plead the rest."

The following song by Richard Lovelace recommends itself as much by its neatness, as by its didactic turn.

"*Song.*

1.

"Strive not, vain lover, to be fine;
Thy silk's the silk-worme's, and not thine;

You lessen to a fly your mistris thought,
To think it may be in a cobweb caught.
What thought her thin transparent laun
Thy heart in a strong net hath drawn?
Not all the arms the god of fire ere made,
Can the soft bulwarks of nak'd loue invade.

2.

Be truly fine then, and yourself dress
In her fair soul's immac'late glass:
Then by reflection you may haue the bliss
Perhaps to see what a true fineness is;
When all your gawdenes will fit
Those only that are poor in wit:
She that a *clinquant* outside doth adore,
Dotes on a gilded *statue*, and no more."

The following address to the "*Ant*," is accompanied with a playfulness of muse, which I think would hardly suffer in a comparison with some of the lighter pieces of our late lamented Cowper, who might not have disdained a competition with the elegant Lovelace.

"*The Ant.*

1.

"Forbear thou great good husband, little ant,
A little respite from thy flood of sweat;
Thou, thine own horse and cart under this plant,
Thy spacious tent, fan thy prodigious heat;
Doun with thy double load of that one grain;
It is a granarie for all thy train.

2.

Cease, large example of wise thrift, a while,
(For thy example is become our law)
And teach thy frouns a seasonable smile;
So Cato sometimes the nak'd florals saw.

And thou, almighty foe, lay by thy sting,
Whilst thy unpay'd musicians, crickets, sing.

3.

Lucasta, she that holy makes the day,
And 'stills new life in fields of Fucillemort;
Hath back restor'd their verdure with one ray,
And with her eye bid all to play and sport;
Ant, to work still, age will thee truant call;
And to saue now, th' art worse than prodigal.

4.

Austere and *cynick!* not one hour t' allow,
To lose with pleasure what thou get'st with pain:
But drive, on sacred festivals, thy plow;
Tearing high-ways with thy orecharged wain?
Not all thy life time one poor minute liue,
And thy o're labour'd hulk with mirth relieue?

5.

Look up then, miserable ant, and spie
Thy fatal foes, for breaking of her law;
Hov'ring aboue thee, Madam, *Margaret Pie*,
And her fierce servant, meagre, Sir *John Daw*:
Thy self and store house now they do store up,
And thy whole harvest too within their crop.

6.

Thus we unthrifty thriue within earth's tomb,
For some more rav'nous and ambitious jaw:
The *grain* in th' *ants*, the *ants* in the *pie's* womb,
The pie in th' *hawks*, the *hawks* i'th' *eagle's* maw:
So scattering to hord 'gainst a long day,
Thinking to saue all, we cast all away."

To this volume was prefixed a portrait by Hollar, from a drawing by Francis Lovelace, also a brother of the author, but which is rarely found with it. Mr.

Richardson however has copied it with great accuracy.* This portrait differs materially from the painting in Dulwich College, (engraved lately by Clamp for the Biographical Mirror) which discovers much more of "the most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld," (Wood's Athenæ) than the former. In Dulwich College also is a portrait of Althea, but without any clue to lead to the discovery of the lady who has been so fortunately immortalized. Mr. Lysons, in his Environs of London, speaks of her as the same with *Lucasta*. I am not aware of any authority for such a supposition; and from the mention of her name, but in one song, should imagine her not to be Lucasta, but *one* of those "of the female sex who admired and adored him." I cannot however but admit that there appears to me a strong resemblance between this portrait and the print of Lucasta engraved by Faithorne from a picture of Lely. This last Mr. Granger considers as *imaginary* from the words "P. Lelly invt." I apprehend, however, that this might apply to the costume and accompaniments of the figure, which would hardly have occupied the pencil of Lely, had it been altogether invention. In the collection of "Elegies, sacred to the memory of the author, by several of his friends," subjoined to this volume is a contribution also from another brother under the signature of T. L.

E. V. U.

Feb. 18, 1809.

* Granger speaks of *another* portrait of Lovelace by Faithorne; but which I have never seen or heard of but from Granger.

Art. CXCII. *The Fancie's Theater. By John Tatham, Gent.*

Horat.

"Quod si me Lyricis vatibus inseres,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice."

London: Printed by John Norton, for Richard Best, and are to be sold at his shop neere Grayes-Inne gate in Holborne. 1640. 12*mo.*

"John Tatham (says Winstanley)* was one whose muse began to bud with his youth, which produced early blossoms of not altogether contemptible poetry, in a collection of poems entituled '*Fancy's Theater:*' which was ushered into the world by divers of the chief wits of that age." The names of these wits are R. Broome, Tho. Nabbes, Geo: Lynn, Rob. Chamberlaine, H. Davison, James Jones, Wm. Barnes, Tho. Rawlins, An. Newport, R. Pyndet, W. Ling, and another in the body of the book signs himself Geo. Sparke. By Lynn our poet was fed with the following gross flattery:

"—— methinks the genius of those *three*
Admired laureats are ensphear'd in thee;
Smooth *Shakespeare*, neat *Randolph*, and witty *Ben*,
Flow in a mutuall sweetnesse from thy pen."

And by Ling he was thus addressed:

"Had I a *Chapman's* line or learning, *Johnson's* art,
Fletcher's more accurate fancie, or that part

* Lives of the English Poets, p. 199.

Of *Beaumont* that's divine, *Dun's* * profound skill:
Making good verses live, and damning ill,
I then would praise thy verses," &c.

These "chief wits" seem to have studied the *ars adulandi* more than the *ars poetica;* and I therefore contrast their applauses with the censure of a minor wit.

"TATHAM makes verses of all sorts and sizes,
And plays, and songs, and ballads he comprizes
In keene iambicks; a lymphatic lyriek
He is, and plays and sings sweeter than *Derick*:†
For which amongst the broakers and broom-criers,
Amongst the watermen, 'mongst dolts and dyers,
Hee's cried up for a bard—and he is one;
For he writes Welsh, or in some stranger tone."‡

Winstanley proceeds to inform us, in his brief poetical biography, that Tatham was contemporary and "of much like equal fame with Thomas Jordan:" a report that may probably be true, since he seems to have been "of much like equal" talent. He tells us further, that Tatham was also city-poet, making those speeches and representations used at the Lord Mayor's Show, and other public meetings. This piece of information is by Granger called erroneous; but his reasons for saying so he has omitted to assign: and we therefore seem entitled to give credence to Mr. Reed, who affirms that he was succeeded by Jordan § in the office of *city-*

* i. e. *Donne's.* † Probably the *Hangman.*

‡ Sheppard's Epigrams, &c. 1651, p. 142.

§ Oldys, in his MS. notes to Langbaine, says, as to his being City

poet.* It is certain that he composed a mask in honour of Sir John Frederick's assuming the mayorality of London in 1661, as a printed copy of it occurs in the British Museum. Gildon smiles at Langbaine for having found out a pleasant compensation for Tatham's want of extraordinary wit, by saying he possessed loyalty in the highest degree: this, he shrewdly adds, might be something to atone for the defects of a servant's brains, but very little for those of a poet.† Tatham however seems to have wanted judgment more than capacity, and taste more than ingenuity. He evidently formed his love-poems on the model of Cowley, and his miscellanies in emulation of Jordan. The present collection, which he terms "the maiden-blossoms of his Muse," is inscribed to the most worthy Mecænas, Sir John Win-

Poet, "To the Restoration I have traced him, and a year or two beyond, in that office; but what became of him afterwards I know not. I suppose he was succeeded by Thos. Jordan." Oldys mentions his 1. "Londinum Triumphans," &c. 4to. 1663. 2. "Neptune's Address to his Majesty," congratulating his coronation in shews upon the water. Fol. 1661. 3. "London's Triumph celebrated Oct. 29, 1659," in honour of Tho. Allen, Lord Mayor of that city. 1659. 4to.

"There is some true history of Oliver Cromwell's wife Elizabeth in the play of 'The Rump, or the Mirrour of the late Times, 1661. 4to.' as well as much drollery. His friend Thos. Jordan, in his little Collection of Poems, called 'Wit in a Wilderness,' has one upon his faithful and ingenious friend, and old acquaintance, John Tatham, Gent. much to his praise."

"There was one John Tatham of Merton College, Oxf. admitted M. A. 1567, and afterwards Rector of Lincoln College." *Oldys*—EDITOR.

* Biographia Dramatica, i. 266.

† Lives of the English Dramatic Poets, p. 140.

ter, Knt. Secretary of State and Master of Requests to the Queen. It consists of numerous amatory odelets and acrostics, addresses to friends, epithalamiums, elegies, epigrams, &c. From the former of these I extract one of the most pleasing pieces.

"*Cupid's Summons.*

" Fairest mortall, think not I
Privilege a starre-like eye,
Or the choycest Faire on earth;
I can blast 'em in their birth:
Yet that you might feel desires,
Quenching Love's Idalian fires,
'Mongst a many beauties more,
I preserv'd thee to adore
My deity: but now I see
Thou disdain'st my power and me.
Therefore, by my Paphian bow,
My commands must let you know,
That a strange complaint of late
Beat a parley at my gate;
And so entred, that the gods
With that uprore grew at odds:
In so much that they me sent
Messenger of punishment,
In my mother's sacred name
You a traitor to proclame
'Gainst the laws of love and beauty;
And to what you owe by duty
To th' ethereal powers and me,
Cancell'd through inconstancie.
By my bow and flaming dart,
By the lover's bleeding hart,
By the hand and by the glove,
By the eye that captiv'd Jove,

I command and summon thee
At Love's barre to answer me,
To what we shall there object
'Gainst thy scorn and base neglect.
Fail not creature, as you will
Answer your ensuing ill."

I add two specimens of the epigrams: and bad are the best.

"Will, the perfumer met me in the street;
I stood amaz'd:—he ask'd me what I meant?
'In faith, (said I) your gloves are mighty sweet,
And yet your breath doth cast a stronger scent.'

"Jonas, the brasier, and his wife fell out:
He call'd her 'Slut,' and so it came about.
'Slut,' knave, (she said) now in good truth you lye—'
'With whom?' quoth he. Whereat, she 'gan to cry:
Reply'd—'Enough; I'le yield in such a case,
When you are still your selfe a brazen face.'

The volume closes with "Love crownes the end: a *pastorall* presented by the schollers of Bingham in the county of Nottingham, in the yeare 1632." Much of this pastoral is as little fitted for scholastic representation as are some of the plays of Terence: but the plot is sufficiently puerile. Langbaine calls it a *tragi-comedy*,* and says it was printed with Tatham's poems entitled "The Mirrour of Fancies,"

* Langbaine appears to have borrowed this blunder from Winstanley, who is certainly most to blame, since he had seen the book, or he could not have treated his readers with what he calls a taste of Tatham's juvenile wit; being the first six lines of introduction to a metrical dialogue, and as unfavourable a sample as he could have selected.

in 1657. If so, the present volume may have had a second impression: though I think it more likely to have had only a new title; an established trick of trade among the book venders of every period.

T. P.

ART. CXCIII. *Ostella: or the Faction of Love and Beauty reconcil'd. By I. T. Gent. London: Printed for John Tay, at the White Lion in the Strand, near the New Exchange.* 1650. *4to. pp.* 115.

THE dedication to Sir Richard Hastings is signed John Tatham; whose portraiture is prefixed, and under it the following lines by R. C. initials that would apply to several contemporaries, though here probably put for Robt. Chamberlain, who had complimented his "Fancies' Theater."

> "Here is noe schisme, the judging eye may see
> In every line a perfect harmony;
> And *Love* and *Beauty*, for soe great a grace,
> Joy in theire lovely *reconciler's* face."

This publication would seem to be more rare than the preceding, from being unnoticed by Winstanley and others, who have given us notices of the former: but it has little except its rarity to recommend it. The servile mimicry of "Cowley's Mistress" will be obvious in the following specimens.

"*The Retreat.*

"Retreat, retreat; do you not see
As fast as you granadoes throw,

She quencheth them in pits of snow,
Intrencht about with ivory ?

And when you undermine, you are
By cunning countermining crost,
And all your pioneers are lost;
Nay, all your treaties are but air.

Your cannons do no terrour sound;
For she, with penetrateless strength
Repels them:—then retreat, at length,
Ere your own weapons give you wound."

"*A Tempest.*

"Help, Love! or else I sink; for know
He best can help, that causeth woe:—
Help then, and with thy smoother palm,
The fury of my passion calm.
Succeeding tears in billows rise,
As they were seas met in my eyes:
My sighs united, proudly groan,
As the four winds combin'd in one.
Hark! how they roar:—my sighs and tears
Sure have conspir'd to tempt my fears:
See, how they swell!—now they are met,
And even a tempest do beget:
It shakes my bark, her ribs do crack,
And now my hopes expect a wrack.
Help, Love! for pity then, I pray—
Ere my poor heart be cast away."

All this is the froth or feculence of poetic wit. Writers of such love-verses sound "the very base string of humility" upon the dulcimer of apathy: or in the pastoral language of Shenstone—"'tis their's with *mock* passion to glow," &c. After proceeding

through seventy pages, devoted to his imaginary Dulcinea, yclept OSTELLA, the poetizer commences with "Occasional copies of verses upon several subjects." Among these the most interesting appear to be stanzas addressed to the accomplished and gallant author of "Lucasta."

"*Upon my noble friend, Richard Lovelace, Esq. his being in Holland. An invitation.*

"Come, Adonis, come again;
What distaste could drive thee hence,
Where so much delight did reign
Sateing ev'n the soul of sense?
And though thou unkind hast prov'd,
Never youth was more belov'd.
Then, lov'd Adonis, come away,
For Venus brooks not thy delay.

Wert thou sated with the spoil
Of so many virgins' hearts,
And, therefore didst change thy soil,
To seek fresh in other parts?
Dangers wait on forreign game;
We have deer more sound and tame.
Then, lov'd Adonis, &c.

Phillis, fed with thy delights,
In thy absence pines away;
And Love, too, hath lost his rites;
Not one lass keeps holiday.
They have chang'd their mirth for cares,
And do onely sigh thy airs.
Then, lov'd Adonis, &c.

Elpine, in whose sager looks
Thou wert wont to take delight,

Hath forsook his drink and books
'Cause he can't enjoy thy sight:
He hath laid his learning by,
'Cause his wit wants company.
Then, lov'd Adonis, come away,
For friendship brooks not thy delay.

All the swains that once did use
To converse with Love and thee,
In the language of thy Muse,
Have forgot Love's deity:
They deny to write a line,
And do only talk of thine.
Then, lov'd Adonis, &c.

By thy sweet Althea's* voice
We conjure thee to return;
Or we'll rob thee of that choice,
In whose flames each heart would burn:
That inspir'd by her and sack,
Such company we will not lack;
That poets in the age to come
Shall write of our Elisium."

Like Lovelace our author must have been "in durance vile," since he makes Ostella shed "precious tears" for his *imprisonment*. Two prologues occur near the end of the volume: one spoken at the Cockpit, at the coming of the Red-Bull-players thither; and the other spoken at the Red-Bull, to a play called "The Whisperer, or what you please;" a play not recorded in the Biographia Dramatica.† Tatham has a few quibbling lines on the death of

* See Lovelace's Poems, p. 97; or Percy's Reliques, Vol. ii. p. 329.

† Tatham has a copy of verses before the "Sun's Darling," a masque, by Ford and Decker, printed in 1656.

his father, and he informs us that his mother was Dorothy the daughter of Christopher Percy, Esq. of Manson in Dorsetshire, a justice of peace and high-sheriff of that county. I close my report of this obscure publication with a tribute to the loyal brother of Henry Lawes, the composer of Milton's Comus. He was killed at the siege of Chester, and for his death King Charles I. is said to have worn a private mourning.* He rivalled his brother in musical talent.

"*On the report of Master William Lawes his death.*

"Who says Will Lawes is dead?—had not his breath
Virtue enough to charm the spleen of Death?
He that to discord could pure concord give,
Instructing all society to live,
Doth't come within your reason he can die,
Who bears a part in friendship's harmony?
Let not such thoughts abuse you: for the earth
Receives no musick but what was his mirth.
He dead, the melancholly world must be
Brought straight into a general lethargie:
Yet this I guess; finding his health impair,
He made this change but for a better *air*."

T. P.

ART. CXCIV. *Mel Heliconium: or poeticall Honey, gathered out of the Weeds of Parnassus. The first book divided into VII chapters, according to the first VII letters of the Alphabet: containing XLVIII fictions. Out of which are extracted many*

* See Todd's Milton, V. 209.

historicall, naturall, morall, politicall, and theologicall observations, both delightfull and usefull: with XLVIII meditations in verse. By Alexander Rosse, his Majestie's Chaplain in Ordinary. Motto. Hor. Lib. iv. *Ode* 2. *London: Printed by L. N. and J. F. for William Leak, and are to be sold at his shop in Chancery-Lane, near unto the Rolls.* 1642. *Small* 8vo. *pp.* 176.

THIS is a well-meaning, but romantic, attempt to spiritualize and Christianize the mythology of the Greeks and Romans, or to render (as the author expresses it) "a Babylonish garment serviceable for the tabernacle." Addison has made that author more known than his own performances could have done, by remarking,* that the following doggrel rhymes in Hudibras are more frequently quoted than the finest pieces of wit in the whole poem:

> "There was an ancient sage philosopher,
> That had read *Alexander Ross* over."

ALEXANDER Ross, we are told by Dr. Grey, was a Scotch divine, and one of the chaplains to K. Charles I. who wrote a book entitled "A View of all Religions in the World from the Creation to his own Time." Sir Thomas Urquhart in his Εκσκυβαλαυρον, 1651, speaks of "that most learned and worthy gentleman, and most indeared minion of the Muses, Master Alexander Ross, who hath written manyer excellent books in Latine and English than he hath lived yeers." He enumerates the following:

* See Spectator, No. 60.

"Virgilius Evangelizans: in 13 books.
De rebus Judaicis: libri quatuor. In hexameter verse.
Rasura tonsoris: in prose.
Chymera Pythagoria.
Additions to Wollebius and Ursinus.
The new planet and no planet.
Meditations on predestination.
The pictures of the conscience.
Questions upon Genesis.
Melissomachia.
Virgilius Triumphans.
Four books of Epigrams: in Latin elegiacs.
The philosophical Touchstone.
Mystagogus poeticus.
Arcana Microcosmi.
Colloquia Plantina.
Medicus Medicatus.
Observations upon Sir Walter Rawley.
Marrow of History, or Epitome of Sir Walter Rawleigh's works.
Chronology: in the English tongue. And many other treatises whose titles were forgot."

"Besides all these, he composed above 300 sermons, which (after he had reducted them into an order and diction fit for the press) were, by the merciless fury of Vulcan, destroyed all in one night, with several, metaphysical, physical, moral, and dialectical manuscripts," &c. His account makes it a most Herculean labour to have "read Alexander Ross over." Of his poetry a very short specimen is here present-

ed from Mel Heliconium. Its moral and metre may remind the reader of Quarles.

" What means the Moon, to dote so much upon
The fair Endymion?
Or why should man forsake his soveraign good
To catch an empty cloud?
From Heaven shall any man for riches fall,
And lose his soul and all?
How can we sleep in such security,
As that we cannot see
Our dangers, nor that lamp whose silver ray
Drives black-fac'd night away?
What madnesse is't for thee to lose thy share
Of Heaven, for bubling air
Of honour, or of popular applause,
Which doth but envie cause;
And which is nothing but an empty winde,
That cannot fill the minde."

T. P.

ART. CXCV. *The Dutie of Sir Francis Wortley, deliniated in his pious pitty, and Christian commiseration of the sorrowes and sufferings of the most vertuous, yet unfortunate Lady Elizabeth Queene of Bohemia. Being a dedication to Fame and Truth, prefer'd to both the Houses of Parliament. By her humble Servant and Honourer, Sir Francis Wortley, Knight and Baronet. London, printed by R. O. for F. W.* 1641. 4to.

FOR an account of Sir Francis Wortley, who was born 1591, and knighted 1610, see Wood's Ath. II. 189; and the following article, p. 98.

ART. CXCVI. *Characters and Elegies. By Francis Wortley, Knight and Baronet. Printed in the Yeere CIↃ.IↃC XLVI.* [1646] 4to. *pp.* 68.

THIS well-bred person, (says Wood)* who was numbered among the poets of his time, was born of an ancient and knightly family at Wortley in Yorkshire, became a Commoner of Magdalen College, Oxon. in 1608, at the age of 17; was made a knight in 1610, and a Baronet in the following year; being then esteemed an ingenious gentleman. Afterwards settling on his patrimony, he trod in the steps of his worthy ancestors, in hospitality, charity, and good neighbourhood. But when he saw a predominant party in the parliament (Nov. 1640) that were preparing to raise an army against their sovereign, he collected a troop of horse in the royal cause, and being made colonel, fortified his mansion of Wortley-hall, did good service, and was much valued by the King. When the parliamentarians prevailed, Sir Francis was taken prisoner, committed to the Tower of London, and lost most of his estate from his unshaken loyalty. At his release he compounded for that part of his possession which was left, in Goldsmith's Hall, became much in debt, lived in the White Friers near Fleet-Street, and died there, says his biographer, but the time of his decease is unknown.

Wood mentions as his productions:—A poem in commiseration of the sorrows and suffering of the most vertuous and most unfortunate princess Elizabeth, Q. of Bohemia, 1641, 4to. (See the preceding article.

* Athen. Oxon. ii. 189.

A Declaration from York, in vindication of himself from divers aspersions, 1642, 4to.

Mercurius Britannicus, his welcome to Hell, &c. Written against Marchmont Nedham, author of the Mercurii Britannici, 1647, 4to.

A loyal song of the Royal Feast, kept by the prisoners in the Tower, in Aug. 1647.

But his *Characters and Elegies* appear to constitute his chief claim to remembrance as an author. Whether they were *published* seems doubtful, as no bookseller's name occurs in the title-page. The characters are in prose, and delineate "His Royal Majestie." [Cha. I.] "The Queene's Majestie." [Henrietta Maria.] "The hopefull Prince." [Ch. II.] "The illustrious James, Duke of York." [James II.] "A noble Generall." "A true English Protestant." "An Antinomian, or Anabaptisticall Independent." "A Jesuite." "A northerne Lady, as she is Wife, Mother, and Sister." "The Politique Neuter." "The Citie Paragon." "A sharking Committeeman." "Britannicus his pedigree." "The Phœnix of the Court."

The *Elegies* are mostly consecrated to those worthies who lost their lives in the King's service, and are concluded by short epitaphs in Latin prose on Robert Earl of Lindsay, Spencer Earl of Northampton, Robert Earl of Kingston, Robert Earl of Carnarvon, Three sons of the Duke of Richmond and Lenox, Lucius Visct. Falkland, Sir Charles Cavendish, Two sons of the Earl of Chesterfield, Sir Richard Hutton, Sir Bevil Granville, Sir Wm. Evers, Sir Tho. Metham, and Sir Wm. Wentworth, Sir John Smith, Sir Henry Spelman, Col. Slaney,

Henry Morton,* Colonels Howard, Heron, Fenwick, Lambton, Clavering, and Carnaby, Countess of Dorset, Francis Quarles.

During the author's imprisonment he composed some lines distinguished by sage reflection and apposite illustration, as the following specimen will shew.

" What's Liberty, it should be so desir'd?
'Tis only when denied to men, admir'd.
We're more displeas'd with the least negative,
Than pleas'd with all that God to man can give.
We're scarcely pleas'd with God's great'st blessings, health
And liberty, unless God give us wealth.
But once imprison'd in our beds, and then
We wish the use of these good things agen:
Yet whilst we had them we scarce knew their good;
They were Heaven's blessing, but scarce understood.
'Tis then the use makes happy men, not having
Of that we use not well, or still are craving
More than we have; be it or more or lesse,
A thankfull state is man's true happiness!
Imprisonment, admit it ne'er so close,
Is to a wise man but his soule's repose;
And the lesse roome he hath, his soul's more free,
Than when she had her wanton liberty.
Weak eyes cannot endure the glaring light
Of the bright sun, nor things which are too white;
These do disperse the radii of the eyes;
We better can endure the cloudy skies:
Were I immur'd so I could see no sun,
My soule her winged horses could out-run;

* Son of Sir George Morton, Bart. who married the sister of Sir Francis Wortley.

I could with Heaven a correspondence keep,
As Jonas did, close prisoner in the deep.
Men in the deepest pits see best by far
The sun's eclipses; and finde every star
When sight's contracted and is more intent:
So is men's soul's in close imprisonment!"

This interesting volume is inscribed "to the Lovers of Honour and Poesie, whose constitutions are even and equal, not overbalanced with earthly and base metal, but who love honour and gallantry in any man, *et virtus in hoste probatur.*"

T. P.

ART. CXCVII. *An Elegie upon the death of Thomas Earle of Strafford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who was beheaded upon Tower Hill the 12th of May*, 1641, *by Thomas Herbert.*

Take an example from Lord Wentworth all,
Lest by high climbing you do chance a fall.

Printed A. D. 1641. *pp.* 7.

SEE Wood's Athenæ, II. 693, who supposes the author not to be the same with Sir Thomas Herbert, the traveller, nor with another Sir Thomas, who was clerk of the council at Dublin to Henry Cromwell, Lord Lieutenant, 1657.

ART. CXCVIII. *Leoline and Sydanis. An heroick Romance of the adventures of amourous Princes: together with sundry affectionate addresses to his*

mistresse under the name of Cynthia, by Sir F. K(innaston), Knt. 4to. 1642.

THE two exquisite poems printed in Ellis's "Specimens" naturally attract one to the source from whence they were derived: the major part of the volume containing them is occupied in relating (in stanzas "of the staff of seven," as Puttenham calls them) the loves of Leoline and Sydanis:

> On the Virgivian ocean's foaming shore,
> Downe at the mountain Snowdon's rocky foot,
> Whose cloud-bound head with mists is ever hoar,
> So high the sight can scarcely reach unto't,
> (Against whose sides the forked lightnings shoot)
> A stately castle stood; whilome the seat
> Of the old Brittain's King, Arvon the Great.

Here the hero of the tale was born; and as soon as he is introduced to our notice he falls in love with the daughter of Duke Leon, at a sacrifice to Venus. But as "the course of true love," which "never did run smooth," was not to be reversed for this most amiable pair, a "farinee-fac'd" splay-foot gentleman from France,

> ("Monsieur Marquis Jean Foutre was his name,")

who was present at the wedding, for the nuptials were celebrated, interposes with foul intent to pollute the tide of Leolyne and Sydanis' happiness:

> So by the canker-worme the fragrant rose
> Is tainted,

To perfect his intent he has recourse (like most of his contemporaries) to magic, and ties a knot and

utters a spell, which had such influence on the "Virillity" of the bridegroom, as "it were pity o' my life" to discompose the gravity of the editor by describing. The difficulties to which "the son of Arvon" was opposed, will be better fancied than felt; it may therefore suffice to inform the reader, that his friends in turn had recourse to a Druid, who, to obviate the influence of Jean Foutre's magic, administers a potion, the operation of which is similar to that of Shakspeare's Juliet's. The lady now flies to the Druid's cave, who, from hatred to King Arvon, that had confined him there, persuades her that it is poison they have communicated, and that it is fit she fly beyond sea, before her pursuers overtake her.

> The Druid's words, like the death-boding notes
> Of the night raven, or the ominous owl,
> Send from their dismal hollow sounding throats:
> Or like the noise of dogs, by night that howl
> At the departing of a sick man's soul,
> Struck terror into Sydanis.

She follows the recommendation of the magician and escapes in a boat to Ireland, disguised, and at length becomes page to the daughter of Dermot king of Eblana. Jean Foutre follows her, but is drowned in the passage. On the third night, the operation of the soporiferous draught being exhausted, the prince rises while the attendants appointed to watch his supposed corse were asleep, and taking with him an esquire, who relates every circumstance by the way, they too embark for Erinland. The body is supposed in the morning to

have been stolen by Leoline's father, and King Arvon proceeds to revenge the insult by investing the walls of Caerleon.

Landing in Ireland, Leoline finds the body of the Marquis Jean Foutre cast on the beach, and untying the ribbon which he had given the traitor at his wedding, he dissipates the spell that had caused his debility.

Disguised as Frenchmen, his esquire and Leoline escape to the court of Dermot, where they soon obtain favour; and Sydanis, disguised as a page, negociates between her husband and Mellifant, till she discovers that Leoline is resolved to marry her mistress, supposing his spouse to be dead. This part of the romance contains "unutterable things:" the fears of Sydanis are removed, however, by the refusal of King Dermot to accept Leoline's offer of marriage, as his daughter was promised to Androgios, from Britain, and he returns in disgust to Wales.

Mellifant and Sydanis, unconscious of each other's purpose, resolve to follow him disguised, but the latter is seized and returned to the King, who, missing his daughter and Leoline at the same period, determines to transport his army and attack King Arvon. As he lands at Caerleon he is met by Androgios embarking to fetch home his daughter: upon explanation Androgios challenges Leoline to single combat: but as they prepare for battle, a chariot, drawn by eight white swans, appears in the air, which descends bearing Mellifant to the feet of Androgios; at the same time that the spectators anticipated the transmission of one of the heroes

from the danger of the combat, as on a well-known occasion,

> Hoc Venus, obscuro faciem circumdata nimbo,
> Detulit.*

By an equally-powerful intervention Sydanis is at the same time restored to Leoline, and so ends "this strange eventful history."

The judgment of Mr. Ellis has anticipated my examination of the latter part of this volume. The following poem, however, may be read not without pleasure.

TO CYNTHIA, ON HER CHANGING.

Dear Cynthia, though thou bear'st the name
  Of the pale Queen of night,
Who changing yet is still the same,
  Renewing still her light;
Who monthly doth herself conceal,
  And her bright face doth hide,
That she may to Endymion steal,
  And kiss him unespied;

Do not thou so, not being sure
  When this thy beauty's gone,
Thou such another canst procure,
  And wear it as thy own;
For the by-sliding silent hours,
  Conspirators with grief,
May crop thy beauty's lovely flowers,
  Time being a sly thief,

Which with his wings will fly away,
  And will return no more;

* Æneid. Lib. 12.

As, having got so rich a prey,
Nature cannot restore.
Reserve thou, then, and do not waste
That beauty which is thine;
Cherish those glories that thou hast,
Let not grief make thee pine:

Think that the lily, we behold,
Or July flower may
Flourish, although the mother mould
That bred them be away;
There is no cause, nor yet no sense,
That dainty fruits should rot,
Though the tree die and wither, whence
The apricots were got.

O. G.

ART. CXCIX. ΨΥΧΩΔΙΑ *Platonica; or, a Platonical Song of the Soul. Consisting of foure severall Poems, viz.* ΨΥΧΟΖΙΑ, ΨΥΧΟΘΑΝΑΣΙΑ, ΑΝΤΙΨΥΧΟΠΑΝΥΧΙΑ, ΑΝΤΙΜΟΝΟΨΥΧΙΑ. *Hereunto is added a paraphrastical Interpretation of the Answer of Apollo, consulted by Amelius about Plotinus Soul departed this Life. By* H. M. *Master of Arts, and Fellow of Christ's Colledge in Cambridge.*

Nulla majorem affere solet ignaris inscitia
Voluptatem quam expeditum fastidiosumque
Contemptum. SCAL.

Cambridge. Printed by Roger Daniel, Printer to the University. 1642. 12*mo.*

There is a separate title page to each of the four parts; and to each is prefixed a prose address to the reader. The paging also runs only to the end of each part, as if the parts had been printed separate; yet they all bear the same date, viz. 1642. Prefixed to all is a poetical address to the reader in eight-syllable verse, which is not without merit. I would transcribe it here entire, had I room. The poem itself is written in a stanza of nine and ten syllable lines. It is full of hard words, and in the highest strain of mystic Platonism, such as Mr. Taylor himself would read with delight; but, perhaps, neither he nor any one could understand.

To the Reader.

Reader sith it is the fashion,
To bestow some salutation,
I greet thee; give free leave to look
And nearly view my opened book.
But see then that thine eyes be clear,
If aught thou wouldst discover there;
Expect from me no Teian strain,
No light wanton Lesbian vein:
Tho' well I wote the vulgar sprite
Such harmony doth more strongly smite.
Silent secesse, waste solitude,
Deep-searching thought often renew'd,
Stiff contest 'gainst importunate vice,
That daily doth the soul entice.——

&c. &c. W. Preston.

Additions by the Editor.

The second edition of this work bears the following title.

Philosophical Poems by Henry More, Master of Arts, and Fellow of Christ's College in Cambridge.

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita solo, juvat integros accedere fontes.
LUCR.

Cambridge. Printed by Roger Daniel, Printer to the University, 1647. 8vo. *pp.* 436.

But this includes a second title page, in these words:

An Addition of some few smaller Poems. By Henry More, Master of Arts, &c. as before, which commences at p. 299.

This second edition is dedicated to his "dear father, Alexander More, Esq." in which he says, "you have from my childhood turned mine ears to Spencer's rhymes, entertaining us, on winter nights, with that incomparable piece of his, *The Fairy Queen*, a poem as richly fraught with divine morality as fancy. Your early encomiums also of learning and philosophy did so fire my credulous youth with the desire of the knowledge of things, that your after-advertisements how contemptible learning would prove without riches, and what a piece of unmannerliness and incivility it would be held to seem wiser, than them that are more wealthy and powerful, could never yet restrain my mind from her first pursuit, nor quicken my attention to the affairs of the world." After this is another title, "A Platonick Song of the Soul, treating of the Life of the oul; her Immortality; the Sleep of

the Soul; the Unity of Souls; and Memory after Death."

In the Address to the Reader, he says he has in this edition enlarged the poem, and "licked it into some more tolerable form and smoothness;" and has added notes for the better understanding both the poem and the principles of Plato's philosophy."

Bound up with the Editor's copy of this work is another of this author, entitled

An Antidote against Atheisme, or an Appeal to the Natural Faculties of the Minde of Man, whether there be not a God. By Henry More, (&c. as before.) *London, Printed for Roger Daniel, at Lovell's Inn in Paternoster Row. Anno* 1653. 8vo. *pp.* 170.

Dr. Hen. More died Sept. 1, 1687, æt. 73. See Biogr. Dict.

ART. CC. *Hesperides: or the works both humane and divine of Robert Herrick, Esq.*

Effugient avidos carmina nostra rogos.

OVID.

London, Printed for John Williams and Francis Eglesfield, and are to be sold at the Crown and Marygold in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1648, 8vo. *pp.* 398.

Then follows another title-page.

His Noble Numbers: or his pious pieces, wherein, amongst other things, he sings the birth of his Christ: and sighes for his Saviour's sufferings on the Crosse.

Hesiod.

Ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλα λεγειν ἐτυμοισινὸ μοια
Ἴδμεν δ'ευτ' ἐθελωμεν, αληθεα μύθησασθαι.

London, Printed for John Williams and Francis Eglesfield, 1647. *pp.* 79.

Mr. Nichols, in his History of Leicestershire, Vol. II. p. 631, et sequent. has given the fullest account of this poet hitherto published, and reprinted there many of his poems, which illustrate his family connections. He was 4th son of Nicholas Heyrick, a goldsmith of eminence in Cheapside, London, who died 9 Nov. 1592, by Julian Stone; and was born at St. Vedast, Foster-Lane, 24 Aug. 1591. He was educated at St. John's Coll. Camb. and afterwards at Trinity Hall; where, taking orders, he was presented to the Vicarage of Dean-Prior, Co. Dev. in 1629, from which he was ejected during the Civil Wars; and then, as appears by the above title-page, laid aside the gown, and assumed the lay habit. After the restoration, he was restored to his Vicarage; but the date of his death has not been discovered. Some specimens of his poetry may be acceptable.

To the Virgins, to make much of time.

1.

Gather ye rose buds, while ye may;
Old Time is still a flying:
And this same flower that smiles to day,
To morrow will be dying.

2.

The glorious lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting;

The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting!

3.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times shall succeed the former.

4

Then be not coy, but use your time;
And while ye may, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

The Night-piece, to Julia.

1.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

2.

No Will o' th' Wisp mislight thee;
Nor snake, or slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since Ghost there is none to affright thee.

3.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the Moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

4.

Then, Julia, let me wooe thee,
Thus, thus, to come unto me:
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

His wish to privacy.

Give me a cell,
To dwell
Where no foot hath
A path:
There will I spend,
And end
My wearied years
In tears.

To Blossoms.

1.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past;
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile;
And go at last.

2.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to shew your worth
And lose you quite.

3.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shewn their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

The Country Life: to the honoured Mr. Endimion Porter, Groom of the Bed-Chamber to his Majesty.

Sweet country life, to such unknown,
Whose lives are others, not their own!
But serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee!
Thou never plough'st the Ocean's foam
To seek, and bring rough pepper home:
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorched clove.
Nor, with the loss of thy lov'd rest
Bring'st home the ingot from the West.
No: thy ambition's master-piece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
All scores; and so to end the year;
But walk'st about thy own dear bounds,
Not envying others larger grounds:
For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
Calls forth the lilly-wristed Morn;
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which tho' well-soil'd, yet thou dost know
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands.

There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
With a hind whistling there to them;
And chear'st them up by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plough.
This done, then to th' enamel'd meads
Thou go'st; and as thy foot there treads,
Thou see'st a present Godlike power
Imprinted in each herb and flower;
And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the Vine.
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek Neat
Unto the dew-laps up in meat;
And, as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
The heifer, cow, and ox, draw near
To make a pleasing pastime there.
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox;
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool;
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill;
A shepherd piping on a hill.
For sports, for pageantry, and plays,
Thou hast thy Eves, and holydays;
On which the young men and maids meet,
To exercise their dancing feet;
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffodils and daisies crown'd.
Thy Wakes, thy Quintels, here thou hast;
Thy may-poles too with garlands grac'd;
Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun-ale;
Thy shearing feast, which never fail;
Thy harvest-home; thy wassail-bowl,
That's tost up after fox i' th' hole;
Thy mummeries, thy Twelfth-night kings
And queens; thy Christmas revellings;

Thy nut-brown mirth; thy russet wit;
And no man pays too dear for it.
To these, thou hast thy times to go,
And trace the hare in the treacherous snow;
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The lark into the trammel net;
Thou hast thy cockrood, and thy glade
To take the precious pheasant made;
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls then
To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
O happy life, if that their good
The husbandmen but understood!
Who all the day themselves do please,
And younglings, with such sports as these;
And lying down, have nought t' affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.
Cætera desunt.

ART. CCI. *A Letter sent by Sir Iohn Svckling from France, deploring his sad estate and flight: with a discouerie of the plot and conspiracie, intended by him and his adherents against England. Imprinted at London.* 1641.

A LETTER sent by Sir John Suckling from France, deploring his sad estate and flight: with a discoverie of the plot and conspiracie, intended by him and his adherents against England.

1. "Goe, dolefull sheete to everie street
Of London round about-a,
And tell 'um all thy masters fall,
That lived bravely mought-a.
2. Sir John in fight as brave a wight,
As the knight of the sun-a,

Is forced to goe, away with woe,
And from his countrie run-a.

3. Vnhappy stars to breed such iars
That England's chief Sucklin-a,
Should prove of late the scorn of fate,
And fortune's unlucklin-a;

4. But ye may see inconstancie
In all things under heaven-a;
When God withdrawes his gracious lawes,
We run at six and seven-a.

5. Alas, alas, how things doe passe?
What bootes a handsome face-a,
A prettie wit and legges to it
Not season'd well with grace-a.

6. I that in court have made such sport
As never yet was found-a,
And tickled all both great and small
The maides of honour round-a.

7. I that did play both night and day
And revelled here and there-a,
Had change of suits, made layes to lutes,
And bluster'd everie where-a.

8. I that could write and well indite,
As 'tis to ladies known-a,
And bore the praise for songs and playes
Far more then were mine own-a.

9. I that did lend and yearly spend
Thousands out of my purse-a,
And gave the King a wondrous thing,
At once a hundred horse-a.

10. Blest providence that kept my sense
So well, that I fond elfe-a,
Should chance to hit to have the wit,
To keep one for myselfe-a.

11. I that marcht forth, into the North,
And went up hills a main-a
With sword and lance like King of France,
And so came downe again-a.
12. I that have done such things, the sun
And moone did never see-a,
Yet now poore Iohn, a poxe upon
The fates, is faine to flee-a.
13. And for the brave, I us'd to have
In all I wore or eate-a,
Accursed chance to spoyle the dance,
I scarce have clothes or meate-a.
14. Could not the plot, by which I got
Such credit in the play-a,
Aglaura bright, that Persian wight,
My roving fancie stay-a.
15. But I must flie at things so high,
Above me not allow'd-a?
And I Sir John, like Ixion,
For Juno kisse a cloud-a?
16. Would I had burn'd it, when I turn'd it,
Out of a Comedie-a;
There was an omen in the nomen
I feare of Tragedie-a;
17. Which is at last upon me cast
And I proclaim'd a sott-a,
For thinking to with English doe
As with a Persian plot-a.
18. But now I finde with griefe of minde
What will not me availe-a,
That plots in iest are ever best,
When plots in earnest faile-a,
19. Why could not I in time espie
My errour, but, what's worse-a,

Vnhappy vermin must bring in *Iermin*
The master of the horse-a.
20. The valiant Percie, God have mercie
Vpon his noble soul-a;
Though hee be wise by my advice
Was in the plot most foule-a.
21. The wittie poet (let all know it)
Davenant by name-a;
In this design, that I call mine,
I utterlie disclaime-a.
22. Though he can write, he cannot fight,
And bravely take a fort-a:
Nor can he smell a proiect well,
His nose it is to short-a.
23. 'Tis true we met, in counsell set,
And plotted here in prose-a,
And what he wanted, it is granted,
A bridge made of his nose-a;
24. But to impart it to his art,
Wee had made prittie stuff-a;
No, for the plot, that we had got,
One poet was enough-a.
25. Which had not fate and prying state
Crusht, in the very wombe-a,
We had ere long by power strong,
Made England but one tomb-a.
26. Oh what a fright had bred that sight,
When Ireland, Scotland, France-a,
Within the wall of London all
In severall troopes should prance-a.
27. When men quarter'd, woman slaughter'd,
In heapes everie where-a,
So thick should lie, the enemie,
The very sight should scare-a.

28. That they afraid of what they made,
A streame of blood so high-a,
For safety fled, should mount the dead,
And unto heaven get nigh-a.
29. The scarlet gowne, and best i' th' towne,
Each other would bewaile-a,
That their shut purse had brought this curse,
That did so much prevaile-a,
30. Each Alderman in his own chaine,
Being hang'd up like a dog-a,
And all the city without pitty,
Made but one bloody bog-a.
31. The Irish Kerne, in battell sterne,
For all their faults so foul-a,
Pride, use, ill gaine, and want of braine,
Teaching them how to howle-a.
32. No longer then, the fine women,
The Scots would praise and trust-a;
The wanton dames being burnt in flames
Far hotter then their lust-a;
33. But too too late lament their fate,
And miserie deplore-a,
By the French knocks, having got a pox,
Worse then they had before-a.
34. Infants unborne should scape the horne,
By being murther'd then-a;
Which they were sure if life indure,
To have when they were men-a.
35. The precise frie, that now mounts high,
Full lowe we cast their lot-a,
And all that thinke it sin to drinke,
We doom'd unto the pot-a.
36. The parliament is fully bent,
To roote up bishops cleane-a;

To raze their fort and spoile their sport,
Wee did intend and meane-a.
37. With many things, confusion bringes,
To kingdoms in an hour-a
To burn up tillage, sack and pillage,
And handsome maides deflour-a.
38. But Argus eye did soon espy
What we so much did trust-a;
And to our shame and love of fame
Our plot laid in the dust-a.
39. And had we staid, I am affraid,
That their Briarian hand-a,
Had struct us dead (who now are fled)
And ceised all our land-a.
40. But thanks to heaven, three of the seven,
That were the plotter's chiefe-a,
Have led to France their wits a dance
To finde out a reliefe-a.
41. But Davenant shakes, and buttons makes,
As strongly with his breech-a,
As hee ere long did with his tongue,
Make many a bombast speech-a.
42. But yet we hope hee 'le 'scape the rope,
That now doth him so fright-a;
The parliament being content,
That he this fact should write-a. Finis.

From Paris, Iune 16, 1641. I. S. K."

From a quarto tract of four leaves, the above is copied verbatim. The same rhyming measure was used in the ballad upon the Campaign of Sir John Suckling. The above is not without value, as far as such authority can be admitted. Joining in the plot with Sir William D'Avenant, and himself being alive

at Paris in June 1641, are new biographical anecdotes. His death was given as upon May 7, 164—, some late writers say 1641, in the 28th, what by their own computation was the 29th year of his age, being, as they supposed, born in April 1613, until Mr. Lysons proved the inaccuracy from the parish register, where it is entered of Feb. 10, 1608-9.

That research is tedious work, is no excuse for inattentive errors. Men that live in such turbulent periods as Suckling did, and take a prominent part in the national spectacle, should have their entrances and exits marked with accuracy, as forming no mean portion in the outline of their public character. J. H.

ART. *CCI. *The copie of a letter sent from the roaring boyes in Elizium; to the two arrant Knights of the Grape, in Limbo, Alderman Abel and M. Kilvert, the two great projectors for wine; and to the rest of the worshipfull brotherhood of that Patent. Brought over lately by Quart pot, an ancient servant to Bacchus, whom for a long time they had most cruelly rackt, but hope shortly to be restored to his ancient liberties. Whereunto is added, the Oration which Bacchus made to his subjects, in the lower world; published for the satisfaction and benefit of his subjects here.* [Two wood-cut oval portraits of Abel and Kilvert, with incidental accompaniments.] *Brought over by the same Messenger.* 1641. *4to. four leaves.*

FROM the link of continuation created by the title, as brought from France with the last article, a

brief notice of this tract seemed necessary. Seven pages of poetry, of lines introductory, the superscription, letter, and oration, commence thus:

"Bacchus into Elizium tooke his way,
And to his crew proclaym'd a holy day;
And taking up his horne that held a tonne
Of right Canary, drunk't off, and begunne
To wind it so loud that Elizium
Rang with the noyes, and every blade did come:
First came the poets, of each land, and tooke
Their place in order, learned Virgill struck
In for the first; Ben Iohnson cast a glout,
And swore a mighty oath hee'd pluck him out,
And wallowing towards him with a cup of wine,
He did so rattle him with Catiline,
That had not Horace him appeas'd, 'tis said
He had throwne great Sejanus at his head."— J. H.

ART. CCII. *Angliæ Speculum, or England's Looking-Glasse. Divided into two parts, by C[aptain] W[illiam] Mercer. Scribimus indocti, doctique poemata passim. London. Printed by Tho. Paine.* 1646.

Angliæ Speculum: or England's Looking-Glasse. The Second Part. Consisting of severall speeches, anagrams, epigrams, acrosticks, and sonnets, &c. By C. W. Mercer. 4to. Sign. Q. 2.

THE wood-cut of a mirror follows the title-page, with four lines above, and eight on the reverse. Others precede the dedication to Robert Earl of Essex and Ewe, &c. with a print of him by W.

Marshall, followed by an acrostic sonnet on his name. Then the epistle dedicatory and address to the "curteous reader," and to the "criticall reader," commendatory sonnets by T. F. [perhaps Flatman] and W. M. [the author.]

The first part, ending with signature F. contains one long poem

> "——————————of civil wars
> Of such disasters and distracted jars,
> As tell a story tragi-comicall,
> And sing the praises of his Generall," &c.

The Second Part consists of short poems inscribed

1. To the Lords assembled in Parliament.
2. The Hon. House of Commons.
3. To the Lords Commissioners of Scotland.
4. To the Committees.
5. To Algernon, Earl of Northumberland.
6. To Philip, Earl of Pembroke.
7. To William Cecil, Earl of Salisbury.
8. To Robert, Earl of Warwick.
9. To Bazil, Earl of Denbigh.
10. To Earl Henry Rich.
11. To Edward, Earl of Manchester.
12. To Henry, Earl of Stamford.
13. To John, Earl of Lauderdale.
14. To Earl Loudon, Lord Chancellor of Scotland.
15. To John, Lord Balmerinoch.
16. To William, Visct. Say and Seal.
17. To William, Lord Gray.
18. To John, Lord Robarts.
19. To Thomas, Lord Bruce.
20. To William Lenthall, Esq. Speaker of the House of Commons.

21. To the Hon. James Fiennes.
22. To Sir John Merrick, Kt.
23. To Sir Henry Mervyn, Kt. his father-in-law.
24. To Sir William Belfour, Kt.
25. To Sir Philip Stapleton, Kt.
26. To Sir John Clatworthye, Kt.
27. To William Jepsone.
28. To Sir Cha. Erskine, Kt.
29. To Alexander Popham, Esq.
30. To Denzal Hollis, Esq.
31. To John Goodwin, Esq.
32. To Michael Noble, Esq.
33. To Col. Audelay Mervin, his brother-in-law.
34. To Sir Richard Strode, Kt.
35. To Thos. Adams, Ld. Mayor.
36. To the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen.
37. To Sir John Northeal, Kt.
38. To Sir Samuel Roule.
39. To Anthonie Nicholls, Esq.
40. To Major General Edwd. Massie.
41. To Godfraie Bossezile, Esq.
42. To Mr. Hue Kennedie.
43. To Mr. John Cheesly, Secretary to the Commissioners of Scotland.
44. To the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councell Men.
45. To the renowned, learned, and worthy divines, Mr. Alexr. Henderson, Mr. Sam. Rutherford, Mr. Rob. Bayly, Mr. Geo. Gilespie, Commissioners for the church of Scotland.*
46. For Apologie to these persons of Honour.

* See Todd's Milton V. 469, and VI. 92.

47. To Alexander Ramsey, M. D.
48. To my brother Capt. John Mercer.
49. To the famous poet Capt. Geo. Withers.
50. To Sir Archibald Johnstoun, Ld. Warestone.
51. To Sir Oliver Fleming.
52. The pen-man's apologie to the common reader.
53. A Satyre.
54. To the Lords and Commons in Parliament, "the humble petition of Captain William Mercer, who's forced to leave off prose and turn a verser."
55. One word more to Momus.
56. To the feareful passenger.
57. Ad eundem.
58. Upon the Title of the Book."

From the above addresses it may be gathered that Captain Mercer was a parliamentarian adherent: but that he was no great credit to the party, as a volunteer laureat, the following short specimen of his *versing* will sufficiently prove.

Upon the Title of the Book.

"There are some books which bears the very name
That mine does own, yet they are not the same.
Thou never heldst a Glasse before thine eyes,
Wherein thou saw all these nobilities,
And worthies; wherefore thou must needs confesse
'Tis fitly named *England's Looking-Glasse!*
Or if this Glasse should have been call'd by me
The Glasse of these three kingdoms—'twere no lye.*

* The author was a North Briton; though his book is dated "from a lodging in King-street, Westminster, at the Three Pidgeons, Jan. 6, 1645."

Then with a threefold reverence see thou stand,
And, looking in it, hold thy hat in hand.

W. M."

ART. CCIII. *Ding Dong, or Sir Pitiful Parliament on his Death-bed. His pulses felt by Doctor King, and his Water cast by Doctor Bishop. His last Wilt, and Testament, with his Death, Buriall, and Epitaph. By Mercurius Melancholicus.*

"Hast, hast, good Sexton, toull the bell,
Even at the point of death,
Lies our most blessed Parliament,
And scarce can draw his breath."

Goe call the Doctors; Priviledge,
Thou art his serving creature,
Tell Doctor King, he needs must come,
To help restore his nature.

Runne Directory, hast I say,
Call Doctor Bishop hither;
Tell him our dying Parliament,
Want him, and King together

O Nol, O Tom, O Rainsborow,
O Devill, Foole, and Knave;
Come close the eyes of your deare state,
And lay him in the grave."

Printed in the yeare 1648. *4to. four leaves.*

This tract consists of an induction poem of twenty-six lines, by Sir Pitiful Parliament on his death bed, and a dialogue between Mr. Vote, Mr Declaratior, Mr. Rebellion, Mr. Covenant, Mr. Plunder, and Pitifull Parliament; with whose last

Will and Testament, and an Epitaph of eighteen lines, it concludes. J. H.

ART. CCIV. *Musæus, on the Loves of Hero and Leander; with annotations upon the originall. By Sir Robert Stapylton, Knight, Gentleman of the Priuie Chamber to the Prince. Musæum ante omnes. Virg. London: Printed for F. B. for Humphrey Mosley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Princes Armes in Saint Pauls Church-yard.* 1647. 12*mo.*

AN account of the author may be found in the Biographia Dramatica; he died in 1669. Langbaine presumed him still living in 1691, and describes his writings as universally admired; and that "whilst Musæus and Juvenal are in esteem with the learned, Sir Robert's fame will still survive; the translation of those two famous authors, having placed his name in the temple of immortality." The epistle dedicatory is inscribed to Henry lord marquesse of Dorchester, earle of Kingston, &c. and one of the lords of his majesties most honourable privie counsell.

"My lord; the secret love of Hero and Leander, first brought to light in the pure Greek of divine Musæus, was afterward new moulded in Latin by the fluent Ovid; in imitation of whose Epistles, the most eminent poets of all climates have (in their native languages), written upon this subject so many paraphrases and essays, that like the numerous streams of Nile, they almost overflow the remembrance of their fountains. I confess the report of

poems borrowed from Musæus, made so great a noyse, that to me the author had beene lost in the crowd of imitatours, if I had not heard his soft lines sweetned by your lordship's accent; but then, I could not be satisfied till I made triall how the Greek would go in English; my intent being to translate and dedicate it privately to your lordship. The translation was forthwith dispatched, the dedication is now presented: but the intended privacy lay not in my power; for my acquaintance (who would know what I was doing), had ingaged me for so many copies, that I held it my safest course, rather to venture upon the printer's pardonable errours, then to runne the hazzard of gross mistakes in ignorant transcribers. Yet, as I could not make it altogether private, so I meant it should not be altogether publique; and therefore at first I suffered no more to be printed, then the just number promised. But now finding so many friends, as challeng not a few copies, but a whole impression; I am forced to answer them, as Pisastratus did his sons, that I have done my best to convert them to my opinion, but since I cannot prevail, I am resolved to be of theirs; and for their sake, what I writ for my private exercise, shall be exposed to common censure. Yet among the crowd of readers, if some pretending critick shall assault me, I shall smile to see him retire with double speed, beholding the name of the illustrious and learned person that priviledges your lordship's most humble servant, Robert Stapylton."

In an address "to the ladyes," the author says, "of late, under the counterfeit name of love, such a vast multitude of wanton bookes have been brought

to kiss, or rather soyle, the hands of ladies," that he fears they will be startled at a love-poem, as Musæus has entitled this; but the pure and innocent love it treats of, is consistent with the "time's modesty." That the epistles Ovid fancied them to enterchange are annexed to the original history, that they may see two, the greatest masters of Greek and Latin poesy, using their art upon one subject.

"To the gentlemen," is a short address, noticing six different persons of the name of Musæus; "for my part, I dare not affirme any of them to be the Musæus that writ Hero and Leander:* but this I dare boldly say, whosoever writ it, had the gifts and endowments of them all; for his language might have become Musæus the grammarian: his knowledge in passions and affections, Musæus the philosopher; and the divinity of his verses, the first and great Musæus, that dedicated his Hymne of God to Orpheus."

A description of Sestos and Abydos precedes the poem.

The following account of some of the translations of this celebrated work, is principally taken from notes written by the late G. Stevens and I. Reed.

John Wolfe, in Sept. 1593, entered at Stationer's-hall, "a booke, entitled Hero and Leander; being an amorous poem devised by Christopher Marlow."

Again, in 1597, "a Booke in English, called Hero and Leander."

* Mr. Warton considers this work as the elegant prolusion of an unknown sophist of Alexandria. History of English Poetry III. 434.

Andrew Harris entered, in April 1598, "the sesonde parte of Hero and Leander by [for] Henry Petowe."

In the same year, "Hero and Leander, by Christopher Marloe," was printed by Adam Islip, for Edward Blunt.

In 1600, it was printed by John Flasket, 4to.

Musæus' poem of Hero and Leander, imitated by Christopher Marlow, and finished by Geo. Chapman, 1606, 4to.*

In 1647, the translation by Stapylton.

Musæi, Moschi et Bionis, quæ extant omnia, quibus accessere quædam selectiora Theocriti Eidyllia. Autore Davide Whitfordo, Londini, M.DC.LV 4to.

"Musæus of Hero and Leander," printed in Mrs. Behn's Miscellany, "being a collection of poems by several hands, together with reflections on morality, or Seneca unmasqued, 1685, 8vo.

"Lusus Amatorius, sive Musæi poema de Herone et Leandro, e Græca in Latinam linguam translatum, authore C. B. (Charles Blake), 1694, 4to.

An English translation, by Mr. Russell, in Fenton's Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany, p. 195.

The poem of Musæus, on the loves of Hero and Leander, paraphrased into English heroick verse, by Alexander Stopford Catcott, dedicated to lady M. W. Montagu. Oxford, 1715, 8vo.

Hero and Leander, translated by Lewis Theobald, printed in the Grove, 1721, 8vo.

A translation by Lawrence Eusden.

* See it reprinted entire in *Restituta*. (*Editor*, 1815.)

The loves of Hero and Leander, translated by James Sterling. Printed in his poetical works at Dublin, 1734, 8vo. Vol. I. p. 57.

Again, by R. Luck, A. M. master of Barnstable school, and printed in a miscellany by him, 1736, 8vo.

The Loves of Hero and Leander translated from the Greek of Musæus, by G. Bally, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, 1747, 4to. with a poetical dedication to a Lady.

Again, by J. Slade, 1753, 4to, with an advertisement, implying, that had the translator known of there being one prior to his, he never would have attempted it. Dedicated "to his grace George duke of St. Alban's."

A translation by Francis Fawkes, 1760, 12mo.

Translated into blank verse, by Edward Burnaby Greene, 1773, 4to. Inscribed to the memory of William Falconer, the author of the Shipwreck, in eighteen lines, and with a preface.

"Musæus. The Loves of Hero and Leander. London, printed by W. Bulmer and Co." 1797, 4to. by G. C. Bedford, Esquire. Of this elegant publication, having the original Greek text, "typis Gulielmi Martin," on the alternate pages, only a few copies were printed, and privately distributed.

A translation, by J. B. S. Morritt, Esquire, in "Miscellaneous Translations of the Minor Greek Poets." 1802, 8vo.

Stapylton's is a close laboured translation; and in attempting to give the sense of the original in nearly

the same limits,* the strength of the line renders it harsh and displeasing. The following is a fair specimen; and, as the description of Hero, one of the most interesting parts of the poem:

"Now through the temple virgin-Hero past,
And from her face a lovely splendour cast;
Like the cleare moon when rising she's beheld,
Her snowy cheekes in scarlet circles swell'd:
So lookes the blowing damask rose, you'd swear,
Hero a garden full of roses were.
She blush't all over; in the polish'd stone
Beneath the pure white, damask roses shone.
From her flow'd many graces; then of old
They ly'd, that men but of three graces told.
For in each smiling eye of Hero sprung
A hundred graces: thus said every tongue,
Venus hath now a priestesse worthy her;
All men this maide before her sex preferre.
Venus's priestesse a new Venus seemes,
So her the heart of conquer'd youth esteemes;
Non was there any, but he Hero lov'd,
And wish't she were his bride: where e're she mov'd
Through the strong fabrick of that sacred place,
All eyes, all hearts, and longings went her pace.

After the lapse of an exact century, in 1747, the same passage is thus given by Bally:

Now Hero to her charge herself address'd,
And stood in majesty of form confest;
Along the shrine now mov'd with graceful tread,
And from her beamy eyes mild lustre shed;

* Original, 341 lines. Sir Rob. Stapylton, 352. Mr. Slade, 409. Mr. Greene, 436. Mr. Bedford, 516. Mr. Bally, 533.

So looks the bright-orb'd regent of the night,
When thro' the gloom she shoots her silver light;
Amidst her bloomy cheek's unsullied snow,
In pleasing contrast spread the crimson glow;
So from the expanding cup the infant rose
In double pride, and blended tincture, blows.
Her ev'ry limb in ev'ry charm array'd,
Hero a flow'r-enamel'd mead display'd.
White robes conceal'd not her vermillion skin;
Translucent roses glitter'd from within.
Where'er she walk'd, she breath'd so sweet perfume,
Beneath her footsteps vi'lets seem'd to bloom.
Exhaustless graces all around she flung;
Only of three, old fabling poets sung:
But when fair Hero smiling glances threw,
From each love-darting orb a hundred graces flew.
Fit priestess she, and worthy Beauty's queen,
Who equal beauties open'd in her mien!
With her no virgin dar'd contest the prize;
The brightest yielded to her brighter eyes:
Such heav'nly rays from ev'ry feature stream'd,
Servant of Venus, Venus' self she seem'd.
Quick through each swain the soft contagion stole;
The charmer glided to the raptur'd soul.
No youth but sigh'd those balmy joys to taste,
Which in the circle of her arms were plac'd.
Each motion made the growing passion swell;
No random glance she threw, but lovers fell.
Where'er she mov'd along the splendid fane,
With hearts and eyes pursu'd the gallant train."

Having selected the last specimen from a conjunction of time, and the further advance of half that period producing the more polished metre of a modern version to conclude this portion of the article,

I shall presume to transcribe the same passage from Mr. Bedford's translation.

"Now while fair Hero leads the pious train,
Her eye's bright radiance sparkles through the fane,
As when the moon, chaste mistress of the night,
Sheds all around a clear yet modest light.
The ruddy blushes on her cheeks that glow,
Fade in the whiteness of surrounding snow;
As pale the edges of the rose are seen,
When the bud breaks from the encircling green.
And as she treads, beneath her vestments clear,
The mingled flowers in varied tints appear.
So o'er her dress, while sportive fancy stray'd,
A bower of roses seem'd the beauteous maid.
Ease flows in all her limbs.—In ancient days,
Three Graces only claim'd the meed of praise;
Who fix'd their numbers thus, had never seen
The beauteous servant of the Cyprian queen:
For in her eyes, where smiles and pleasure dance,
A hundred graces brighten every glance.
Ah! wisely Venus such a priestess chose,
Who far beyond her sex in beauty rose;
Who, as another goddess, seem'd to shine,
And while she worshipp'd was herself divine!
Fired with her charms, no youth but own'd his pain,
No youth but strove the virgin's love to gain;
Nor saw her move, but panted to enjoy.
Such matchless beauty in a nymph so coy.
As through the admiring crowd, with pious haste,
To deck the altar's splendid pile she pass'd,
Each thought abstracted from devotion fled,
Each heart but follow'd where the senses led."

Stapylton added to his work a translation of *Leander's Letter to Hero, and her Answer; taken*

out of Ovid; with annotations, by Sir Robert Stapylton, Knight, Gentleman of the Privie Chamber to the Prince.

"————quis enim modus adsit Amori."

London: Printed by F. B. for Humphrey Mosley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Princes Armes in Saint Pauls Church yard. 1647.

The Epistle Dedicatory is addressed "to my deare wife, the lady Stapylton." "My love, perhaps the wits may be as much offended at men for writing to, as walking with their owne wives: neither is in fashion, I confesse, but sure they would exceedingly well become our age. Indeed, gifts between man and wife were prohibited by the Roman legislator; yet hee intended not to destroy kindness by a law, but to declare community in marriage, where both have equal proprieties, in that which either is possessed of; and even in reason, the ground of law, he that makes a present to his wife, offers an injury in a complement; for he entitles her to that by his gift, which is her's in her owne right. I will not therefore so much transgress, as to say, I give thee my English of Leander's epistle and Hero's answer; for that were to imply an expectation of receiving thanks, for what was thy own as soon as mine; all that (by prefixing of thy name), I pretend to, is first, to shew the world how sensible I am of thy love, expressed to me in both fortunes; the latter being lively represented in these letters that past between husband and wife divided by a storm. In the next place, I shew thee, how I spent part of that time, when I had nothing left, but (what For-

tune could not take away), some hours for study, wherein I enjoyed myself as much as I could, in thy absence. Lastly, I do an honour to my authour; for I dare boldly say, the strictest and most rigid modesty will not scruple to read a passion writ by Ovid, where his name is placed so near to thine, which nothing unchaste durst ever be so impudent to approach. And if my augury deceive me not, the goodness of the times is such, that the lady I send to bear thee company, Hero, will be studied by thy sex in general; her vertue drawn into president, and the greatest modesties discovered in the greatest beauties; teaching the bold pretenders to their favour, to court them, not in lewd unmanly verse (the *new sickness* of the mind), but in Leander's primitive way of wooing, timorous blushes, noble undertakings, and gallant performances; but all of the vertuous ancient train, such as this, wherein Ovid himself presumed not to use one lascivious syllable; and if the muse of so incomparable a wit presumed not upon a looser flight when his subject was the fair dead Sestian; how dare our puny Aretines draw a wanton line, when they write of Hero's yet alive? I hope this pattern will ruin their design; to which good purpose, if my poor endeavours may conduce, I must account them seasonably bestowed. Howsoever, I shall not repent me; since they are crowned with so desired success, that they publish me, as I am, thy most affectionate husband, Robert Stapylton."

In the preface, delight and virtue, and reducing love stories to their primitive purity, he says, is "the reason that induced me (after I had taken my leave

of poetry), to suffer this impression: and yet I hope it would be favourably received, if it were only, like heaving of the log in navigation, drawn up to shew you (as worthy Mr. Sandys did), how many leagues we have sailed in language, since you read in old English verse,

> Of bodyes chang'd to sundry shapes I purpose* for to treate, [wondrous feate,)
> Ye gods vouchsafe (for ye are they that wrought this
> To further this mine enterprise"——

This passage, though unnoticed, is from Golding's Ovid. In addition to the several translations from Musæus and Ovid, the story was also worked into a dramatic piece by Stapylton; and published with prologue and epilogue, in 1669; but whether ever performed, is uncertain.

J. H.

ART. CCV. *Anacreon. Bion. Moschus. Kisses by Secundus. Cupid crucified, by Ausonius. Venus Vigils, incerto Authore. Printed in the year* 1651. *Oct. pp.* 260.

THIS volume was sent into the world with a degree of nakedness rather unusual; and seemed to imply that the learned translator, THOMAS STANLEY, had little care for the result of his labours. The superiority, which attaches to the scholar, might form the ground of this indifference; as the posses-

* Of shapes transformed to bodies strange I purpose, &c. ed. 1587.

See *Restituta*, Vol. II.

sion of an original picture destroys the value otherwise attached to a copy. A slight but only notice occurs in a few lines at the head of the notes. "To secure these translations (which were never further intended then as private exercises of the languages from which they are deduc'd) against the prejudice of such, as might perhaps apply the copy to a different original, it will not be unnecessary to give some accompt of the text, where subject to variety of reading or exposition."

"*Ode III. Love's Night Walk.*

"Downward was the wheeling Bear
Driven by the waggoner:*
Men, by powerful sleep opprest,
Gave their busie troubles rest:
Love, in this still depth of night,
Lately at my house did light:
Where perceiving all fast lockt,
At the door he boldly knockt:
Who's that (said I) that does keep
Such a noise, and breaks my sleep?
Ope, saith Love, for pity hear;
'Tis a child; thou need'st not fear;
Wet and weary, from his way
Led by this dark night astray.

* Στροφη αρκτου is the conversion of the Bear from the meridian. Ovid.

Jamque metæ spatium nox præcipitata tenebat,
Versaq. de axe suo Parrhasis Arctos erat.

Scaliger in Manilium; because Arctes or Helice never sets, the ancients observed his touching the horizon, which they called *Principium Ursæ*, and next, his transcension of the circle, which they called his conversion.

With compassion this I heard;
Light I struck, the door unbarr'd;
Where a little boy appears,
Who wings, bow, and quiver bears;
Near the fire I made him stand;
With my own I chaf't his hand;
And with kindly busie care
Wrung the chill drops from his hair: *
When well warm'd he was, and dry,
Now, saith he, 'tis time to try
If my bow no hurt did get,
For methinks the string is wet:
With that, drawing it, a dart
He let fly that pierc'd my heart:
Leaping then, and laughing said,
Come my friend, with me be glad;
For my bow thou seest is sound,
Since thy heart hath got a wound."

* [Stanley's translation will be found on comparison equal, and in many instances superior to those of his followers. One instance,

"Wrung the chill drops from his hair;"

is a felicity of expression which appears to have been scarcely equalled by the latest translator.

"I squeez'd his locks with tender care,
And prest the water from his hair." Sewell's edit 1713.
"Cheer'd him with kind assiduous care,
And wrung the water from his hair." Fawkes.
"Placed by the hearth with fostering care,
I chafed his hands and wrung his hair." Urquhart.
"Press from his dank and clinging hair,
The crystals of the freezing air." Moore.

The last line does not exactly convey an idea of the chill of only a *wet night*.]

Ode XXX. Love imprisoned.

"Love, in rosy fetters caught,
To my fair the Muses brought;
Gifts his mother did prefer
To release the prisoner;
But hee'd not be gone, though free,
Pleas'd with his captivity!"

"*Ode XL. The Bee.*

"Love, a bee that lurkt among
Roses, saw not, and was stung:*
Who for his hurt finger crying,
Running sometimes, sometimes flying,
Doth to his fair mother hie,
And, oh help, cries he, I dy!
A wing'd snake hath bitten me,
Call'd by countreymen a bee:
At which Venus: If such smart
A bee's little sting impart,
How much greater is the pain,
They whom thou hast hurt sustain."

* Pignorius mentions an excellent picture, representing the subject of this Ode, and underneath it these verses.

Dum puer alveolo furatur mella Cupido,
Furanti digitum cuspide fixit apis:
Sic etiam nobis brevis & peritura voluptas,
Quam petimus tristi mixta dolore nocet.

As childish Cupid tried to rob a hive,
A bee incensed stung the little thief:
So all the short-liv'd joyes for which we strive,
None taste without the sharp allay of grief.

" *Ode XLIII. The Grasse hopper.*

Grasshopper, thrice happy! who
Sipping the cool morning dew,
Queen-like chirpest all the day,
Seated on some verdant spray;
Thine is all what ere earth brings,
Or the hours with laden wings;
Thee, the ploughman calls his joy,
'Cause thou nothing dost destroy:
Thou by all art honour'd; all
Thee the Spring's sweet prophet call;
By the Muses thou admir'd,
By Apollo art inspir'd,
Agelesse ever singing good,
Without passion flesh or blood,
Oh, how near thy happy state
Comes the gods to imitate!" *

* The whole Ode is excellently paraphrased and explained in the life of Apollonius Tyanæus, lib. vii. cap. 5. The words of Philostratus are these. As Demetrius and Apollonius were sitting under a tree, the grassehoppers incited by the heat of the day, chirpt round about them; to whom Demetrius, "O happy and truly wise; you sing the song the Muses taught you, subject to no censure or misconstruction; by them freed from the slavishness of hunger and humane envies; and dwelling in these bushy tenements (which they provided for you) celebrate their happinesse and your own." Apollonius, though he knew well whereto these words tended, gently reproved him, as more cautious than the time required. "Why," saith he, "desiring to praise the grassehoppers, dost thou not do it freely and openly, but even here seemest to fear, as if there were an act against it." Demetrius replyed, "I did not this so much to shew their happinesse, as our own misery; they are allowed to sing but we not to whisper our thoughts: wisdome as a crime is laid to our charge."

"Ode LIV.

"When I see the young men play,
Young methinks I am as they;
And my aged thoughts lay'd by,
To the dance, with joy I fly.
Come a flowry chaplet lend me,
Youth, and mirthful thoughts attend me;
Age be gone, wee'l dance among
Those that young are, and be young;
Bring some wine, boy; fill about;
You shall see the old man's stout;
Who can laugh and tipple too,
And be mad as well as you." *

*[A single comparison with the more pleasing and amplified version of Mr. Moore may not be uninteresting.

"When I behold the festive train
Of dancing youth, I'm young again!
Memory wakes her magic trance,
And wings me lightly through the dance.
Come, Cybeba, smiling maid!
Cull the flower and twine the braid;
Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my brow of snows;
And let me, while the wild and young
Trip the mazy dance along,
Fling my heap of years away,
And be as wild, as young as they.
Hither haste, some cordial soul!
Give my lips the brimming bowl;
Oh! you will see this hoary sage
Forget his locks, forget his age.
He still can chaunt the festive hymn,
He still can kiss the goblet's brim;
He still can act the mellow raver,
And play the fool as sweet as ever!"

The Odes of Anacreon are fifty-five in number; then follow the six Idylls of Bion.

"*Idyll VI.*

Cleodamus. Spring, summer, autumn, winter, w^ch^ delight
Thee most? w^ch^ (Myrson) should thy wish invite?
Doth winter, when, the earth left unmanur'd,
Men are by sloth unto the fire allur'd,
Or fairer spring best please thee? say which fits
Thy choice? our want of businesse talk permits.

Myrson. Men must not censure what the gods create;
Delightful and divine is every state;
But thou shalt know with which I most am won;
Not summer, for the scorching of the sun,
Nor autumn, for th' unwholsomnesse of fruit,
Nor winter, for its snows with me doth suit.
Lov'd spring be all the year! when no excesse,
Of heat or cold our spirits doth oppresse;
In spring are all things fruitful, all things sweet,
Then nights and dayes in even measure meet."

The eight Idylls, and an epigram by Moschvs, are succeeded by the luxurious kisses of Secundus, in fourteen divisions.

"*III.*

"A kiss I begg'd, and thou did'st joyn
Thy lips to mine;
Then, as afraid, snatch'd back their treasure,
And mock my pleasure;
Again my dearest, for, in this,
Thou onely gav'st desire, and not a kiss."

" XIII.

" Neæra's lips, (to which adds grace
The ambient whiteness of her face,
As coral berries smiling ly
Within their case of ivory;)
When Venus saw, she wept, and all
Her little loves did to her call.
What boots it, cries she, that on Ide
From Pallas and Jove's sister-bride,
My lips the glorious prize did gain
By judgment of the Phrygian swain,
If now another arbiter
Neæra's may to mine prefer?
Go, spend upon him every dart,
Empty your quivers on his heart;
But into hers a frost, that may
Congeal her youthful veins, convey.
This scarce was spoke, but strait I felt
My soul in a soft flame to melt;
Whilst thy white breast, which far outgoes
In coldness, winter's sharpest snows;
In hardness Adria's stubborn rocks,
Thy suffering lover safely mocks.
Ungrateful, for those lips am I
Tormented thus, nor know'st thou why
Thou hat'st, or what effects may rise
From discontented deities:
Remit thy anger, and assume
A smile that may thy cheek become;
Thy lips (of all my misery
The onely cause) to mine apply;
And from my scorching bosom draw
A warmth that may thy coldness thaw;

Jove fear not, nor Cythera's hate;
Beauty controls the power of fate!"

Cupid crucified is translated in the heroic measure, with a short epistle from Ausonius to his son G. prefixed, referring to "a picture of the amorous women crucifying Cupid." This piece hung in "Zoylus dining room at Trevers," and from admiring transferred the "excesse of admiration to the folly of poetizing."

Venus' Vigils is in stanzas of various length, repeating the first two lines as a burthen at the end of each, and thus begins;

"*Love he to morrow, who lov'd never;*
To morrow, who hath lov'd persever.
The spring appears, in which the earth
Receives a new harmonious birth;
When all things mutuall love unites;
When birds perform their nuptiall rites;
And fruitful by her watry lover,
Each grove its tresses doth recover;
Love's Queen tomorrow, in the shade
Which by these verdant trees is made,
Their sprouting tops in wreaths shall bind,
And myrtles into arbours wind;
To morrow, rais'd on a high throne,
Dione shall her laws make known.
Love he, &c."

Excitations. Printed in the year 1651.

The portion of the volume, under this new title page, rather exceeds the preceding in quantity, collecting many valuable notes upon the variation

of text, similarity of passages, and a translation of several poems from various authors. Upon the fifteenth Ode of Anacreon, at the line "come then let us drink," he says, "this false inference, frequent with Anacreon, is largely paraphrased by St. Amant in his Debauchè," a piece suiting with the genius of our poet.

"*The Debauchè.*

"Let's not rime the hours away;
Friends! we must no longer play:
Brisk Lyæus, see! invites
To more ravishing delights.
Let's give o're this fool Apollo;
Nor his fiddle longer follow;
Fye upon his forked hill,
With his fiddlestick and quill;
And the Muses, though they're gamesome,
They are neither young nor handsome;
And their freaks in sober sadnesse
Are a meer poetick madnesse:
Pegasus is but a horse,
He that follows him is worse.
See the rain soaks to the skin,
Make it rain as well within.
Wine, my boy; we'll sing and laugh,
All night revel, rant, and quaffe;
Till the morn, stealing behind us,
At the table sleeplesse finde us.
When our bones, alasse! shall have
A cold lodging in the grave,
When swift death shall overtake us,
We shall sleep, and none can wake us.

Drink we then the juice o' th' vine,
Make our breasts Lyæus' shrine.
Bacchus our debauche beholding,
By thy image I am moulding;
Whilst my brains I do replenish
With this draught of unmixt rhenish;
By thy full-branch'd ivy twine;
By this sparkling glasse of wine;
By thy Thyrsus so renown'd;
By the healths with which th' art crown'd;
By the feasts which thou do'st prize;
By thy numerous victories;
By the howls by Mænads made;
By the hau-gou carbonade;
By thy colours, red and white;
By the tavern thy delight;
By the sound thy orgies spred;
By the shine of noses red;
By the table free for all;
By the jovial carnivall;
By thy language cabalistick;
By thy cymbal, drum and his stick;*
By the tunes thy quart-pots strike up;
By thy sighes, the broaken hick-up;
By thy mystick sect of ranters;
By thy never-tamed panthers;
By this sweet, this fresh and free air;
By thy goat, as chaste as we are;
By thy fulsome Cretan lasse;
By the old man on the asse!

* The rhyming similarity of a couplet in Hudibras, published twelve years afterwards, must immediately occur to the reader's recollection.

By thy cousins in mix'd shapes;
By the flowre of fairest grapes;
By thy biskes fam'd far and wide;
By thy store of neat's-tongues dry'd;
By thy incense, Indian smoake;
By the joyes thou dost provoke;
By this salt Westphalia gammon;
By these sauz'iges that inflame on;
By thy tall majestick flaggons;
By Mas, tope, and thy flap-dragons;
By this olive's unctuous savour;
By this orange, the wine's flavour;
By this cheese ore-run with mites;
By thy dearest favorites;
To thy frolick order call us,
Knights of the deep bowle install us;
And to shew thy self divine,
Never let it want for wine."

Sylvia's Park, by Theophile. Acanthus complaint, by Tristan. Oronta, by Preti. Echo, by Marino. Love's Embassy, by Boscan. The Solitude, by Gongora. Printed in the year 1651.

The length of this article precludes further specimens. These pieces are unaccompanied with any notes. The last division of the volume is

A Platonick discourse upon Love. Written in Italian by Iohn Picus Mirandula, in explication of a Sonnet, by Hieronimo Benivieni. Printed in the year 1651.

This is divided into three books, having at the end of the second the sonnet, or rather long poem, upon which it forms a commentary. The fifth sec-

tion of the second book may serve to conclude as a specimen of the translator's prose.

"Beauty in general is a harmony resulting from several things proportionably concurring to constitute a third; in respect of which temperament and mixture of various natures, agreeing in the composition of one, every creature is fair; and in this sense no simple being is beautiful; not God himself. This beauty begins after him; arising from contrariety, without which is no composition; it being the union of contraries, a friendly enmity, a disagreeing concord; whence Empedocles makes discord and concord the principles of all things; by the first, understanding the variety of the natures compounding; by the second, their union: adding, that in God onely there is no discord, he not being the union of several natures, but a pure uncompounded unity. In these compositions the union necessarily predominates over the contrariety; otherwise the fabrick would be dissolved. Thus in the fictions of poets, Venus loves Mars; this beauty cannot subsist without contrariety; she curbs and moderates him; this temperament allays the strife betwixt these contraries. And in astrology, Venus is placed next Mars, to check his destructive influence; as Jupiter next Saturn to abate his malignancy. If Mars were alwayes subject to Venus, (the contrariety of principles to their due temper) nothing would ever be dissolved."* J. H.

* A new edition of these Translations from the Greek by Stanley, has been given in the present year, 1815. A new edition of his *Original Poems* was given last year.

On the Basia of Secundus: and Stanley's Poems.

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

Through the medium of your very valuable and amusing monthly publication, I shall perhaps obtain a piece of information I have long desired. You doubtless are well aware, that the first poetical version of the *Basia* of Johannes Secundus complete came out 1732, printed in 12mo. by Henry Lintot, and embellished with two beautiful engravings of Secundus, and his mistress Julia, by Bernard Picart. Who was the author of that Translation has often been inquired; but it has not hitherto been ascertained: yet a clue would seem afforded to that knowledge, in a *Dissertation to Sir Richard Mede, Bart.* prefixt to the poems, and in another at the end of them. From the one we learn, p. 14, that he had travelled in Holland with Sir Richard (perhaps as tutor or companion) and in the other, p. 92, he acknowledges to have given a specimen of an intended publication of *Anacreon, Moschus, L. Bion*, translated at the end of Mr. Sterling's *Musæus*. Your familiarity with literary anecdote may perhaps point out the author in question.

You cannot but know, I presume, that Mr. Stanley, author of the *Lives of the Philosophers*, first gave the *Basia* of Secundus, at least the greater part of them, an English dress, which he published in a collection of his *Poems*, 1651. This collection contains complete versions of *Anacreon, Moschus, Bion*, and the *Pervigilium Veneris*, accompanied with notes, denominated *Excitations*. Mr. Stanley's

*Poems** are well worthy your attention, Mr. Editor.

There is another book, that occurs to my recollection, which, if extracted from by you, Sir, might greatly amuse and gratify your readers; it is *Deckar's Gull's Hornbook*.† This work affords a greater insight into the fashionable follies and vulgar habits of Queen Elizabeth's day, than perhaps any other extant. A chapter given by Dodsley at the end of his *Collection of Old Plays*, and another by Beloe in his *Anecdotes of Literature*, are the only excerpts I am acquainted with from this curious book.

I am, Sir,

Your constant Reader,

J. N.

ART. CCVI. *Pocula Castalia.—The Author's Motto.—Fortune's Tennis-Ball.—Eliza.—Poems.—Epigrams, &c. By R. B. Gent. London, Printed by W. H. for T. Dring, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the George, near Clifford's Inne in Fleet-street*, 1650. 8*vo. pp.* 137.

* Stanley's poems have hitherto been very scarce, and sell at an high price. An account of the author may be found in Wood's Ath. I. F. 284. See also Nichols's Collection of Poems, VII. 59—VIII. 311.

In the parish register of Bishopsbourne in Kent, is the following entry of the poet's father and mother.—Oct. 16, 1621, married Thomas Stanley, Gent. and Mary Hammon," daughter of Sir William Hammond of St. Alban's Court in Nonington. *Editor.*

† Dr. N. has himself republished this volume, since this communication.

ROBERT BARON, the author of these poems, was born 1630; was educated at Cambridge, and afterwards at Gray's Inn. Mr. Ellis, who has given one specimen of his writings, says, "whatever is poetical in him appears to be pilfered from other writers." The following is a close imitation of Sir John Suckling's Ballad on a Country Wedding.

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING.

1.

I tell thee, Jack, as I sought out
A straggling lamb, which stray'd about
The honey-suckled plain,
Mine eyes met such brave things i' th' way,
As I ne'er saw before that day,
Nor never shall again.

2.

From yon gay house there came a band
Of simpering courtiers, hand in hand,
Drest wondrous brave and fine.
But, O their leader was a lad
In such a gaudy habit clad,
As he did all outshine!

3.

Our lord o' th' town bears not such port
When he sits talking law i' th' court,
With's tenants round about.
Should he be on the green at night,
Jack, thee and I each lass would slight,
And crowd to take him out.

4.

But wot you why he went so gay?
It seems it was his wedding-day,
And now to church he go.
Methought he look'd oft at the sun,
As if he wished his race were run;
So did the bride also.

5.

The bride! the bravest in the row;
Our town and all the hundred too
Can't show the like, I'll swear.
I ne'er saw lady at a May,
Or Shrovetide, or on Whitsunday,
That with her might compare.

6.

Of a pair of Indies I've been told,
Where men find precious stones and gold;
I wot not where they are,
Nor do I mind to go to see;
But doubtless if such things there be,
I think they're both in her.

7.

The East, the trammels of her hair
Gilt by Phœbus' beams appear
Like to a golden fleece,
More rich and fair than that which
Was stolen by the Colchan witch,
And the bold youth of Greece.

8.

Her sparkling eyes are gems so fair,
Their lustre dims the twinkling star,
Which bids us shepherds fold,

Her lips be corrall of great price,
Her breath is violet buds, and spice
Whose worth cannot be told.

9.

The other Indies men call West,
These she hath too, and he is blest
That sought their secret treasure;
But did he dig in those mines though,
So oft as some in thought did do,
He'd labour'd out of measure.

10.

Her milky skin and front did shew
Like meadows clad in winter's snow,
Or Cotshall wool new drest;
Or like the girdle of the sky,
Or a smooth mount of ivory,
Or like to curds new prest.

11.

Her cheeks, wherein both roses join,
Seem'd milk commix'd with claret wine,
Such as we drank last May-day.
No tulip e'er such colour wore;
They look'd like strawberries sugar'd o'er,
Such as we ate last play-day.

12.

When to the new swept church they came,
The lightning which this princely dame
Shot from her eyes so bright,
Struck blind the parson, so that he,
Poor beauty-blasted man, could see
Scarcely to read aright.

13.

For all his coat or gravity,
I think he wish'd as ill as I,
Or any that stood by her:
Though all did look, as who should say
Their very soul did melt away,
And drop before the fire.

14.

The rites done, which like long grace do
But keep them off that would fall to,
The two, now one, went home,
And call'd the waiters, sans delay,
To serve the dinner up, though they
Had their feast yet to come.

15.

The cooks, to give the guests content,
Had plunder'd every element,
And rifled sea and shore.
Beshrew my heart, I ne'er did see
Boards deck'd with such variety,
And laden with such store.

16.

Now were our heads with rose-buds crown'd,
And flowing cups ran swiftly round,
We all did drink like fishes;
That joy and pleasure may betide
The bridegroom, 'specially the bride,
Each lusty gallant wishes.

17.

The women's eyes dwelt on the maid,
Some lik't this lace, some that, and said
'Twas a la mode du France;

And drew the picture of the peak:
But then the youth did silence break,
And call'd them forth to dance.

18.

No dapper elves or light-heel'd fawns
Could nimblier trip it o'er the lawns,
Or fairies o'er the green;
Though by the bride all were as far
Outstripp'd as frisking fairies are
By mistress Mab the queen.

19.

No Jack-a Lent danc'd such a way,
No sun upon an Easter-day,
Is such a bonny sight;
Yet in her eyes I read that she
Meant to outstep herself, and be
Much nimbler far at night.

20.

Now supper came, and healths went round
In full-fill'd crowned bowls we drown'd
The slow and tedious day.
In singing, kissing oft, and dancing,
In sighing, wishing well, and glancing,
We drave the time away.

21.

Till the nightingale did chant her vesper,
And our curl'd dogs were warn'd by Hesper,
To congregate our sheep:
Till the gay planet of the east
Took leave of Iris, and did haste
To's sea-green couch to sleep.

22.

Now, Jack, th' unwilling willing bride,
With th' busy virgin crew, aside
Was stolen to undress;
The youth, whose active blood began
To strike up Love's tantara, came
Within an hour and less.

23.

In came he, where she blushing lay,
Like to a musk-rose into a
Lapfull of lilies cast.
What pity 'tis we still should stay,
And make them riper joys delay,
Only a kiss to taste!

24.

But still, as 'twere to cross their bliss,
The bridemaid's banquet enter'd is;
The youth devour'd it half,
To end it, not his taste to please;
For minding those sweets coming, these
Were dull, as whey and chaff.

25.

At last, the lights and we went out;
Now what remain'd to do, they do't:
Some say they danc'd a jig.
If so, Jack, 'twas but such as that
That thou and I in the bower had
With Betty and with Peg.

At page 112 of these poems are some verses to his "Honoured friend Benjamin Garfield, Esq. on his excellent Tragi-Comedy, entitled, 'The Unfortu-

nate Fortunate;' an author whom I do not find mentioned in the Biographia Dramatica."

ART. CCVII. *Epigrams theological, philosophical, and romantick: Six Books. Also the Socratick Session, or the Arraignment and Conviction of Julius Scaliger: with other select poems. By S. Sheppard. London: Printed by G. D. for Tho. Bucknell, at the signe of the Golden Lion in Duck-Lane.* 1651. *Small 8vo. pp. 257.*

BEFORE this printed title is placed an engraved frontispiece, with Apollo and his musical maidens on the biforked hill, supported by Martial and Ausonius, as columnar statues, and the author between their pedestals, sitting in an easy chair, and presenting his book to Mercury in exchange for a garland of bays. This whole-length miniature of the poet seems to have eluded the lynx-eyed Grangerians, who press any head or tail-piece into the service of portraiture-illustration, though the resemblance be as shadowy as the air-drawn ghost of Banquo, and prove like that "unreal mockery."

S. Sheppard (we are told by Mr. Reed*) was the son of Harman Sheppard, M. D. who died in 1689. Oldys, in his MS. notes on Langbaine, reports that this son was imprisoned at Whittington College for writing a paper, or news-book, called "Mercurius Elencticus."† During the prohibition of the stage

* Biographia Dramatica, I. 410.

† This was published in 1648. An account of the first number may be seen in Mr. Chalmers's very curious chronological list of

he published "The Committee-man curried;" a comedy in two parts, bearing stronger testimony to his loyalty than to his poetic genius, each part not being longer than a single act of a moderate play, and almost entirely stolen from other authors. His "Socratic Session" is another brief essay in a dramatic form, and is designed to castigate Scaliger, for his censures of the Greek and Roman bards. Mr. Malone, in his Shakspeare, X. 187, quotes from a production by Sheppard, entitled "Times displayed in six Sextiads," 4to. 1646; but this I have never seen, nor can I trace it in any catalogue.

His present publication bears a dedicatory inscription, which I think has been much praised for similitude of form, before the poems of Marvell:

"If these epigrams survive (maugre the voracitie of time) let the names of Christopher Clapham, and James Winter (to whom the author dedicateth these his indeavors) live with them."

An address to the reader then commences in the following terms:

"CANDID AND COURTEOUS,

"I here present to thy perusall a body of epigrams, and (least thou should'st mistake the worth of the

news-papers, appended to his Life of Ruddiman: but Oldys, probably, drew his report from the following quibbling piece of information, contained in the Epigrams of Sheppard.

"My Imprisonment in Whittington, for writing *Mercurius Elencticus*.

Most strange it seemes unto the vulgar rout,
That that which thrust me in, should guard me out;
My soule with no engagements clog'd, but thus
My gaining life strook dead *Elencticus*."

gift, reflecting on the worthlessness of the giver) I cannot but inform thee that epigrams in all ages have been oftener desired than attained, either for the paucitie of epigrammatists, or for the fluencie and delicacie they have ever exhibited: never but two amongst the Latines, viz. Martial and Ausonius, famous for their performances in things of this nature; and amongst us here in England, none in our native tongue (some pidlers excepted) save *Bastard* and *Harrington*, that have divulged ought worthy notice: the first of these deserved the lawrell; but the last, both crowning and anoynting. I confesse myselfe guilty of no lesse then treason against the soveraignty of Apollo, and the dignity of the Nine, to put forth any thing to publick view in this age of ignorance and ostracism of learning, when the Thespian fount is so pittyfully puddled, the sacred mount so sacreledgiously asassinated, and the Castalian cave become a covert for chattering magpies. The nominall doctor, that can scarce render an account of his faith, (if he were catechized) whether Galen dealt in druggs, or Paracelsus in simples, yet can make a shift to clime Parnassus, though at his descent his feet are so lame, all may perceive he deserves rather Helebore then Helicon. Oh Poesie! once so renowned, how hast thou forfeited thy pristine splendor!"

To this address succeed commendatory verses by Arthur Estwich, Geo. Rosse, John Ridley, Andrew Dixon, Samuel Holland, and Vincent Howell. The epigrams extend to 173 pages, and are very few of them entitled to the general name they bear. The most interesting, from their connection with his con-

temporaries, are those which bear the following inscriptions.

"To my beloved friend Mr. James Naworth.
To James Nevill, Esquire.
To my friend Theodor Vaux.

"*On my Selfe.*"—This is curious.

'Some look upon me as one rude,
Quite erring in my altitude;
For above Atlas' shoulders I
Am plac'd, and all the world do eye.
When I took for me the earthly signe
Of Scorpio, in's ascent did shine
Just in the planetary houre
Of Saturne (who doth ever sowre)
I view'd the light: it much doth win me;
I have part of that planet in me.
No way facetious am I,
To toyish mirth or jollitie,
Yet in one dreame I can compose
A Comedy, in verse or prose;
Behold the action, apprehend
The jest, and the quaint plot commend,
And so much of the sence partake
As serves to laugh my selfe awake.'

Roberto Astonio Equiti poetæ eximio.
On the two admirable wits, Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher.
To Mr. Davenport, on his play called The Pirate.
On Ben Johnson's play, called The Silent Woman.
To the most excellent poet, Sir William Davenant.
To my noble friend Van Velsen, in praise of Amsterdam.

Epitaph on Prince Henry.
To Mr. Glascow, a solution of his question what Wit is, and who ought chiefly to drink Sherrie?
To Mrs. Rhodes.
On the death of Mary Queen of Scots.
To my much honoured unckle M. Paul Clapham.
On Sir Philip Sydney's decease.
On his Arcadia.
On the death of that incomparable hero, Sir Walter Rawleigh, Knt.
On Mr. Sands' inimitable Translation of Ovid's Metamorphosis.
The power of Money, to Sir Edward Buzbey, Knt.
An Apollogie to Sir Thomas Engham.
To Sir Alexader Wroth, Knt. of the Garter, &c.
To Dr. Bulwer, on his Artificiall Changeling.
To Lillie, the starre-gazer.
To Judge Jenkins.
To the illustrious Cardinal Mazerine, his victory lately obtained on the Spanish army under the Archduke Leopold.
The poet's invitation to Ben Johnson's ghost to appeare again.
To my much honoured and incomparable friend Mr. Theodor Loe, Esq. upon his request to me to pen a peculiar poem of Oberon and his Queen.
Epitaphs on Lord Capell, Duke Hamilton, a the Earle of Holland.
On Mr. Spencer's inimitable poem, the Faerie Queen.

"On Mr. Davenant's most excellent Tragedy of Alborine King of the Lombards." (1629.)

Davenant is here complimented, at the expense of Shakspeare and Jonson.

"For the statue of Queen Elizabeth.

On the death of Strafford, Deputie of Ireland." (1641.)

As this characterizes Lord Strafford, with much force and truth, and has not been given in the *Royal and Noble Authors*, it is extracted.

"That thou wert wise as Nestor, valianter
Then great Priamides* and stronger farre
Then big bon'd Ajax, that thy skill did shine
Superlatively in War's art; to thine
That Cæsar's *vici* was but slow; that all
Which makes an able statesman thou might'st call
Thine, and thine only; that thy mighty soule
Dispans'd, extended, unto either pole,
Truth must acknowledge; that thy royall lord
Durst to have mortgag'd unto thee his sword,
So great his confidence, during whose reigne
Thou shon'st a constellation, next his waine, †
And tis not yet decided, whether thou
Or he were more resplendent: on thy brow
Sat terror mixt with wisdome, and at once
Saturne and Hermes in thy countenance.
Second Sejanus, in thy fall we see
Nosce teipsum was not known to thee."

"To Will. Lee, the bookseller at Paul's chaine.

To J. Buzby.

Epitaph on Mr. Fountaine and his young son dy-

* Hector. † Charles's.

ing and being buried together in one grave.

To Capt. Purvey.

On Sir John Harrington's Translation of Ariosto.

To Mr. John Sands, on his excellent Waterworke called The Chaos.

On the death of the late Prince of Orange, by the small-pox.

A frolick to Capt. Baines, the poet, being prisoner (for his loyalty) in Whittington-goale.

On Mr. Webster's most excellent Tragedy called The White Devill, (1612.)

Epitaph on that excellently learned young man, Mr. Anthony Dyer.

Epitaph on my dearly loved kinsman, Thomas Clapham.

Ben Johnson's due encomium.

To Tatam." This is a skit upon John Tatham, the city-poet and playwright.

" Tatam makes verses of all sorts and sizes,
And playes, and songs, and ballads he comprizes:
In keene iambicks a lymphatic lyrick
He is, and playes and sings sweeter than Derick;*
For which, among the broakers and broom-criers,
Amongst the watermen, 'mongst dolts and dyers,
Hee's cried up for a *bard;* and he is one,
For he writes Welsh, or in some stranger tone."

" To Mr. Giles Granvert.

On Silvester's Translation of Du Bartas, his divine Weeks and Works.

* The Jack-ketch of Tatham's time.

The celebration of a health to my joviall friend James Gort, Esquire.

To John Taylor, commonly called The Water-poet.

In memory of our famous Shakspeare." This is the most creditable essay of Sheppard, and may be seen in Mr. Ellis's Specimens, and among the commendatory verses on our matchless dramatist.

" To Mr. James Ford; his Medalls being miraculously preserved from fire.

To the hopefull and excellently ingenious Mr. John Quarles.

On Mr. Chapman's incomparable Translation of Homer's Werkes.

Epitaphs on Mr. Flood, and Mr. James Gourd, a singing-man.

To the Parliament of England.

To Mr. Edward Gosling, pittying my want of books." This is likely to have been written in confinement, and is interesting.

'The rage of these rude times hath snatch'd away
My books from Æsop to Mirandula:
I now for books have 'bove my head the skies,
The truth for light, and reason for my eyes;
Under me earth, about me ayre and sea,
Vertue for guide, and nature for my way:
And, truth to say, in books, as clouds, men see
Of whose embracements Centaures gotten be.'

" To Mr. John Sob, of these times.

To his Excellency the Lord Generall Cromwell.

To the profoundly learned and unparalleld antiquary, John Selden, Esq.
To Mall, my Wife."

At the close of the Epigrams follows "The Socratick Session," with a new title page; and to that succeeds "A Mausolean monument, erected by a sorrowfull sonne on his deceased parents: with three pastorals. Two of them alluding to some late proceedings between parties." This portion of his volume includes funeral elegies upon his father Dr. Harman, and his mother Petronella, Sheppard, the former of whom deceased July 12, 1639, and the latter Sept. 10, 1650. These filial tributes are too bombastical to excite any interest: and they are succeeded by a wilder strain of mythological metre, called "the Adventurous Bard: or uxorious Orpheus his descent." Three pastorals and the fragment of a fourth, conclude the volume; and from these I select the following passages, on account of their relation to several of our favourite Elizabethan poets, and particularly to Spenser and Shakspeare, who have not yet obtained these tributes of praise among their collected testimonials.

Linus. "I know thou lov'st to heare
Of nought, but how thy oxe will beare
His yoke, and when thy sheep to sheare,
That thou may'st make a gainefull yeare:
But yet to me more pleasant is
To hear *Tytirus** play, I wis,
Upon his oaten reed, while he
Doth make delitious mellodie,

* Chaucer seems to be here intended.

While he records in pleasant verse
Sweet tales of love, and doth rehearse
His dreams and songs.
  Next unto Tytirus, there came
One that deserv'd a greater name,
Than was bestowed; but when she* swaid,
Whom to this day some call a maid,
Then *Collin Clout* † his pipe did sound,
Making both heaven and earth resound.
The shepheards all, both farre and near,
About him flock'd, his layes to hear;
And for his songs he was so fam'd,
He was the prince of shepheards nam'd.
  And next to him, was the sweet quill
Of far-renowned *Astrophil* ‡
Admired, who whether that he chose
To pipe in verse or else in prose,
Was held the bravest swain to be,
Ere folded flocks in Arcadie.
  After him rose as sweet a swain §
As ever pip'd upon the plain:
He sang of warres, and tragedies
He warbled forth; on him the eyes
Of all the shepheards fixed were,
Rejoicing much his songs to hear.
  And then liv'd he || who sweetly sung
Orlando's fate, in his own tongue,
Who would not deigne t' divulge his own,
But by another would be known;
O gentle shepheard! we to thee
Are bound in a supream degree.

* Q. Elizabeth. † Spenser. ‡ Sir P. Sidney.
§ Q. Drayton? || Sir John Harrington.

And after him a swain* arose,
In whom sweet Ovid's spirit chose
For to reside: he sang of love,
How Cupid ladies' hearts can move;
And teach, how large the continent
Of Arcadie is in extent:
He prais'd his Maker in his layes,
And from a king receiv'd the bayes.—
Not long ago liv'd learned Ben,†
He whose songs, they say, outvie
All Greek and Latine poesie;
Who chanted on his pipe divine
The overthrow of Calatine:
The Arcadian shepheards wonder all,
To hear him sing Sejanus' fall.
O thou renowned shepheard, we
Shall ne're have one againe, like thee.
With him contemporary then
(As Naso and fam'd Maro, when
Our sole Redeemer took his birth)
Shakespeare trod on English earth:
His Muse doth merit more rewards
Than all the Greek or Roman bards:
What flow'd from him was purely rare,
As born to blesse the Theater:
He first refin'd the commick lyre,
His wit all do and shall admire;
The chiefest story of the stage;
Or when he sung of war and strage,‡
Melpomene soon view'd the globe;
Invelop'd in her sanguine robe.
He that his worth would truely sing,
Must quaffe the whole Pierian spring." T. P.

* Q. Daniel? † Johnson.

‡ Slaughter or death, may probably be meant; from *Strages*, Lat.

Sheppard's Epigrams, &c. London: Printed 1651. 12*mo.*

The following humorous piece forms Epig. 23, p. 14.

"*Pedro, and Roderigo—the one Franciscan, the other a Dominican Frier.*

"Pedro, and Roderigo traveling,
Came to the brink of a religious spring;
But Pedro fearing for to wet his feet,
Prayes Roderigo, if he think it meet,
Since he is bare-foot, on his back to carry
Him over, and save charges of a ferry.
Roderigo's willing, takes him on his backe,
And being in the midst, him thus bespake:
"Tell me, good brother, have you any cash?"
Poore Pedro fearing that he would him wash,
Replies "I have, and mean to pay thee too,"
(Not daring to return him answer, no;)
Which Roderigo hearing lets him fall,
Ducking him overhead, and ears, and all,
Saying, "you know that by my order I
Must beare no money; therefore there e'ne lie."

J. H. M.

ART. CCVIII. *The Muses Cabinet: stored with variety of poems: both pleasant and profitable. By W. W. London: Printed for F. Coles in the Old Baily*, 1655. 12*mo. pp.* 48.

WILLIAM WINSTANLEY reveals his claim to the initials in the above title, by his dedicatory verses

"to [the truly and excellent well accomplished gentleman, Mr. William Holgate." From a similarity of name, and of plebeian taste in poetry, there is much reason to believe this picklock of the Muses' Cabinet, was the barber-biographer, who impudently as falsely declared "the fame of MILTON would go out like a candle in a snuff, and his memory always stink;" * while, in the same book, he delivers the following truism, adverting (it is presumable) to his own despised volume:—"I have known (says this auctorial shaver) a well-writ poem, after a double expence of brain to bring it forth, and of purse to publish it to the world, condemned to the drudgery of the chandler or oylman, or, which is worse, to light tobacco."† Great indeed is likely to have been the candle-lighting consumption of Winstanley's poetry, since the copy now before me, is the only one that has met my observation; and was purchased by its present owner from the curious library of Major Pearson. That thirty years afterward the poetaster became ashamed of his own metrical performances, is to be inferred from a short article of John Taylor, in his Lives of the English Poets, where he says that "one" bestowed the following *Epitaph* upon the Water-poet, which *one* proves to be himself, as the lines occur at p. 21 of the Muses' Cabinet.

"Here lies the Water-poet, honest John,
Who rowed on the streams of Helicon;

* Lives of the most famous English Poets, 1687, p. 195.

† Epistle to the reader.

Where, having many rocks and dangers past,
He at the haven of heaven arriv'd at last."

These lines form a tolerable "picture in little," of the talent and accomplishments of Mr. Winstanley. The following tribute becomes interesting only from its allusion.

"On Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia.

"When I that learned work of his peruse,
And read the lines indited by his Muse:
It makes me think, so sweet of love he sings,
His pens were quills pluckt off from Cupid's wings."

One more specimen addressed to a contemporary verse-man may suffice.

"To Mr. Sheppard, on his most excellent Epigrams.*

"Sheppard, thou hast
Martial o'repast,
Ausonius conquered;
Thou Harrington
Hast overcome,
And Owen stricken dead.

These, in their time,
For wits the prime,
Of poets counted were:
But if to thee
Compar'd they be,
We see they nothing are.

* The Epigrams of Sheppard have been just noticed. They were published with his other poesies in 1651.

Then sit thee down,
Whilest we do crown
Thy head with wreaths of bays:*
The Muses nine
Do all combine
To warble forth thy praise."

T. P.

ART. CCIX. *Poesis Rediviva, or Poesie reviv'd by John Collop, M. D. Odi prophanum vulgus & arceo. London: Printed for Humphrey Mosely, and are to be sold at his shop at the Prince's Armes in St. Paul's Church Yard.* 1656. *Small* 8vo. *pp.* 110.

WITH such a magic title it might seem a record of envy to thrust the author into a barren Bibliographical Catalogue, which was at first intended; yet whether he was entitled to a higher distinction the following specimens will be sufficient to decide.

The Epistle Dedicatory is "To the Right Honorable Henry Marquis of Dorchester, Earl of Kingstone, Viscount Newark, the Lord Pierrepoint. *Si fuerint Mœcenates, non defuerint Marones.* Poetry revives, quickened by the beams of such a sun, whom all the Muses acknowledge their Apollo; and sunlike you may gild even the lowest and most humble valleys, yet neither impair your height or

* This alludes to a frontispiece before Sheppard's poems, in which Mercury (who may be Winstanley mythologized) seems about to make a sorry bargain, by proffering a wreath of bays in exchange for the poet's printed book.

lustre; glance a more auspicious beam on this birth, which, eaglet-like, approaches the sun for legitimation, the most piercing ray of your judgment. I shall not after the mode of dedications, cry out of jejunenes and sterility, and intreat a patronage to my weakness; as not content to commit errour without a patron, or recommitting it in an apologie: to gild a dunghill would but exhale a stench; though the odours of virtues charioted in sun-beams, may communicate their influences, and perfume the world. Nor wants poetry her virtues;—stones, trees, and wilde beasts, accompany an Orpheus, while he mollifies the most obdurate, and stone-assimilating tempers; teaches the most irregular pieces by his measures, to be squared by the rule of proportion, and serve to the edifice of virtue; produces harmony out of Nature's discords, while the most savage natures by his harmony, are reduced to consort. Civility dead, poesie revives; and though some object as the lyrick to Maro, *Quid si Threicio blandius Orpheo, auditam moderere arboribus fidem, non vanæ redeat sanguis imagini;* virtue now being onely a vain and bloodless image."

"Nor is poesie unworthy of your patronage, which a Sir Philip Sidney hath praised, our seraphick Donne used, the learned Scaliger, and he who makes all praises modest, the excellent Hugo Grotius laboured in. Nay, even the prophets were poets, and Pagan poets are cited by the Apostles. And though poesie be *vinum dæmonum*, as the father calls it, when it inebriates men's mindes with folly; yet it is *flagellum dæmonum* when it lashes them out of their vanity, tormenting them in their members.

The inriching of the people of God with the ornaments of Egypt, S. Austin applies to arts and sciences invented by heathens, but taken from them as the spoil of Egypt and converted to God's service. It may be said of poesie, as of S. Cyprian, Lactantius, Victorinus, Hilarius, *Quanto auro & argento & veste exiit ex Ægypto?* Converted from Paganism to Christianity. Let an atheist, like Porphyrius, scoff at it, as borrowed from gentilism; and an apostate, resembling Julian prohibite humane literature in Christians; which none have disrespected, beside those whose ignorance rendered incapable of it, or blacker impieties court oblivion. This could make an Octavius descend to the Lyricks friendship; and a Lord Brook, as the most permanent epitaph, desire to be writ Sir Philip Sidney's friend. Friends to poesie cannot want a memory, while time can keep a register."

"To you, (who have passed through the temple of Virtue to that of Honour, whose Honour is a temple to enshrine Virtue, monopolizing more then these want, whose glorious outsides, like Egyptian temples, by introspection afford nothing above an ape,) as a tribute due to honour, I present these besprinklings of a retirement, while Democritus-like I laugh at the shittlecock world, and exquine the causes of the spleen in the beast, the rabble; which will invite some who *Abderitanæ pectora plebis habent*, the mad rabble and those plebeian heads, who are a degree above them in their clothes, not in their intelligences, is to accuse me of phrensie: yet an Hippocrates (the more refined spirit) will pass intainted with the aire of popular displicencies,

since the temples of virtue and honour want not their sacrifices. Your Honour's most humble servitor, and most affectionate admirer,

J. Collop."

There are 127 pieces of poetry on various subjects, political, amatory, complimentary, and religious. The first poem consists of ninety lines, from which accept a specimen: it is entitled

"The Poet.

"What art? thought below wise men, yet 'bove ages;
Can'st make sev'n lines, speak more then the seven sages?
A name for *Falkland* or th' *Lord Digby* fit?
Or the elixir of *Hugh Grotius'* wit?
Pacing in rithme no poets makes; words fit,
High sense, soul quickning each part of it.*
Phancie's effluxions, which with light do stream,
Each sentence gilding like a solar beam:
No day can pass to write lends him no ray,
Nay makes ev'n night vie splendor with the day,
To feed on trash hath no green-sickness Muse,
Through Wit's obstruction a cachexy shews:
No cup-froth'd fancy, sparkled wit from wine;
Sobriety waters vertues in each line.
None are born poets,* naturally some pace,
Shuffle in rithme, horse-like, without a grace.
His Helicon must flow from sweat of's brain;
And musing thoughts lend his poetick vein;
Richer then those veins spring from heart of earth,
While gold without an ore he giveth birth.

* *Per contra*—Poeta nascitur non fit!

Th' philosopher's elixir in each line,
Doth in epitome all that's rich confine,
Above the salts of Ciceronian wit,
Whose name can lend no grain to season it.
Nor adages, nor apophthegms new pick'd,
Bear-like nor form'd, nor handsom 'cause their lick'd,
Vents onely what mistaken sages coyn'd,
With the disguise of verse on what's purloin'd:
Unhappy fate of poets to be poor,
All beg'd, or borrowed from another's store.
He must have ravell'd times, and kingdoms through,
And when the world ore view'd can make a new.*
A Plato's commonwealth who can outdo?
A More's Utopia, and Atlantis too." &c.

" On a Retir'd Lady.

" Spring of beauty, mine of pleasure,
Why so like a miser treasure?
Or a richer jewel set,
In a viler cabinet?
Virtue and vice
Know but one price,
Seem both ally'd:
Nere distinguish'd if ne're try'd.

The sun's as fair as bright as you,
And yet expos'd to publick view:
Whom if envious grown, or proud,
Masks his beauty in a cloud:
The wind and rain,
Him back again,

* " Each change of many-colour'd life he drew
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new."
JOHNSON'S PROLOGUE.

In sighs and tears
Woo, till smiling he appears.

Love's wing'd, and hasts away;
Time is wing'd, and hasts to prey;
Love deluded may fly hence;
Retirement 'gainst time's no fence:
He'l wanton there,
Dig caves for care,
Make graves for love,
Where the blind boy nere durst rove.

Ceruse nor stibium can prevail,
No art repairs, where age makes fail:
Then, Euphormia, be not still
A prisoner to a fonder will.
Nor let's in vain,
Thus nature blame,
'Cause she confines
To barren grounds the richer mines."

To a degenerate thing falsely called a Noble.
(A piece of 42 lines.)

" Fie! fie! can nothing noble speak, 'bove oathes,
Or the apish varnish of some modish clothes?
Or to learn jockey phrase, dialect of th' hound?
Whose virtue, like your own, is all in sound.
Or can distinguish Lanner, Lanneret,
Falcon, Jarfalcon, Gosshawk, and cry Ret;
Hares start, deer rowse, that partridge sprung is knows,
What woodcocks be by's nose that's cup-flush'd shows;
Or to unkennel fox can wisely tell;
Rare gentleman, highly bred, though scarce can spell,
And writes his name in text, with such a paw,
You'd swear 'twas catechiz'd with the devil's claw.

Or th' country air's too dull, he must to the burse
Of blasphemy, irreligion's nurse;
Where's not a look but baited for to cheat,
And not a tongue but oyled for deceit.
Of's families blood carousing cups here fill,
And bids it die, while he his die throws ill.—
These are the comets rear'd from th' fat of earth,
Presage kings ruine, and the people death."

"The Poetaster.

"All are not poets, who can pace in rime,
And to an odde tune, can in ding dong chime;
Castalian nymphs and god Apollo name;
Dan Cupid's fire, and a sea-froth'd Dame;
While they glean straw in Egypt for to raise
Unto themselves strange pyramids of praise.
Though like to tulips they enamel'd be,
Yet the fool's coat is their best liverie.
On Pagan gods and goddesses who call,
Sure their religion is poetical.
Nor should they the vintage judge of Pagan wit,
Who what they have but gleanings are from it;
Nor learn'd 'bove fooleries; rich above romance,
Fit th' price of vanity only to inhance;
A fountain tavern thus may Helicon be,
Nine wenches Muses lending poetrie;
While idol priests, who poets do approve,
Themselves some idol make, a wench they love;
Their wit like to their Venus, born of froth,
Is fit for fire a vulcan to betroth."

J. H.*

* I was not aware, till this article was written, of the author having obtained a place in Mr. Ellis's Specimens, who has given three stanzas of the poem "On a Retired Lady."

ART. CCX. *Calendarium Pastorale, sive Æglogæ Duodecim, Totidem anni mensibus accommodatæ. Anglice olim scriptæ ab Edmundo Spensero Anglorum Poetarum Principe: nunc autem eleganti Latino carmine donatæ a Theodoro Bathurst, Aulæ Pembrokianæ apud Cantabrigienses aliquando socio: Londini, impensis M. M. T. C. & G. Bedell, ad portam Medii Templi in vico vulgo vocato Fleet-street. Anno Domini* 1653. 8vo. *pp.* 147. *Accompanied on the opposite pages by the original eclogues.*

THIS book is mentioned by Mr. Todd in his new edition of Spenser, Vol. I. p. CLXXVI. who says it was republished by *John Ball* with a Latin Dissertation "de vita et scriptis Spenceri," and an augmented glossary, 1732.

It is dedicated by the editor, William Dillingham, of Emanuel college, to Francis Lane, Esq. in the following words:

Viro eximio, et vere generoso, Francisco Lane Armigero, Amico meo singulari, Salutem.

Plura sunt, præstantissime Domine, quæ me tibi devinxerunt plurimum; morum candor, omnegenus literatura, et prudentia tua singularis; hæ sunt artes et præstigiæ, quibus facile te induis in aliorum pectora, quotquot virtutum tuarum testes admovit sors fælicior. Verum, ne quid dissimulem, ulteriore adhuc catenâ me captivum ducis; enimvero suavissima tua consuetudo, dum hic olim studendi causâ commorarere, cum perpetua tua erga me voluntate, at-

que inde tot enatis beneficiis haud vulgaribus, hæc illa sunt, quæ me vehementius rapiunt, et actiori debendi nexu constrictum tenent. Quorum ego, quoniam ne minimam quidem partem assequi possum remunerando, id unum mihi relictum esse intelligo, ut quæ tibi solvendo non sum, ea lubenter tibi debeam, et agnoscam. Quod idem ego nunc amplum in modum factum cupio, et certè præstarem quidem si aut voluntati meæ par facultas esset, aut merita erga me tua non adeo fuissent omnem modum supergressa. Quoniam autem etiam verba me destituunt, accipe (quæso) hasce chartas, muta quædam gratitudinis meæ signa & indicia; accipe quâ me soles fronte, apertâ, placidâ, exporrectâ. Erat olim tibi Spenserus tuus in deliciis; quocirca nullus metuo ne ingratus hodie tibi sit, indutus idem Romanâ togâ; quæ ita quidem illum decet, tamque apte illi convenit, ut aut non aliâ cute natus, aut in eam non tam translatus, quam restitutus esse videatur. Erat quidem hoc Poema Anglicè cum barbâ, (quod de Esavo Judæi fabulantur) imò et canitie suâ natum; ac si poeta non tam in Parnasso somniasset, quam cum Endymione in Latino stertuisset, atque adeo post tertium inde sæculum ad scribendum demum evigilâsset. Ita quidem illi visum est atavorum voces ab oblivione vindicare, eorumque παλιγγενεσιαν accelerare (siquidem

> Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere, cadentque.
> Quæ jam sunt in honore vocabula.

inquit Horatius;) verum inde tamen interea factum

est ut nonnulli, quia non retro sibi vivendum esse constituerant, ejusmodi dictiones tanquam Evandri matris carmina, aut palantia quædam spectra abhorruerint. At metu illos isthoc dehinc porro liberavit vir doctissimus THEO. BATHURST, (Poeta non minus elegans, quam gravis idem postea Theologus) qui in eodem Collegio has æglogas Latine vertit, quo SPENSERUS ante aliquot annos poematia sua concepisse dicitur; et quidem ita vertit, ut et obscuris lucem, et facilitatem asperis, atque omnibus fere nitorem ac elegantiam fæneraverit; ac si unus ejusdem loci genius idem carmen diversis temporibus illi Anglice, huic Latine dictitasset. Hanc autem versionem suam clam sibi et Musis habuit, quoad in vivis erat autor modestissimus; postquam autem diem suum obiisset vir doctissimus, continuo factum est, ut, dum libraria ejus supellex quaquaversum divenderetur, bina hujus operis exemplaria ad manus meas deferrentur quæ propria ipsius manu frequenter interpolata, non parum eum in iis relambendis curæ posuisse, testabantur; penitius autem introspiciens, ejusmodi opus esse facile deprehendi quale ad thus et scombros damnari minime oportebat, sed neque blattis et tineis amandari. Quocirca operæ pretium me facturum arbitrabar si quod non parvâ me affecerat voluptate, cum aliis etiam illud participarem, quibus non ingratum fore confido, cum nec inutile certe, nec injucundum. Tibi vero imprimis, vir amice, dicandum existimavi, tum quod sciverim te ab hujusmodi studiis nullo unquam tempore abhorruisse, tum quo extaret aliquod amoris, gratitudinis et observantiæ ergo te meæ testimonium.

Tu autem fave, et perge me amare, ut qui semper optime tui causâ velim.

Ad omnia obsequii et amicitiæ munia præstanda tibi paratissimus,

GUIL. DILLINGHAM.

Coll. Emman. Cantabrigiæ,
Calendis Julii MDCLIII.

It will afford a fair opportunity of varying the matter of my work, and, I trust, be a grateful offering to classical scholars, to transcribe the two first eclogues of this translation.

JANUARIUS.

ÆGLOGA PRIMA.

*Mœret neglectus Amator.**

Alexis.†

Upilio, (nec enim titulo potiore misellus
Dignandus) jam nunc bruma laxante rigorem,
Æthere sub sudo, (sudus forte obtigit æther,)
Eduxit fessas diuturno carcere caulæ
Strigosas pecudes, macie brumaque rigentes,
Ut vix succiduo sustentent poplite gressus.

* "In this first Aeglogue Colin Clout, a Shepheard's boy, complaineth himselfe of his unfortunate love, being but newly (as seemeth) enamoured of a countrey lasse called Rosalinde: with which strong affection being verie sore travelled, he compareth his careful case to the sad season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frosen trees, and to his own winter-beaten flocke. And lastly, finding himselfe robbed of all former pleasance and delight, he breaketh his pipe in peeces, and casteth himselfe to the ground."

† Colin Clout—viz. Spenser himself.

Isque status pecoris pastoris concolor Ori,
Lurida quod macies pallenti tabe colorat;
Æger cura forsan, et æger forsan amore;
Scit tamen et calamos inflare, et discere versus:
Tum pecora ad montem languentia languidus egit,
Effuditque istas, dum pascunt illa, querelas.

O Superi, curas O qui miseratis amantum,
(Si tamen e Superis quisquam miseretur amantes)
Despicite e cœlis ubi lætum ducitis ævum,
Luctisonisque, precor, submittite cantibus aures:
Tu quoque pastorum Deus, olim fixus Amoris
Cuspide Pan, prius expertos miserere dolores:

Effæta O tellus, brumalis præda furoris,
Viva meæ vitæ occasum spectantis imago,
Te modo millecuplo florum discrimine pinxit
Ver, tuaque asphodelis stellata superbiit æstas;
At jam nimbosæ sævit violentia brumæ,
Quæque triumphabat modo, jam tua purpura sordet.

Pectore sub nostro rabies furit æmula brumæ,
Nam stupet in venis immiti frigore sanguis:
Sævit et in nostram tempestas tanta carinam,
Tanquam jam tremulos spectaret vita Decembres.
Vix tamen, ah miserum, florescere cæperat annus,
Et tamen, ah miserum, mihi jam defloruit annus.

O vos umbroso nudatæ tegmine quercus,
Qua volucres vernos gaudebant texere nidos;
Nunc musco indutæ, canæque horrore pruinæ,
En, ubi vestra novo turgebant germina fœtu,
Brachia conspicio lachrymis rorantia crebris,
Pendulaque astrictis glaciatur stiria guttis.

Sic quoque, sic nostræ folia inconcussa juventæ
Nunc flaccent, nimiis curarum exercita ventis;

En, emarcescit fælix flos puberis ævi,
Ustulat et canum mihi præcoqua germina frigus:
Sic vitreis rigui lachrymis rorantur ocelli,
Pendet ut a vestris glacialis stiria ramis.

Languide grex, lacero implicitam qui vellere lanam
Gestas, cui victu jejunia crebra maligno
Hauserunt vires, macie testare, probasque
Obruta solicitis pastoris pectora curis.
Debilis ille, et tu: Macer es, macrescit et ille:
Languendo luges, lugendo languet et ille.

Damno millenis tempus lachrymabile diris,
Urbs vicina oculis quo primum erat obvia nostris.
Et tamen illam horam votis bis mille beavi,
Qua vidi nostram (spectacula tanta) puellam;
Sed frustra; nostræ primus gradus ille ruinæ:
Proh, Superi! mellis fœcundi, et fellis amores?

Non infortunum queritur mea fistula Mopsum,
Ambiat ille meum licet indefessus amorem.
Agrestis sperno tam rustica munera Mopsi;
Hædos; involucres nidos; et præcoqua poma.
Insipiens frustra mittis tua munera Mopsi,
Quæ tuus ille suæ mox Phillidi mittit Alexis.

Phillis amata mihi est (heu, cur mihi Phillis amata?)
Despectusque ab ea sum, (cur despectus ab illa?)
Respuit usque meos et dedignatur amores,
Fastiditque audire rudem sufflata cicutam.
Quin pastorales velut anguem exhorret avenas,
Subsannatque elata, suus quæ cantat Alexis.

Ergo places licet agresti mea fistula Pani,
Cum tamen haud placeas ubi vellem sola placeres;
Et tu, Musa, meos sopire assueta dolores,
Nunc oblita tamen, cum res efflagitat, artis,

Solvetis meritas et Musa, et fistula pœnas:
Cum calamos frangit, fususque recumbit in herbam.

Jam Sol emeritos devexo tramite currus
Urgebat præceps, glaciatoque horrida rore
Nox involvebat furvo velamine terram:
Ut videt, arrodens cæcis præcordia curis
Surgit, apricatas pecudes ad ovilia cogens
Upilio, vultu referentes fata Magistri.

FEBRUARIUS.

ÆGLOGA SECUNDA.

*Haud impune spreta Senectus.**

Damon, Thyrsis.

Ah Superi, nunquamne hyemis desæviet ira?
Nunquamne immites ponent sua flamina venti?
Squamosam findit frigus penetrabile pellem,
Ossa mihi rigidis ut credam pervia ventis.
Strigosique boves vibrantur frigore corpus,
Summæ ut succusso nutant fundamine turres

* Argument. "This Aeglogue is rather morall and generall than bent to anie secret or particular purpose. It speciallie containeth a discourse of olde age, in the person of Tithenot, an old Shepheard, who for his crookednesse and unlustinesse, is scorned of Cuddie, an unhappie heardman's boy. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now drooping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeare, so then in our bodies there is a dry and withering cold, which concealeth the crudled blood, and frieseth the weather-beaten flesh, with stormes of Fortune and hoare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Brier, so livelie, and so feelinglie, as, if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eies, more plainlie could not appeare."

Assuetique suæ sinuare volumina caudæ,
Perque auras agitare, en, ut sub ventre remulcent.

Thyrsis.

Improbe cur rigidæ fundis convicia brumæ,
Obvia quod solito tua terga rigore lacessat?
Nonne suis celeres decurrent legibus anni?
Succedunt invisa bonis, pejoraque pravis:
Pejora excipiunt tandem deterrima, & inde
In se transacti celeris rota volvitur ævi.
Qui non hybernas patietur frigoris iras,
Quo se proripiet, redeant dum veris honores?
Ipse ego, (qui effætus jam) ter sex lustra peregi,
Nunc risu effusus, nunc fletu absorptus amaro;
Nunquam æstus, nunquam torpentia frigora questus,
Brumalesve minas, aut summi tædia solis;
Nec torvam rabida fortunam voce lacessi,
Mente ferens æqua quæ sors inflixit iniqua;
Cura pecus semper mihi nostræ credita curæ,
Æstate ut saturent hanc pascua, pabula brumâ.

Damon.

Non equidem miror, si tu, rigidissime Thyrsi,
Insanos brumæ fers æqua mente rigores:
Nam tremulæ tremula est affinis bruma senectæ;
Hæc friget, riget illa, hæc canet, canet et illa.
Usque æther terris iratus luce maligna
Contristat pluviis cœlum, sic torva tuetur
Nubila frons; tua sic ætas obnubilat ora,
Morosa ut tristem caperant jejunia vultum.
Ætas nostra virens canæ est inimica pruinæ,
Nec mea brumales ratis est experta procellas.

Thyrsis.

Nequicquàm incusat Neptunia numina demens,
Qui credit tumido jam naufraga carbasa ponto.
Sic, sic ignavi, pastoria turba, puelli
Pascitis auricomis balantum armenta genistis.
Quod si sol forsan vultu meliore renidet,
Ver rediisse statim bruma cedente putatis.
Inde juvat victos hyemis ridere furores,
Et stipulâ argutas interstridere cicadas,
Vosque anni dominos male credula turba putatis;
Sæpe tamen, cùm vos defunctos esse periclo
Speratis, subito rugoso pallida vultu
Bruma venit, sulcis perarata senilibus ora,
Quaque procellosas tremule jaculata sagittas;
Cor stupet hinc, rigidus coit in præcordia sanguis:
Tum demum cadet inconsulta ferocia vobis,
Et pecudes bruma recrudescente rigescunt;
Commeritas pendit tum vestra superbia pœnas,
Planctuque et gemitu, glomeratoque agmine cladum.

Damon.

Non hujus facio monitus, delire, seniles;
Ætatis vernans brumæ me exponere germen
Velles? exhaustum puto defecisse cerebrum,
Exedit exuccæ tibi quod rubigo senectæ.
Utque caput quassum male justo pondere nutat,
Sic et gibbosâ obstitum cervice recumbit:
Quumque tibi toto periit cum germine truncus,
Vis nostram parili florem marcescere fato.
Quod si æquæva meæ tibi jàm floresceret ætas,
Mox alio sensus deflecteret alma voluptas;
Tum tua formosam resonaret Phillida canna,
Æternum nostro devotam Phillida amori.

Hanc mihi demerui quando aurea cingula misi,
Cingula queis bullis stellatur baltheus aureis.
Talia Pastores lætos, vultusque serenos
Efficerent, vitæque tuæ revirescere florem.

Thyrsis.

Desipis, ingratos jactando insanus amores;
His quæcunque dabis, rapidis dabis irrata ventis.

Damon.

En: viden? ille meus, subrufâ fronte juvencus,
Quam belle arrectas crispat petulantius aures!
Iridos ut lunata imitantur cornua flexum,
Cantiacas vincunt palearia mollia nymphas.
Aspicis elatis auras ut naribus haurit?
Non illum dulces meditari credis amores?
Credo tuas pecudes mentem callere magistri;
Corpore sic languent omnes, animoque fatiscunt,
Tergoraque horrentes brumâ, canæque pruinâ.
Dux gregis obtuso, fractoque vigore relanguet:
Quæ modo turgidulæ tendebant ubera matres,
Ut viduæ prono tellurem lumine figunt:
Primigenas agnos brumalis concutit horror:
Quippe regit Vetulus defectus viribus illos.

Thyrsis.

Non operæ, frugive bonæ te censeo, Damon,
Qui tumide vanas sic tollis ad æthera cristas.
Nam satis inflato est instar turgescere bullæ,
Cui mens est amens; cui mors est debita merces;
Cui via desertum; cui diversoria pæna,
Inflatique ætas domitrix, solita hospita curis.
Sed vin' fabellam tibi me pertexere, quondam
Quam pubescenti dixit mihi Tityrus ævo,
Qua pandit lætos celeberrima Cantia colles?

Damon.

Nil æque vellem: nil est optatius illis,
Quæ senis ex hujus lepido fluxere cerebro:
Tanta in facundis lucet sapientia dictis,
Doctiloquo quæcunque senex deprompsit ab ore.

Thyrsis.

Hic cecinit Venerem, Martem, effrænemque juventam,
Verum sub ficti velo sermonis obumbrans;
E queis præ reliquis in nos hæc fabula quadrat.
Nunc aureo adhibe, et quo se ferat exitus, audi.
Annosa en puri stetit arbor in æquore campi,
Quæ quondam quercus, nunc truncus, inutile lignum;
Lataque jam modica sua brachia porrigit umbra,
Brachia, quæ frondis nudarat honore senecta:
Ingenti trunco, demissa in viscera terræ,
Tendat ut in cælos vertex, in Tartara radix.
Altior hæc sylvam quondam despexerat omnem,
Et gratum domino fuerat vectigal agresti,
Innumeros porcos numerosa glande saginans;
Glaucâ at nunc musci squalet putredine cortex;
Nam pulsant rigidæ ramalia nuda procellæ,
Calvoque informes pascuntur vertice vermes,
Deflorescit honos, et brachia nuda putrescunt.
Ad latus huic surgens spinis paliurus acutis,
Armatas hamis extollit in æthera frondes,
Inque altum jactat ramos, cæloque minatur,
Formoso florum vernabat honore superbus.
Semper et agrestes huc adventare solebant
Pastorum natæ, paliuri et carpere flores,
Quos sunt floricomis solitæ intertexere sertis.
Sæpius istius ramis innixa sedebat
Prata volubilibus mulcens Philomela susurris:
Hinc tanta insano crevit fiducia vepri,

Ausit ut annoso convicia fundere trunco,
Atque infæcundam multum exprobare senectam.
Quid stas vernanti jam stipes inutilis agro,
Cum tua nec fructu moles, nec proficit umbra?
Aspicis ut nostris laxant nova germina flores,
Lilia qui candore, rubore rosaria vincant,
Ut vivo vernant folia hæc induta virore,
Qui color innuptam potuit decuisse Dianam?
Vestra ingens læto moles incommoda campo,
Nostris invisas offundit frondibus umbras:
Quique tuo canus dependet cortice muscus
Infecit nostros spirantes Cinnama flores.
Ergo (en! præmoneo) procul hinc annosa facesse,
Nè nostri solvos pretium non vile furoris.
Dixerat hæc vepres voce indignatus acerbâ,
At nil è contrà quercus longæva locuta
Cedebat, tristi et perculsa pudore dolebat,
Probrosis vili dictis a vepre lacessi.
Indè die quodam (sic fors et fata volebant)
Intulit huc gressus ejusdem cultor agelli,
Dum de more suos invisit sedulus agros,
Condendisque notat quæ trabs accommoda telis.
Hunc simul ac vidit læto paliurus in arvo,
(Ut jam sopitos litis malè suscitet ignes)
Ultrò conqueritur, magnâque; ità voce profatur.
O Domine, ô a quo pendet mea vita, salusque,
Sollicitos æquo dignare examine questus,
Quos nunc extorsit violenta injuria, quali
Vestrum ego mancipium (nec spes super ulla) laboro:
Et tua ni lapsis succurrat dextera rebus,
Me mittet Stygiis dolor insuperabilis umbris,
Hostis eò crevit funesta potentia nostri.
Attonitus multùm miseranda voce colonus,
Gramineo viridis consedit cespite campi,

Atque rubum jussit scelerato pergere questu;
Indè audax cæpit phaleratis herbula dictis,
(Ambitiosorum mos hic solennis agendi)
Artis pigmentis fucatum obtexere crimen.
O cui cum cunctis famulatur sylva viretis,
Qui seris immanes quercus, humilesque myricas,
Non tua me teneram defixit dextera plantam,
Prima ut sylvestris lucerem gloria campi,
Illustrans vernos formosis floribus agros,
Æstatemque rubris possem ditare racemis?
Hoc ergo unde venit? cur annis obsita quercus,
Exuccus cujus truncus, ramalia fructa;
Nuda in vicinos quæ brachia porrigit ignes,
In nos exercet regnum imperiosius æquo,
Obnubens umbra nostrum male grata nitorem,
Solaremque mihi discludens invida lucem?
En cariosa meum pertundunt brachia corpus,
Manet ut obtrito viridis de cortice sanguis;
Hinc immaturo dejecti tempore flores,
Quæ prima esse solent capiti gestamina vestro;
Sæpe etiam turpes, exeso e stipite, bruchos
Dejicit in ramos, pars ne qua illæsa maneret.
Sæpeque canentes calvo de vertice cyrrhi
Delapsi vivum florum obfuscare nitorem.
Contra hæc, atque alia in nostram tentata salutem,
Auxilium supplex posco, ut tua, scilicet hostis
Late grassantem refrænet dextra furorem.
Unum hoc, ne prima cogar decedere sorte,
Sic hæc judicio vestro pensanda relinquens,
Oro vicinum perituro arcere periclum.
His mota, ad causam quercus se accingit agendam.
Diluat ut fictum crimen; sed prævius hostis
Irarum tantas exciverat ante procellas,
Ut decernendæ non sit data copia litis.

Hic sua tecta petens, ultrici fervidus irâ,
Volvebat sub corde minas, acuitque furorem.
Et jam funesta dextra est armata securi,
(Hei mihi, tam prompte occurrit scelerata securis!)
Jamque relegit iter, solus repetivit agellum.
(Quantilla ah opus est ope cui sunt vota nocendi!)
Quo minus appellet quercum, gravis obstitit ira,
Mollescens sensim ne fors languesceret ardor;
Atque in radicem libratos destinat ictus,
Ingeminans tremulo creberrima vulnera trunco;
At sæpe inflictæ est acies replicata securi,
Et jussa invitum penetrabat corpora ferrum.
Detrectasse operam videatur adacta securis,
Aut timide abstinuisse sacram violare senectam.
Nam longæva trabes multos jam vixerat annos,
Culta metu patrumque, et religione nepotum:
Transversoque crucis signo, quam sæpe rotatam
Illam lustrali festus circumtulit unda
Sacrificus; sed cura superstitiosa colentum
Vana fuit, miseram nequiens arcere senectam;
Aut jam vicinum trepidanti avertere casum.
Nam dominus ferrum tota cervice reductum
Vibrat, ut inflicto tremeret sub verbere truncus,
Vicinamque videns gemeret properare ruinam.
Cumque chalybs mediam penetrarat adusque medullam
Corruit, et duxit de nubibus acta ruinam:
Quassavit lassatam immani pondere terram,
Cedit et ipsa oneri, late et succussa tremiscit,
Ecce cadit quercus nullo miserante cadentem.
Nunc vacuo inflatus regnat paliurus in agro,
Vanaque ventoso turgescunt pectora fastu;
Sed viget ad tempus non duratura voluptas,
Nam tumidis irrumpit hyems armata procellis,
Et rigidus gelido Boreas bacchatur ab axe,

Pulsans dejecto viduatam robore veprem;
Nulla etenim stabat munitus parte misellus.
Nunc igitur sera damnat sua vota querela:
Namque quod assueto nudatus tegmine stabat,
Torpentem glacies mordebat frigore caulem,
In terram nutans madido caput imbre gravatur,
Et jam lassa nimis subsidunt pondere terga,
Amplius ut nequeant surrecto stipite stare;
Tum prostratus humi, et submersus vertice, cæno
Obteritur pedibus, carpunt et brachia tauri,
En talem vepris sortita superbia finem,
Quod senium sprevit.

Damon.

Ohe; jam satis est, jam finem abrumpe loquelæ;
Siste gradum, ad nihilum tantis ambagibus itur;
Lassas arrexi lentis sermonibus aures,
Dum miseri clunes hærent tellure refixi;
Quinetiam in venis stupidum riguisse cruorem
Sentio, et en, calci concrevit pera gelato:
Non facit ad tales hæc improba fabula casus:
Ito domum, pastor, prope jam lux occidit, ito.

ART. CCXI. *Nympha Libethris: or the Cotswold Muse, presenting some extempore verses to the imitation of yong Scholars. In four parts. London: Printed for F. A. at Worcester.* 1651. 12*mo. pp.* 96.

BY Wood's invaluable Athenæ,* we are informed that this rare little volume was the production of CLEMENT BARKSDALE, who was born at Winchcombe

* Vol. II. col. 812.

in Gloucestershire, Nov. 1609, had his grammar learning in the free-school at Abingdon, Berks, was entered a servitor of Merton College, Oxon. in Lent term 1625, but soon translated himself to Gloucester-hall, where he took his degrees in arts, received ordination, and in 1637 supplied the place of chaplain of Lincoln college at the church of All Saints. Being called from thence the same year, he was made master of the free-school at Hereford, and soon after, vicar of Allhallows in that city. When the garrison of Hereford was surprised by the parliamentary forces in 1646, he was rescued out of the danger, and placed at Sudeley, (doubtless by the Bridges family) where he exercised his ministerial function; and afterwards sheltered at Hawling in Cotswold, where he undertook a private school with success; and where he appears to have penned his *Nympha Libethris*. After the restoration he was settled, by royal gift, in the parsonage of Naunton, near Hawling, and Stow on the Wold, in Gloucestershire. These he retained till the time of his death, which took place in January 1657; having lived to a fair age, says Wood, and leaving behind him the character of an edifying preacher and a good neighbour. His publications were very numerous, though few of them continue to be regarded, unless it be his *Memorials of Worthy Persons* and *Remembrances of Excellent Men*, which are chiefly compilations. The copy of his *Cotswold Muse*, now before me, was procured by a friend from the library of Mr. Brand, at a high price; and as it is the only one which has met my observation, a particular state-

ment of its contents may be acceptable. Opposite the title are the following lines:'

"No *Frontispiece* my verses have,
But what kind readers' fansyes' grave.
The shadow of a spreading tree
From Sirius doth the shepheard free;
He listens to a silver spring
Whose waters, as they run, do sing;
A little house, *Roell*, is near
A palace, when her lord is there;
The gentle lambs are feeding by,
The Muse approaching, with fair eye
Offers her bounteous hand, and sayes—
'Shepheard, here take this sprig of bayes:'
'Embrace me, Virgin, answers he,
I care not for thy bayes, but Thee.'
He was too bold: the Muse too coy:
She frown'd, and threw the sprig away."

On the back of the title are two extracts from the epistles of Pliny, in apology for his volume of verses; besides a preparatory motto, to conciliate the reader's good will. Then follows—"The Consecration of all:"

"*To my Lady Chandos.**

"Madam, see here your Röell-Muse
Exults for joy, your name to use:

* Qu. Jane, daughter of John Earl Rivers, and second wife to George, sixth Lord Chandos, whom she outlived, and married again: though Collins, who gives this information, contradicts himself by saying Lord Chandos was thrice married. In the year after Barksdale published his book, Lord Chandos had a disagreement with

Fair, noble, good,* all titles due
Are understood, when I name *you:*
Well knowing every thing is grac'd,
That's under your protection plac'd.
She's innocent; yet flyes t' your wing
T' avoid suspicion. She doth bring
Some men of arms, and other some,
Whose praises do from learning come.
To Ladies she hath honour done:
And, above all, yourself are one.
She hath inserted a few toyes,
To please and profit the school-boyes.
I charge her, not disturb your pray'r,
(Though some time she breaths holy ayr,
And sings the Liturgy in verse;)
Nor unseasonably rehearse:
But wait till at your vacant time
You please to listen to her rime.
When you—'that's good' vouchsafe to say:
That, O that word's the poets' bay!"

After six lines addressed to the same, Latin verses succeed "Preceptori suo Mro C. B. signed Hackettus, others signed Thorn, and A. S. and English

Col. Henry Compton (grandson to Lord Compton) about a lady he recommended in marriage, whose person and fortune were below few matches in the kingdom: this difference unhappily ended in a duel, when Col. Compton fell by his Lordship's hand: on which account both he and his second, Lord Arundel of Wardour, were imprisoned for some time, and at last tried, and both found guilty of manslaughter. This melancholy event and its consequences, are likely to have made a deep impression on the mind of Lord Chandos, and might contribute to his immature decease; notwithstanding he is recorded to have died of the small-pox in February 1654. See Collins's Peerage.

* Alas! she did not prove *good* to the Brydges family! *Editor.*

compliments signatured Sackville, Stratford, Tounsend, and T. B. After a title-page to Part I. with a motto from Virgil, which adumbrates the general title—

Nymphæ, noster amor, *Libethrides:*

he offers a short dedication to his complimentary friends "adolescentibus bonæ spei;" and gives a list of the chief names honoured by his Muse. Instead of inserting this list, I shall proceed to denote more particularly the persons to whom these short poems are inscribed; with the designation of them: those with Latin prefixes, being written in Latin.

The following introductory lines present an apology for the negligence of his poetry.

"*To the Reader.*

"The Cotswold Muse so call'd, to do her right,
For rustic plainesse, not for any hight,
Humbly craves pardon, if she chance to meet
Some delicate reader on her tender feet.
She tunes her innocent notes for pupils yong,
Whose fancy can't digest a verse too strong:
High poems will deter them: these may teach
And animate, because so near their reach."

"Ad Magistrum Jonesium, Coll. Æn. socium.
Doctori Greenwood, procanc. Ox.
To Dr. Warren, why he makes verses.
On the Death of Mr. Charles Parry, physician, of Hereford.
To Mrs. Eliz. Williams, with *Fragmenta Regalia.*
To Mrs. Abigail Stratford, standing silent.

Preface to a paraphrase of Grotius *De Veritate*, &c.

To Mr. David Williams, with Instructions for Travell.

To my La. C. with some papers. Another.

Upon the picture of Grotius, in one of his books, put into English.

Upon H. Grotius, and his principal works, particularly *De Imperio*.

Ad Jacobum Commetinum Med. cum operibus Cratonis.

Ad Thomam Carew, apud J. C. cum Davenanti poëmatiis.

To Mr. T. S. at his general's funeral, Colonel Myn.

To Mr. Laurence Womock, after the taking of Hereford, 1645.

To Mr. Turner, when the Governour had given him one of his livings.

Ad D. Ro. Bosworthium, cum invitatus non veniret.

On the Translations by Sir Ro. Stapylton.

On Mr. Howel's Vocal Forest.

Upon a visit of my La. C.

Upon the decease of my infant lady.

Upon the scholars succeeding souldiers at Sudeley Castle to my Lo. C.

Sudeley to Rowill. Rowill to Sudeley.

Amico nobili D. Gul. Higford, cum elogiis Thuan.

The following lines in this place are worth transcribing, for the dignity of sentiment they convey.

" *Mens regnum bona possidet, &c.* SEN.

" Riches exalt not men on high,
Nor costly clothes of Tyrian dye:
Nor court, nor crown, nor other thing,
Is the mark proper for a King.
He, that from all base fears hath rest,
That banishes vice from his breast;
Whom no ambition doth move,
Nor the unconstant people's love:
Whose mind's his best dominion,
Free from unruly passion;
He's truly king. Thus, if you live,
A kingdom to your self you give."

At the funeral of his schoolfellow C. M. Another.

Upon the death of his brother C. M. to his uncle R. M.

Epitaphium Magistri T. Reading.

An Epitaph upon Mr. Jo. Thomas. Upon the same.

Upon the death of Mrs. Dorothy Thomas. Another.

Upon my La. C. and her sisters comming into the country in a very rainy day.

In Crastinam beatæ Luciæ.

In D. Doctorem Kerry, et Uxorem ejus piæ memoriæ."

Part II. is dedicated to the hopes of Hawling, Mr. Henry and Mr. Richard Stratfords.

The poems are addressed:

To Mr. Fra. Powell of Ch. Ch.

To Mrs. Jane Commelin.
To Dr. Rogers, Canon of Hereford.
A New Year's gift to Dr. Bosworth, physician of Hereford.
Upon his seven Children: two girls dead, one alive, and four boyes.
On the death of Mr. Fr. Pink.
To Dr. Charlton.
Upon Dr. Croft, Dean of Hereford.
To Sir Wm. Croft, with *Thuani Principes.*
Upon Dr. Brown, Dean of Hereford, preaching.
D. M. Godwino, prælectori Heref.
M. Stephano Philips prælectori electo, 1645.
To Mr. John Beale.
To the religious pair of widows, Mrs. P. Green and Mrs. M. Russel, with the La Falkland's life.
To Dr. Warren, with return of his Henry VIII.
Upon a new Book of Justification, promised by my La. C.
Upon Zuinglius: é Thuani Elogiis.
Upon Luther: ex eodem.
To Mr. Tho. Williams, at the Temple.
Mr. R. Samasio, C. C. C.
To Mr. Fra. Thorne,
To Mr. Tho. Bridges.
To Mr. Powell, for the fair wax-light he sent me.
To Mrs. Susanna Charlton. On the death of her mother, 1649.
To Mr. William Burton, upon his Clemens Rom.
In morte Gulielmi Fratris.
Grotius de Verit. Relig. Englished. To John and Richard Hows.

To a gentleman, with Dr. Featly's Handmaid.
To Mr. Savage.
To Mr. Edward Carew.
To Squire Higford, upon his Grandfather's Book.
To Mrs. Abigail Stratford.
D. Doctori Skinner, Cancell. Heref.
D. D. Wright, Doct. Medico.
Mr. Tho. Jamesio Col. O. A.

Part III. is thus dedicated to his nephew, J. B.

" The care thy Father once bestow'd on me,
I very gladly would return to thee.
What I to thee, (thus love in a blood runs)
Do thou communicate unto my sons.
I have no land to give, such is my chance:
Take this poeticall inheritance.
A little here is best; because much more
Of poetry, perhaps would make you poor."

" To Mr. Ro. Scudamore.
To L. Hedworth.
Upon Mr. William Lawes: To Mr. Will. Brode.
Upon Mr. Henry Lawes: To Mr. Jo. Philips.
Upon Beggers lodg'd in the Col. Heref. 1645. To Col. B.
Upon the taking of Hereford, Dec. 1645. To Col. James Wroughton.
Ad Guil. Turrium, T. B.
Mr. Freeman, Theologo Seni.
Ad M. Collierum.
Ad M. Palmerum.
To Mrs. Eliz. Williams; for Dr. Taylor's Rule.
Upon Dr. Hammond's Works: To Mr. Jn. Beale.
Jo. Warreno suo LL. Doctori.

V. Cl. Herberto Crofto, D. H.
To D. Rogers, C. R.
To Dr. Higs, D. L. upon Lord Verulam's motto.
To D. Critton, C. R.
Upon the death of B. Prideaux.
Upon Dr. Kerry and his Wife.
Upon Mr. Shirly's* Gram. Anglo. Lat.
An English Library: To Ri. Sackvill.† Guidam."

The former of these is long and serious: the latter is short and epigrammatic.

"Your man ask't, whether I did preach to-day
At Sudeley-chamber?—It was answer'd *ay*.
I came in time and preach'd: you absent were:
Did you ask *when?* that you might not be there."
Upon a Brother of his.
To old Mr. Tho. Hacket.
Chr. Merretto suo Doct. Med."

Part. IV. dedicates itself to his noble friend Mr. Tho. Bridges.

Then follows—"To Mr. D. W.
To Sir W. C. of Glo." (Qu. Sir Willm. Chandos, 7th baron?) This gratefully acknowledges the author's domestic obligations.

"After a chilling blast took me elsewhere,
My little family is planted here,
Whom Chandos' noble bounty now maintains;
And by your government, who hold the reins

* This was James Shirley, the poet and dramatic writer.

† Qu. Richard Ld. Buckhurst, who succeeded his father in 1652 as fifth Earl of Dorset? and may be traced as a noble author in Jonsonus Verbius.

So gently, yet with skill and care, I have
For my innocuous Muse leisure and leave,—
She is ambitious now to send you health,
And prepares for you th' Ebrew Commonwealth.*
Why should not my poor studies honour you?
Where the tree grows, sure there some fruit is due."

"To Mr. Fra. Powell of Ch. Ch.
To Dr. Fuller.
On the death of Sir Wm. Croft: to Col. Wroughton.
The Defence: to Mr. Fr. Powel of Ch. Ch.
Dr. Kerry's Counsel.
To Mrs. Stratford.
Guil. Turrio, cum non responderet.
Upon the death of Mr. William Whear, fellow of Merton, on St. Matth. day: to Mr. Sam. Whear.
To his Wife, at last a Nurse.
A parley 'twixt a Citizen and Soldier, at Hereford-siege, Sept. 1, 1645.
Upon his son C. B.
Upon Dr. Taylor's Funeral Sermon. To Mr. Savage.
To my sister Barksdale. To the same.
Upon the Book of Justification, written by J. G. sent me by my Lady Chandos.
Non nobis Domine, &c. In the Great Chamber at Sudeley: to my Lo. C.

"Chaudos, wh' adorn'd the princely chamber, where
So many friends and tenants welcom'd were,

* This he published in 1653, from Cunæus, De republicâ Hebræorum.

Caus'd the artificer on the wall to write
This sentence, and expos't to all men's sight:
So when our works are brought to end, must we
All sing aloud *non nobis, Domine!*
And I, my Lord, that for my Muse I may
Favour obtain, must *Kyrie Eleison* say.
'Twas her ambition her notes to sing
To the great grandson of the Cotswold-King."*

In Stapyltonum equitem Anglum interpretem Stradæ Romani.

To my brother D. Charlton.

Eidem Domino Gualt. Charltono. M. R.

To Mr. Edmund Bower.

To the worthy persons mentioned in these papers. Mrs. Ric. Hillo, T. B.

To Mr. Edmund Waller. (This compliment seems to have been undiscried by the editors of Sacharissa's bard.)

" A wit and poet's no reproach: to you
Both titles if to any one, are due.
Your name shall be enrolled, Sir, among
Best English poets, who write smooth and strong.
I know a man, had rather with your wit
Be th' happy author of a poem (yet
He studied long by the fair stream of Ouse)
Than be some potent Prince, or one o' th' House."

To Mr. J. C. physician.

To D. Merrett.

To Mr. Alex. Weld.

* Grey Brydges, fifth Lord Chandos, on account of his splendid retinue was styled " The King of Cotswold;" he was *father* of George Lord Chandos.

To Mr. F. B.
To Mr. W. T.
To the Critics.
Herbert and Crashaw.

"When into Herbert's Temple* I ascend
By Crashaw's Steps, I do resolve to mend
My lighter verse, and my low notes to raise,
And in high accent sing my Maker's praise!
Mean while these sacred poems in my sight
I place, and read, that I may learn to write."

"To F. A. stationer." This politic tribute makes it apparent that the name of his Worcester publisher was *Francis Ash*, who seems to have been a noted binder.

"*Franc*, you admire what shou'd the meaning be,
That my unknown Muse printed is for *thee*.
Here in the end, thou shalt the reason find:
'Tis printed (tak't not ill) for thee to bind.
None can compare to you, so finely well
You *bind*, that your books for the *outside* sell:
If by your close art you will set it forth,
My 'Cotswold Muse' will sell, though nothing worth:
And though the writer's wit give no great flash,
Readers will think 'tis good, 'cause bound by *Ash*."

Wood remarks that Barksdale was a great admirer of Hugo Grotius, whose life he published. This appears from the frequent mention of him in Nympha Libethris: but Wood adds, that our copi-

* Herbert's Temple, or sacred poems, were deservedly republished last year. Crashaw's Steps to the Temple had a selected reprint in 1785.

ous versifier was a "great pretender" to poetry: and this does not appear.*

T. P.

ART. CCXII. *The Joviall Crew, or the Devill turn'd Ranter: being a character of the roaring Ranters of these Times, represented in a Comedie. Containing a true discovery of the cursed conversations, prodigious pranks, monstruous meetings, private performances, rude revellings, garrulous greetings, impious and incorrigible deportements of a sect (lately sprung up amongst us,) called Ranters. Their names sorted to their severall natures, and both lively presented in action. London: Printed for W. Ley.* 1651. 4*to. pp.* 15.

GILDON says "it was printed in 1651, and that it exhibits a character of the roaring ranters of that time; but that was the age of saints not of ranters. However, this writer mentions the piece so particularly, that it is probable he had seen it." Biog. Dram. Gildon certainly saw a copy, though he has unwittingly called it an Interlude;† and as it appears little known, and a copy seldom occurs, the following short description may not prove unacceptable.

Opposite the title is a woodcut of the devil, travelling in a flaming car, drawn by two dragons, and attended by imps. The clouds in compartments,

* The Editor has since reprinted forty copies of this scarce little volume.

† The Biog. Dram. has added to this error the date of 1598. *Editor.*

after the manner of a map, with the words "London, Edenburgh, Dublin;" in the distance, a cottage with a man and woman seated on a hill, having sheep hooks. Beneath the print is

"*The Prologue.*

"Bedlam broke loose? Yes, hell is open too;
Mad-men, and fiends, and harpies, to your view
We do present: but who shall cure the tumor?
All the world now is in the ranting humor."

The scene is laid in London: and there is an enumeration of twenty-one characters besides Clink, *keeper of Finsbury*, a beadle, officers, &c. "Their names are sorted to their several natures," as Dose, an apothecary; Pidwidgin, a taylor; Pandorsus, agent for the devil; Mrs. Crave-drink, and Mrs. All-prate, &c. The first act consists of two scenes; in the first we are told, by "one sacred law, every man's wife must be at his friend's use;" and the second shews the characters dancing a merry jig and singing a ranting song. Pandorsus exhibits these mad pranks of the Joviall Crew for the amusement of his master. In the first scene of the second act, two citizen's wives agree to become of the new sect, and "be convertites together; as on that day, the prime of all the gang, the chief theologists and worthiest sisters of all that zealous tribe were to meet at a tavern." The next scene discovers the whole Crew of the Ranters at a tavern, where an order is given for "twenty gallons of rich sack, lights to adorn the room in every angle, a pound of right *varina*, and a gross of shining pipes, fit for a female's tooth." The third act opens with prepar-

ing to induct the two new members, and they accordingly appear in the following scene, when "all the old ranters, hand in hand, surround the two new ones (who are upon their knees) singing about them the following

"*Song.*

"Round, round, all in a ring,
Fellow creatures, let us sing;
Here are two, that come to be
Annext to our society:
By Pluto's crown, Proserpine's hair,
Cerberus' yell, Alecto's chair;
By Epicurus' happy life,
And Messalina, Claudius' wife;
By Venus' gloves, and Lais' paint,
By Jezabel, our chiefest saint;
By goats' desires, and monkies' heat,
Spanish flies, and stirring meat;
By the vigour of an horse,
By all things of strength and force;
By Alcides' back of steel,
By Jove's escapes, Omphale's wheel,
We adopt these happy pair,
Of our liberties to share;
Arise, arise, blest souls, and know
Now you may rant, *cum Privilegio.*
They dissolve their hands."

The conclusion of this scene prepares for poetical justice; the whole company are rendered insensible by a sleepy potion, and removed by the constable and watch to Finsbury. The two scenes of the fourth act consist of the Ranters recovering from their stupor Clink, the keeper, declaring their situ-

ation; the introduction of the two husbands of the new sectarists in disguise of Ranters, who are examined on certain items in their articles, and at the conclusion of the scene, "they fall together by the ears; the Ranters are soundly beaten, and their women carried off." In the last act the husbands discover themselves to their wives, and then "tear off their cloaths," that they may be "fitter to dance Lavaltoes." The other Ranters enter in their shirts and shifts, and the beadle, with his whip, has full charge of the company. "Exeunt omnes. Written by S. S. Gent. Licensed and published according to order. Finis."

Ross, in his "View of all the Religions of Europe," describes the Ranters as "a sort of beasts, that neither divide the hoof, nor chew the cud; that is to say, very unclean ones, by open profession of lewdness and irreligion." A character answering to the one given in this dramatic piece, the leaders of which appear to be noticed in the second act; when a fiddler sings a catch (the best and newest in town) "Excellent, says a Ranter, did this Minerva take flight from John Taylor's or Martin Parker's brain." In a few lines further is "a health to all our friends in Kent:" these allusions appear local; and probably the sect was as little worthy notice as the *sealed* votaries of Joanna Southcote are now.

To this may be added a short account of two scarce publications on the same subject. The first is

The Ranter's declaration, with their new oath and protestation; their strange votes, and a new way to get money; their proclamation and summons;

their new way of Ranting, never before heard of; their dancing of the hay naked, at the White Lyon in Petticoat-Lane; their mad dream, and Dr. Peckridge his speech; with their trial, examination, and answers; the coming in of 300, their prayer and recantation to be in all cities and market-towns read and published; the mad-Ranter's further resolution; their christmas carol and blaspheming song; their two pretended abominable keyes to enter heaven, and the worshipping of his little majesty, the late Bishop of Canterbury: a new and further discovery of their black art, with the names of those that are possest by the devil, having strange and hideous cries heard within them, to the great admiration of all those that shall peruse this ensuing subject. Licensed according to order, and published by M. Stubs, a late fellow-Ranter. [Wood-cut in four small squares—1. A saluting scene, "This is the way." 2. A tub preacher, "I wil deliver you." 3. A banquet, "We are all shakers." 4. Dancing the hay naked. "Play musick."] *Imprinted at London by I. C.—M.D.C.L. 4to. four leaves.*

In this tract there is the incredible number of 5000 civil Ranters mentioned, as also that 3000 had been re-converted since November; and "the truth and certainty of these particulars are attested by (eight names) late fellow-Ranters."

The Declaration of John Robins, the false prophet, otherwise called the Shakers-god; and Joshua Beck and John King, the two false disciples; with the rest of their fellow creatures, now prisoners in the New Prison at Clarkenwell: delivered to divers

of the gentry and citizens, who on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday last, resorted thither to dispute with them. With the citizen's proposals to the said John Robins, concerning his opinion and judgment, and his answer thereunto; together with his prophesie of what is to come to pass this year 1651, *and the strange things revealed to him: his religion, principles, and creed, as also his blasphemous tenets, in attributing an inspiration from the Holy Ghost; with the manner of their diet, and his woe pronounced concerning all those that drink ale. By G. H. an ear-witness.* [Wood-cut, ut supra.] *London: Printed by R. Wood,* 1651. *4to. 4 leaves.*

The titles of these tracts more than describe their contents. In the last is mention of "Mr. Underwood, a reformado in the Lord General's regiment, having been a notable companion with those people which are vulgarly called Ranters."* That in "the age of Saints," the saints were the greatest sinners, appears on all occasions; and the description of "The Joviall Crew," improperly foisted into the dramatic lists, is further proof that their immaculate acts would not bear the test of reason: though the Shakers appear from this inconsiderable; the names of ten being only given as committed to prison, Saturday, 24 May, 1651. J. H.

* Butler, in the Second Volume of his Remains, published by Thyer, has left the character of a RANTER; whom he represents as "a monster produced by the madness of his age, as a fanatic Hector who found out (by a very strange way of new light) how to transform all the devils into angels of light; for he believes all religion consists in looseness, and that sin and vice is the whole duty of man." *Editor.*

ART. CCXIII. *The blesssed Birth-Day, celebrated in some religious Meditations on the Angels' Anthems. Luke* ii. 14. *Also holy Transportations, in contemplating some of the most observable Adjuncts about our Saviour's nativitie. Extracted for the most part out of the sacred scriptures, Ancient Fathers, Christian poets, and some modern approved authors. By Charles Fitz-Geffry.* 1634. 4*to.* 1636. 1654. 12*mo.*

CHARLES FITZ-JEFFRY, says Wood,* was born of a genteel family in the county of Cornwall, became a commoner of Broadgate's hall, Oxford, in 1592, took the degrees in arts, entered upon the clerical function, and obtained the rectory of St. Dominic, in his own country, where he was esteemed a pure and learned divine, as before he was an excellent Latin poet. His productions are severally alluded to, in a copy of verses by Hen. Beesely, prefixed to an early edition of the Blessed Birth-Day.

" Your younger wit, as taking a delight
In bold atchievements, ventred to recite
The deeds of valiant Drake;† who, by your skill
And strong description, goes that voyage still
Which once he did; and, with full blasts of fame,
Yet sailes securely round the earth againe.

Thou, as experience taught you to survey
The world's conditions, your free Muse would play

* Ath. Oxon. I. 606.

† In 1595, Fitz-Geffry had published a metrical history of the Life and Death of Sir Francis Drake.

In various Epigrams;* where both for tongue,
Conceit, and choice of verse, you seeme to runne
With foremost Martial, and so thrive therein,
That you come nearest to the goale, next him.

But having now retraited from the foame
Of surging youth, and safe at length come home,
To quiet age, diviner thoughts inspire
Your pregnant fancy, and with holier fire
Must exercise your soaring braine, to tell
The Natals of our Saviour,† which so well
You have displaid," &c.

Fitz-Geffry obtained the applauses of many co-temporaries for his religious strains, and not without deserving them, since he seems to have performed better than most others, what human intellect can never adequately accomplish. His suitable conception of the high task he had undertaken may be gathered from the following paragraph.

"Lascivious songs, vain carols, now avaunt!
And whatsoe'er prophane throats use to chaunt,
Which through the ear pours poison to the heart:—
A better subject doth this Day impart;
To sacred songs is Sion's Muse inclinde,
Some holy matter fits a holy minde.
Sing we high mysteries in an humble strain,
And lofty matters in a lowly vein;
The sacred subject which we sing affords
Strong lines, but strong in matter not in words:

* These Epigrams were written in Latin, and published in 1601, under the title of "Affaniæ."

† "The Blessed Birth-Day," which was printed when the author was in his sixtieth year."

For things so high they cannot be exprest
By any words—the plainest are the best.
He who was born so humble, doth refuse
To have his Birth sung by a swelling Muse.
Ill doth a flaunting phrase devotion fit;
We sing to shew our zeal, and not our wit.
Let Gentiles strive to be prophanely wittie,
This Holy Day calls for an holy ditty:
Then let our dittie answer to the Day,
And, with Heav'ns quiristers, let's sing and say—
Glory to GOD on high, in earth be peace,
And let good-will towards Christians never cease!"

T. P.

ART. CCXIV. *Occasion's Off-spring; or, Poems upon severall occasions. By Mathew Stevenson. London: Printed for Henry Twyford in the Middle Temple.* 1654. 8vo. *pp.* 125.

THE versification of this poet (whom Walpole styles "an humble author,") is in general inharmonious and irregular, and his chief merit arises solely from that variety of measure which it appears he could readily adopt. The following poem lays some claim to our approbation.

"*The Choice.*

'Tis not thy rubie lips, nor rosie cheeks,
In which my heart a full contentment seekes;
'Tis not the treasure of thy golden tresses,
That makes me rich, or challenge my caresses,
Nor yet thy light-dispersing eyes, though they
Be the true phosphose of the breaking day;

But I have suited at a nobler rate,
Then to court paint; beauties inanimate;
In summe there's nothing, out-sides can impart,
Hath power to make a conquest on my heart.
But I love you, whose beauty still I find
An index to the beauty of your mind.
You are the pearl that highest value win,
Being faire without, and cordiall within."

J. H. M.

ART. CCXV. *Dia, a poem: to which is added, Love made Lovely. By William Shipton. Published by a Friend. Hoc dedit ut perstant. London: Printed for Charles Tyus, at the signe of the three Bibles, on the middle of London Bridge*, 1659. *Sm. 8vo. pp.* 172.

IF this volume *was* published by a friend, it must have been prepared for publication by its author, since it contains a dedication and an address to the reader signed by himself. Two commendatory poems follow, by Jo. Cooke, Gent. Artiæ Clar. and Richard Shipton. The latter writes

"Thy fame in *quartoes* thou dost raise,
Whose comments must in *folios* praise."

This appears as little intelligible as the poet's own lays, which form a compound of fiction and affectation still more repulsive to a modern reader than the pedantic love-verses of Cowley: though he had certainly studied, without any capacity to emulate, the amatory effusions of Carew. I cite the following stanzas from one of his most favourable specimens. It is designed for an epithalamium, to be sung by a train of virgins.

" Wanton Amorists, do not seek
After superficiall Fair;
Rome or Carthage, in the air,
Painted dainties of a cheek.

Touch the inward joys refin'd,
Instruments are for the play,
Sun-beams guild a cloudy day,
Hidden pleasures cloyes the mind.

Steal no commet to discry
Solar glories of a glance,
Blazon'd beautie's radiance
Darted from a pearled eye.

But with sweetest love imbrace
Those red-mantled beams which be
Rayed in rich oriencie
Of a starr-discoloured face.

Rob no more brave Phœnix nest,
Or the Indian sugred breath,
From the spicy gumms unsheath,
To perfume the Lady's breast.

But entomb your lovely arm
In those rosarie-set groves,
Like the skie renowning Jove's,
By a Cyprian-weaved charm.

Do no more those rayes admire,
Which dame Nature doth bestow
On a face by Cupid's bow,
Darting an unvanquisht fire.

Foolish lover, rather try
How you may those flames despise
Beamed from the sunny eyes
Of the wanton's chivalry.

For a feature will expire;
As the diamond diadem
Grafted in an oyster's stem,
Cannot glore in rich attire."

Verses even more obscure than these, extend to sixty-five pages. A prose piece of unmeaning bombast, called "Cupid made to see," &c. runs on to p. 130. Then follow Elegies on his friend Thomas Shipton, drowned: on the most heroick Lord Sheffield; on Robert Wilson, a famed musician; with additionals in prose and verse that are undeserving of enumeration. The worthlessness of the publication is the probable cause of its scarcity; for I have seen but one copy, which was procured from the collection of Dr. Farmer.

T. P.

By another Correspondent.

Another copy of this scarce little book having fallen in my way, I give an additional extract.

"*To his friend, on the sight of his Lady.*

"See where she comes; behold, espy
A second Helen's beauteous face;
A front of thunder lightning eye;
Transmorphosing Acteon's case,
Just in my breast, for now I feel
The golden dart no leaden steel,
Ixion's ever turning wheel.

Forbid it Jove, or how shall I
At sacred altars pray;

When I am Venus' votary
Conducted with that May.
Impossible to quench, I burn
In flames, less I return
Chaste Phenix from a dying urn.

Is Celia fallen from above,
To court some human race;
Here is no Ganymede of love,
A Paris, Jove-like grace.
To wanton with the sweetest sport
As petulants who do resort
To the admired Roman court.

Is the world's paramour in mind,
In this undaunted wrath,
Her childish amorist to find
Wilder'd in some path,
Of woods where noxious creatures lye,
And so in equipage to try
If he be void of jealousy.

To wander thus, is but in vain,
What secret Phillis proves
That heaven which mad poets feign
Elizium's but in loves.
Blest Indies there, but every grace
Of happiness dwells in the place
Of a rare-welcomed embrace.

There is an injeweled May
On the odoriferous bowers,
There is April's courtier's gay,
Dismantling royal flowers.
June's July's golden crest
All spiceries which verdant rest
I' th' roseals of the perfum'd east.

Elixir-fragrant blossoms rise
With the unpregnant sweets,
Fair types of flowery paradise,
Here roses lilies greets.
And all to satisfy the sight
Of her I viewing appetite,
Still hunting pleasures with delight.

But now we've seen enough I know,
Gods often are in human show."

ART. CCXVI. *Naps upon Parnassus. A sleepy Muse nipt and pincht, though not awakened. Such voluntary and jovial copies of verses as were lately received from some of the Wits of the Universities in a frolick, dedicated to Gondibert's Mistress by Captain Jones, and others. Whereunto is added, for demonstration of the author's prosaick excellencys, his Epistle to one of the Universities, with the Answer: together with two satyrical characters of his own, of a Temporizer and an Antiquary. With marginal notes by a friend to the reader. London: Printed by express order from the Wits, for N. Brook, at the Angel in Cornhill,* 1658. 8*vo*.

FROM the mention of "Gondibert's Mistress" in the title-page, these satirical poems have been thought to glance at Sir William Davenant, whose *lapsus amoris* became the butt of all the wits. But we are informed by Wood,* that the real object of ridicule was Samuel Austin, a Cornish man and a

* Athen. Oxon. II. 343.

commoner of Wadham* college, who being extremely conceited of his own worth, and over-valuing his poetical fancy more than that of Cleveland, (who was then accounted the hectoring prince of poets) he was served up by the university-wags in a banquet of banter, as Coriat had been before. The discovered contributors to this volume appear to have been Flatman of New College, Sprat and Woodford of Wadham, the latter known by his paraphrastic version of the Psalms; Sylvanus Taylour and George Castle of All Souls, and Alexander Amidei, a teacher of Hebrew: but it is probable that several others joined in this personal pasquinade, as initial signatures are annexed to most of the pieces, of which the titles may partly serve to display the humour.

A prose advertisement, dated from the Apollo in Fleet Street, May 30, 1658, is ludicrously signed Adoniram Banstittle, alias Tinder box. The remainder are penned in variety of verse.

1. Upon the infernal shade of the Author's poems: or the hooded Hawk.†

* The title to his poem of Urania, announces him B. A. of Ex[eter] Coll. Oxon.

† A stanza in this partly reveals his name.

"Our author's much better
In every letter
Then Robin‡ and Horace Flaccus:
He is called *Samuel*,
Who ends well and began well;
And if we are not glad, he can make us."

‡ Herrick.

2. *Incerti Authoris.* Upon the incomparable and inimitable Author, and his obscure poems. *W. P.* A. M. *W. C. Oxon.*
3. To his ingenuous Friend, the unknown author of the following poems. *S. T.* A. M. *W. C. Oxon.*
4. To the abstruse Authour, on his night-work poems. *V. M.*
5. On Mr. Somebody's poeticall Naps upon Parnassus. *G. C.* M. A. *S O A C. Oxon.*
6. *Sonetto in Lode del Autore:* or, in plain English, A Jew's letter in ink, to commend our Negro. *Alexandro Amidei Fiorentino.*
7. Drollery. Upon the most illustrious, though most obscure, dark, black, misty, cloudy poems of the Authour: or the *Aquila in nubibus. G. I.** M. A. *W. C. Oxon.*
8. *Carmen Proverbiale exclamatorium in laudem Authoris. Pars prior. T. F. nuper N. C. Oxon. Soc.*
9. The second part, in the Authour's language. Being a verse panegyrick, in praise of the Authour's transcendently delicious poeticall dainties, inclosed in the Wicker-basket of his critique poems. *T. F.* lately *F. N. C. Oxon.*
10. *A son Ami, ce l'Autheur de cette Livre sur son Obscuritie.* Upon the same. *H. L.* W. C. C.
11. Upon the gurmundizing quagmires and most adiaphanous bogs of the Author's obnubilated roundelayes. *T. C.* of Q. K. C.

* Qu. Gilbert Ironside? M. A. of Wadham College.

12. To his ingenuous friend the Author, on his incomparable poems. *Carmen jocoserium.*

13. "Once again." This I extract, as it is thus referred to by Warton in his preface to Milton's Juvenile Poems: "In an old miscellany, quaintly called 'Naps on Parnassus,' and printed in 1658, there is a recital of the most excellent English poets; but there is not a syllable of the writer of L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, and Comus."

"*Carmen Jocoserium.*

"If I may guess at poets in our land,
Thou bear'st them all above and under hand,
Nay, under leg too; for thy feet out run 'em,
As far as is from Oxford unto Lon'on:
Nay, give them half in half, thou creepest faster
Then Scotish posts, that in the greatest haste are:
Nor in thy speed alone do lie thy glories,
But thou'rt so sweet, that done, thou tastest morish.
Who ere (I wiss) did see one, like thee, handy?
And rhymes deliciouser than sugar candy?
To thee compar'd, our English poets all stop,
And vail their bonnets, even Shakespear's Falstop.*
Chaucer, the first of all, wasn't worth a farthing,
Lidgate, and Huntingdon, with Gaffer Harding.†
Nonsense the Faëry Queen, and Michael Drayton,
Like Babel's Balm,‡ or rhymes of Edward Paiton.§
Waller, and Turlingham, and brave George Sandys,‖
Beaumont and Fletcher, Donne, Jeremy Candish,

* It should have been Falstaff, if the rhyme had permitted.

† The Chronicler. ‡ By Vicars.

§ Peyton wrote the Glasse of Time.

‖ See Censura, and Ellis's Specimens of English Poetry, III. 24.

Herbert and Cleaveland, and all the train noble.
Are Saints-bells unto thee, and thou great Bow-bell.
Ben Johnson 'tis true shew'd us how he could hit
Each humour now; and then be out of it;
Nor could he alwayes keep his Muse a gallop,
With curb or whip, but sometimes had but small hope.
Cowley alack's too plain; his Davideis
But fit for boyes to read, like Virgil's Enæis:
And for his Mistress and his other poems,
Anacreontique, and Pindarique theams,
They have no method in 'um, and are not worth
One pin to kindle fires and set on hot broth.
None like to thee but the writer of URANIA,*
Or Frier John, the Poet of Normannia;
With Pagan Fisher,† who erst made a speech
To shew that he could versifie and preach;
And put it in the News-books too, for all
To know, how he was jeer'd in Christ-Church Hall.
Thou bee'st a brave boy, trust me if thou ben't
The best that ever eat salt fish in Lent;
Which makes thy verses too to be so witty,
Because thou seasonest so well each ditty.

S. W.‡ W. C. C. Oxon.

14. An Autoschediastique to the ingenuous Authour, on his poems so miscellaneous. *N. F.* C. W. F. Oxon.

* "Urania, or the heavenly Muse," was a poem published by S. Austin in 1629, and occurs in the King's library.

† This was Payne Fisher, poet laureat to Oliver Cromwell, who sometimes wrote himself Paganus Piscator. The speech here mentioned, is likely to have been "Oratio anniversaria in diem Inaugurationis seroniss. principis Olivari prepotentiss. Protectoris." 1655: and the News-book was 'Mercurius politicus.'

‡ Samuel Woodford, says a note in Athenæ Oxon. II. 901.

15. Upon the nebuligerous, tenebricoeform'd wit of the Authour, absconded in the nigricated womb of these poems. *Adoniram Bitefig of Utopia.*
16. To his highly esteemed friend the Authour, on his inspired poems. *H. W.* W. C. C. Oxon.
17. Upon the light-footed, though dark poems of the Authour; so nimble, that they skip out of the reader's sight though he hastes never so fast to overtake them. *Don John Puntæus* ὁ ἐμπυρικὸς.
18. To the unknown Author, *R. F.*
19. Upon the blackness of darkness; the Authour's poems. Timothy Tinder-box of Jamaica.
20. Upon the Author's incomparable Hogan Mogan Mysteries, lockt up in the duskie shady chest of his poems: a Jack in a Box. *W. G.* C. W. C.
21. Upon the Author's Mystery of Babylon. *J. D.* W. C. C.
22. Upon the incomparably high-fancied poems of the Author, so monstrously obscure. *T. S.* W. C. F. Oxon."

At the close of these metrical mummeries is printed an "Epistle Dedicatory made by the authour (upon some dislike) and presented to his now adopted mother, the university of Cambridge:" with an Answer from Alma Mater to her "dearest adopted Biern." We learn from Wood that Austin went to Cambridge for a time, after having taken

one degree in arts at Oxford: and hence the origin of this feigned epistolary intercourse.

Another title now presents itself, announcing—

The Author's own Verse and Prose. With Marginall Illustrations on his Obscurities, by a Friend to the reader. Semel in anno ridet Apollo. Printed by the same order, i. e. from the Wits.

These pretended originals of the burlesqued author, are much in the jocose style of those preceding: but the force and point of them is now diminished, from being unacquainted with the specimen of the bathos, which they seem designed to expose. I extract one of the shortest.

"*A New-Year's Gift.*

"Sing this to the dismal tune of 'The Lady and Blackmore.'

"No *Venus' gloves*, or *Lady's lock*,*
I here present to thee:
I give a *damask rose* of Love,
Mine heart! keep it for me.

Hearts are best *New-year's gifts* 'mongst friends;—
In giving mine I'll please;
Return me your's, then so shall I
From you receive *heart's-ease*." †

Two characters in prose, one of a Temporizer, the other of an Antiquary, conclude this very quaint and motley publication.

* "Viz. a switch lock."

† "A flower that seldom grew in the Author's garden."

ART. CCXVII. *Small Poems of Divers Sorts. Written by Sir Aston Cokain. London: Printed by Wil. Godbid*, 1658. *Sm.* 8*vo. pp.* 508, *besides preface, and a copy of commendatory verses by Tho. Bancroft.*

THE reader will find in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1797, p. 554, a memoir of Sir Aston Cokayne, drawn principally from various notices in the volume, now registered, by the present Editor. One or two new title-pages, with some variations of words and dates, were afterwards affixed by the booksellers to this publication,—as *A Chain of Golden Poems*—and *Choice Poems.** Sir Aston was born at the ancient family seat, Ashbourne Hall, in Derbyshire, (now Sir Brook Boothby's) in 1608, and died at Derby 1683.

The volume contains two dramatic works; each of which has a separate title-page: thus, at p. 289, *The Obstinate Lady, a Comedy, written by Aston Cokain. London: Printed by William Godbid*, 1658. At p. 411, *Trappolin creduto Principe. Or Trappolin supposed a Prince. An Italian Trage-Comedy. The scene part of Italy. Written by Sir Aston Cokain. London, &c.* (as before.)

* See Gent. Mag. 1797, p. 737. Mr. PARK thinks the poems never reached a second impression. But Oldys mentions among his MS. notes, "Poems with the Obstinate Lady, and Trappolin, supposed a Prince: by Sir Aston Cokayne, Bart. Whereunto is now added The Tragedy of Ovid, intended to be acted shortly. Printed for Phil. Stephens, &c. 8vo. 1662," with his portrait, and a poem to the author by Tho. Bancroft.

The greater part of these poems consist of a kind of doggrel rhyme; but as they contain many local and personal notices, they are at least curious to the inhabitants of Derbyshire, and its neighbourhood. But the Masque* presented at Brethy Hall in Derbyshire, the seat of Lord Chesterfield, on Twelfth Night, 1639, shews talents for an higher kind of poetry.

The various pieces are called eclogues, love-elegies, funeral-elegies, songs, encomiastic verses, &c. but principally epigrams, which consist of two books, and the beginning of a third.

EPIG. XXXIX. B. II.

To my Honoured Friend, Mr. Samuel Roper.

" Make Derbyshire by your most able pen
Allow you her obliging'st countreyman;
From dust and dark oblivion raise her glories,
And from old records publish all her stories.
So you, with Mr. Dugdale, shall remain,
Your country's honour; other country's stain."

EPIG. LIV.

To my honoured Cousin, Sir Francis Burdet, Bart.

" The honest poet, Michael Drayton, I
Must ever honour for your amity:
He brought us first acquainted; which good turn
Made me to fix an elegie on's urn:
Else I might well have spar'd my humble stuff;
His own sweet Muse renowning him enough.

*This has been reprinted in The Topographer, Vol. IV. p. 38, as well as some of the epigrams, p. 112.

In Warwickshire your house and mine stand near;
I therefore wish we both were settled there;
So we might often meet, and I thereby
Your excell'nt conversation oft enjoy.
What good should you get by it? Truly none:
The profit would accrue to me alone."

B. I. EPIG. LXIII.

To the truly noble Sir Arthur Gorges. *

"Those worthy Romans that scorn'd humble things,
Created, and obliged after-kings,
Amidst their thoughts of highest honour, ne'er
Conceiv'd imaginations 'bove your sphere;
The Babylonian Euphrates may
For ever run, and Tybris never stay;
The plenteous Rhine continually speed on,
And Danubie, each to its ocean;
And not outgo your fair and high repute,
Which doth amuse the world, and strike me mute."

I guess my readers by this time have had enough; and that it becomes me to stop my pen. †

ART. CCXVIII. *Religionis Funus, et Hypocritæ Finis.*

Quasi vulpes in deserto,
Prophetæ tui, O Israel. Ez. xiii. 4.

* I presume, the translator of Lucan.

† He published also "Dianea, an excellent new Romance, writ in Italian by Giovanni Francisco Loredano, a noble Venetian, in four books, translated into English by Sir Aston Cokaine, 8vo. 1643. 1654."

Ne rodas jubeo, mea carmina, Mome, sed orbi
Ede tua, et Momos etiam tu Momus habebis.

Londini, Excudit Tho. Whitaker, MDC.XLVII. 4to. pp. 22.

THIS rare little volume, which is accompanied by as rare a print of the author, Henry Oxinden, had never been seen by Granger, whose account is erroneous in both editions of his work. He calls the author Sir Henry Oxinden, and says he was ancestor of the present Baronet of that name. But he was only a collateral branch of that family.

The print (which is prettily engraved, and has been lately copied by Richardson) is inscribed "*Hen. Oxinden de Barham.*" Beneath this motto "*Non est mortale quod opto.* 1647." In the upper corners, the arms and crest, viz. 1 & 4. Arg. a chevron gules between 3 oxen passant Sab. for *Oxinden* 2 & 3 Az. on a chevron argt. 3 talbots passant sable for *Brooker of Maydekin.* Crest, a lion's head full faced issuing out of a ducal coronet. He was son of Richard Oxinden of Little Maydekin in Barham (or rather Denton, for the house stands in Denton Street at the junction of the two parishes) in East Kent, (which Richard died 1629,) by Katherine daughter of Sir Adam Sprackling of Canterbury, Knt. Richard, the father, was 2d son of Sir Henry Oxinden of Dene in Wingham, in East Kent, by Elizabeth daughter and heir of James Brooker of Maydekin, who died 1588. Henry, the author, was buried at Denton June 17, 1670.* He seems to have been a decided loyal-

* His descendant and heir, Lee Warley of Canterbury, Gent. lately died at Canterbury, aged upwards of 90; and left his library

ist, which was not the case with the head branch of his family.

The book has nothing but its rarity worthy of notice. On this account alone I give the following extracts.

"*Ad Lectorem.*

"Lector, conjuro te, ne carmina nostra in obliquum sensum, et extra intentionem nostram torqueas. Minime quidem propositum nostrum est, in ignominiam sanctorum, et hominum vere religiosorum tubam nostram inflare. Absit, absit a nobis hujus farinæ Musica. Nos tantum in cautionem hypocritarum, hominum bicordium, quales Apostolus in ultimo hoc sæculo venturos prædixit, metra nostra proferrimus; quorum sermones satis prolixi plerunque tendunt ad suorum commodum, ideoque ut ipse dixit CHRISTUS, scrutator cordium, in speciem utuntur longis precibus, ut exinde exedant domos viduarum, ut ab hiis caveas, exoptat

Amicus tuus,
HEN. OXINDEN
de Barham."

"*Hypocritæ Finis*

"Quid si ipsas feriet capite excellentia nubes?
Ipse in perpetuum sicut sua fœda peribit
Stercora; dicet ubi est tandem qui viderat illum?
Atque volans non visus abest ut visio noctis.

of books, many of which were collected by the above H. Oxinden, to the parish of Elham, next Denton; with money to build a room next the church, in which to deposit them.

Et vidisse sat est oculo qui vidit, et ultra
Heu locus ipsius non contemplabitur ipsum
Ossa juventutis vitiis implentur iniquæ,
Cumque illo remanent misero sociata sepulchro.
O quam dulce suo scelus ipsius ore fuisset!
Et quam sub linguâ tacite celaverat illud!
Atque epulæ illius conversæ in viscera ventris
Illic instanter factæ lethale venenum.
Evomuisset opes male quas sui repserat omnes,
Nam de ventre ejus DEUS ipse extraxerat illas.
Aspidis hic suxit cerebrum, quoque vipeæ linguas
Occidit, hic nunquam rivos spectabit amœnos
Mellis torrentes dulcis, butyrique placentis.
Exitus hic malus est hominis, qui bella movebat
In cœlum, DOMINUMQUE suum REGEMQUE beatum.
Hi, quamvis titulis speciosis fallere mentes
Mortales possunt, quamvis imponere turbis
Simplicibus valeant verbis, et pectore ficto,
Non tamen illi oculum qui conspicit omnia fallent
Ætherie patris, qui cernens abdita rerum
Intima rimatur clausi penetralia cordis.
Qui capite obliquo incedunt, qui lumine terram
Figunt, qui longo ducunt suspiria tractu,
Quique preces longas bulbis de naribus efflant,
Atque supercilio breviores ferre capillos
Gaudent, sed ficto simulant pia pectora vultu,
Qui facie gestant agnas, sed corde leones:
Hi quamvis fallant homines mendacibus umbris,
Et ficta pietate colant, et Sabbata servant,
Non tamen illudent oculis vigilantis Olympi.
Tempus erit, quando Dominus qui pectora cuncta
Scrutatur, vultus simulatos deteget omnes,
Et manifestabit secreta latentia cordis,

Tunc deturbabit cunctos ad Tartara fictos
Torquendos sine fine pice, et nigrantibus undis
Cocyti, et facibus furiarum ardentibus intus."

Such are the contents of this little volume. I am afraid the author's English poetry has still less claims to praise, if we may judge from the only specimen in my power, which is copied from a mouldering tombstone under the communion rails of my little church of Denton. It is the epitaph on my remote predecessor.

"*Epitaph.*

"Sir Anthony Perceval, Knight, 12 Jan. 1646,
Aged about 45, and Dame Gertrude, * his Lady
Deceased May 12, 1647, aged 33; from hence
Expect the speedy return of their blessed Saviour."

"Behold the ashes of a worthy Knight,
Which make for thee, O Reader, a glasse light.
Hee had not been confined to this grave,
If wit or prudence him from thence could save.
But these his vertues only were the shade
Of heavenly grace that flowers in their fade.
And thou in Christ thy choicest giftes must raise

† ——— ——— ———
† ——— ——— ———

Who ——— with vertue's highest spheare,
And where both wits and beauties were abundant,
E'en there for wit and beauty was transcendant.
But this her graces above all did beare,
That they were sublimated in God's feare,

* She was daughter of Sir Henry Gibbs, of Co. Warwick, Bart.
† Covered by the Communion rails.

Who loving her before the world began,
Ordained her a spouse for's only sonne.
O blest beyond the reach of human chance,
Whom neither Order nor yet Ordinance
Can hurt or reach, or Envy can annoye,
Or vote them from the pleasures they enjoye.
And Death——————in vain.
For these your Master———with him to raigne.*

TESTE HEN. OXINDEN
De Barham."

ART. CCXIX. *Jobus Triumphans.*—Ιδε μακαριζομεν τες ὑπομενονλας τον ὑπομονην Ιωβ ηκυζατε, και το τελος κυριε εδετε. ΙΑΚΩΒ. ε. ια.

Vincit qui patitur.

MDCLI. [Corrected with a pen MDLVI.] *Small 8vo. pp. 39.*

THIS is another Latin poem by Henry Oxinden of Barham. From the author's own copy I am furnished with the following MS. notices regarding himself.

He was born Jan. 18, 1608, the eldest son of Ri-

* Sir Anthony Percival (who appears by his arms to have been of the Egmont family) left a son and heir, John Percival, Esq. who married a coheir of the family of Monins of Walderhare, (now the seat of Lord Guilford.) He sold the Denton estate about the time of the Restoration. Sir Anthony's first wife, Alice Kempe, has a monument in St. James's church, Dover, 1637, (see Topogr. I. 125) where a funeral sermon was preached on the occasion by the learned John Reading, for whose numerous publications see Wood's Ath. II. 407.—Sir Anthony was at that time Comptroller of the Customs at Dover. He was knighted by Charles I. on Dec. 8, 1641.

chard Oxinden, who was born in July 1588, the son of Sir Henry Oxinden of Wingham, Knt. and married Jan. 11, 1607, Katherine Sprakeling, daughter of Sir Adam Sprakeling, Knt. and died May 20, 1629.

"June 16, 1624," says he, "I went with my father, Mr. Richard Oxinden, to Oxford, I then beeing about fifteene yeares and six months of age. June 23, 1626, I was taken so sicke as I hardly recovered: it was at Oxford: Dr. Bambridge beeing my phisition: and May 27, 1645, I was againe taken so sicke as I very hardly recovered: it was at Barham: Charles Annoots, Mr. Bryan, and Mr. John Swan were then my physitions."

"April 1, 1627. I tooke the degree of a Batchelour of Art."

Thus these notices add an article to Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses.

"April 16, 1667, I was at Ripple Court, and then I first began to be sensible of my sickness, and weakness."

"*Extracts from the parish Registers of Denton and Barham.*

"1629, May 23. Mr. Richard Oxinden of Barham, buried in Denton church." *Denton R.*

"1633, Feb. 27. The son of Mr. Henry Oxinden baptised." *Barham R.*

"1640, Aug. 30. Anne Oxinden the wife of Henry buried." *Denton R.*

"1642. Henry Oxinden and Katherine Cullen married." *Barham R.*

"1655. Richard, son of Mr. Thomas Oxinden, baptised." *Barham R.*

"1670, June 17. Fryday buried Mr. Henry Oxinden * of this parish." *Denton R.*

"1698, Sept. 16. Mrs. Oxinden, widow, was buried," *Denton R.*

"1679, May 4. Buried in the chancel Mr. John Warley, Rector of Charlton, nigh Dover." *Denton R.*

"1716, 17, Mar. 1. Mrs. Katharine Warley † buried." *Denton R.*

JOBUS TRIUMPHANS, the poem now before me, consists of 766 hexameter verses. It possesses much more merit than the FUNUS RELIGIONIS. It has commendatory verses by Alexander Ross; William Nethersole of the Inner Temple; Franc. Howard; H. Jacob; Joh. Neale; Jo. Ludd; E. B. two copies; and his son Thomas Oxinden.

The copy before me has also three additional copies of verses in MS. by H. B.; by his grandson Richard Oxinden; and by John Pierce; the latter

* Henry Oxinden had two younger brothers. 1. Rev. James Oxinden of Goodnestone, whose son the Rev. James O. of Little Hempston, Co. Dev. was father of Anne wife of Benjamin Pearse of Broad Hempston, Co. Dev. 2. Richard O. of Rochester, Esq. who died about 1691, and whose grandson, Geo. O. of Chelsea, Gent. was living 1724.

† Her son John Warley, surgeon, was father of the late Lee Warley of Canterbury, the heir of this family, who possessed all the books and estates of his ancestor Henry Oxinden.

Margaret, sister of Katharine Warley, married in 1649 John Hobart of Quarington in Mersham, Kent, Esq.

consisting of fifty-eight hexameter and pentameter lines; and dated Mar. 20, 1657.

It seems that a report which had reached the author of his poem being read in foreign schools much flattered him. It is recorded by the following MS. notice.

"The gentleman who told mee of your JOB TRIUMPHANT being read in schooles beyond sea, is now in Paris; his name his ROCH, who was to have been Major to Colonel Stannyers his Regiment, Feb. 16, 1667. THO. OXINDEN."

"*Jobus Triumphans.*

"Insignem pietate virum famulumque Jehovæ
(Cujus per totum notum est patientia mundum)
Laudibus ac meritis super aurea sydera cœli
Tollere fert animus; Tu magni Rector Olympi
Succurre, et sacris conatibus annue nostris.
Finibus est Arabum tellus porrecta sub Ortum
Solis, ea Ausitis dicta est, ubi maximus Heros
Stirpis Edomeæ florebat, sceptra gubernans
Pacifice, dictus Jobus, justissimus unus
Assiduo Hic pura est veneratus mente Jehovam,
Impia sacrilegæ fugiens consortia turbæ.
Cui septem fuerant pulcherrima pignora nati,
Et tres eximiæ præstanti corpore natæ,
In quarum egregio mirum decus ore nitebat;
Nec minus ille opibus dives quam dives et agris,
Millia cui septem pecudum, ter mille cameli,
Mille boves, quingentæ asinæ, quin insuper illi
Semper erat presto famulorum copia tanta,
Nullus ut Eois hoc ditior esset in oris,
Dumque alternatim celebrant convivia nati.

Invitantque suas in splendida tecta sorores,
Ad Cererem, et læti spumantia pocula Bacchi,
Et dum curabant convivia mutua fratres,
Votis sanctificat natos, mittitque ministros,
Qui moveant precibus placandam Numinis iram;
Ipse autem surgens cum primum albescere cæpit
Alma dies, holocausta Deo tot ponit in aris
Quot numerat natos, secumque hæc corde volutat;
Ah! fortasse mei plèna inter pocula nati
Peccarunt, nomenque Dei sanctum ore profano
Læserunt; talem ille die se quoque gerebat,
Integer haud fictis veneratus numina votis.
Et tantæ pietatis opus peragebat Jobus,
Mane novo quoties Phœbus de gurgite surgit.
Primævi in mensis dum gustant fercula fratris
Nati, sydereâ residens Deus Altus in aulâ
Concilium vocat; Huic subito glomerantur in unum
Innumeri aligeri juvenes, natique Tonantis,
Nempe ejus jussu, cui parent omnia, primo;
Per medios dirâ Furiarum a sede profectus
Sese infert Stygius, visu mirabile, Dæmon;
Cui Jova; heus unde acer ades captivus Averni?
Extemplo Satanas Jovæ respondit, ab oris
Terræ adsum extremis quas nocte dieque pererro:
Tum Deus; anne meum vidisti has inter Jobum,
Fidum illum usque mei cultorem numinis? Orbis
Nullum totus ei peperit pietate secundum;
Respondens Satanas, dixit, frustra Omnipotentem
Job timet? hunc vallo cinxisti, et mœnibus altis;
Nonne tuis donis exuberat, atque favore
Lætus ovat, dives pecoris ditissimus agris
Cujus in immensum crevit possessio acervum;
Sin homini tristes morbos, subitamque ruinam
Immittas, pereantve armenta immensa, gregesque,

Fallor, hic ingratus si te non protinus ore
Latranti coram incessat, tua dextera quamvis
Fudit opes illi sua celsa palatia circum.
Cui Deus; ecce igitur, meus hic quæcumque fidelis
Jobus habet, tua sunt, in eum tibi plena potestas
Fortunasque datur, sed corpus tangere nolo
Te tantum illius, vitæve abrumpere filum.
Hæc ubi dicta, fugit Satanas velocior Euro,
Vel jaculo a facie Domini terrasque revisit,
Jamque sui fratris primævi in sedibus omnes
Læti una fratres animis, ternæque sorores
Dulcia fœcundis carpebant ferculæ mensis,
Miscebantque hilares Lenæi poc'la liquoris,
Ocyus accurrit cum Jobi ad limina tristis
Nuntius, his implens miserandis questibus auras;
Ah! dum vomeribus subigebant arva coloni,
Juxta, et tardigradæ carpebant gramen asellæ,
Ecce feræ gentes subito irrupere Sabæi,
Omnia vastantes late, custodibus ipsis
Occisis, solusque evasi nuncius horum:
Vix fandi finem fecit, quando advolat alter,
Hæc referens: summo ceciderunt fulgura cœlo.
Quæ consumpserunt pecudes, pecudumque magistros;
Solus ego evari, qui sim tibi nuncius horum:
Tertius, hæc illo memorante, accessit, et inquit,
Crede mihi, turmas rigidi eduxere Sabæi
Tres, quibus errantes furtum evasere camelos,
Ablatisque illis pueri cecidere sub ense;
Solus ego evasi, qui sim tibi nuncius horum:
Vix ea fatus erat, quartusque supervenit illi,
Ista addens; dum Jobe tui (vix temperat ille
A lachrymis) nati, et natæ convivia læti
Ædibus in fratris majoris nuper habebant,
Extemplo adversi frementibus turbine venti

Erupere Austro, deserti e finibus orti,
Et semel increbuere horrendo murmure tectis,
Atque everterunt imis a sedibus sedes,
Unde gravi lapsu natorum membra tuorum,
Obruta cuncta jacent miserè tumulata sub illis,
Vixque adeo super unus eram, qui hæc tristra ferrem
Nuncius! Hoc Genitor casu perculsus acerbo
Surrexit, vestemque suam laceravit (ut illis
Mos patrius) secuitque comam, tristisque petivit
Suppliciter terras, divinum numen adorans,
Et placide tandem has effudit pectore voces.
Nudus ego exivi ex utero genitricis, et illa
Me nudum accipiet reducem; mihi dona Jehova
Cuncta dedit, proprioque eadem nunc jure reposcit;
Esto ergo illius benedictum in secula nomen.
Jobus adhuc nullo temeravit crimine linguam,
Nec contra Dominum se indigna est ore locutus.
Sed non contentus pœnas tentasse per istas,
Egregium virtute virum est Stygis incola diri;
Ergo ubi tecta patent summi Genitoris Olympi,
Ipseque Rex Divum in solio sedet arduus, illuc
Concilium aligerum, qui temperat omnia, cogit,
(Namque ibi quis sedeat magnus nisi Conditor orbis?)
Hos inter Satanas, quo non deformius ullum
Aut magis horrendum monstrum Natura creavit,
Irruit infernâ ditarum a sede Sororum,
Audax; et stetit ante Deum; mox Arbiter orbis
Hæc illi; Satana, unde hac irrequietus et effrons
Rursus ades? Contra hic; e mundi finibus adsum,
Quos modo, terrarum emensus loca cuncta, revisi.
Tum Deus; Anne meum vidisti, dicito, Jobum,
Cui pietate parem totus non protulit orbis?
Qui sanctâ, quæ recta, animâ fucoque carente
Integer amplectens, Dominumque Deumque Jehovam

Me colit; et pravi vitat contagia Mundi;
Cernis ut antiquæ salvum pietatis honorem
Servat adhuc? quamvis hominis rerumque suarum
Perdendi tu suasor eras: hæc dixerat; ille
Arte malâ Stygiisque dolis instructus, inique
Objecit Jobo nova crimina mixta querelis,
Pœnasque emeritas, nullo cogente, reposcit.
(Pluto mihi causas memora, quo Numine læso,
Quidve tot infandos te iratum volvere casus,
Mirandum pietate virum tot adire dolores
Impulit? An tantas Satanæ mens ardet in iras?
Non erat in Jobo species scelerisve dolive,
Sed scelus omne tuum, Satana! nullum ille nec ausus,
Nec voluit patrare nefas, non excidit ore
Fraus ulla, aut ulli voluit succumbere culpæ,)
O Deus Omnipotens, inquit, te pectore fictò
Job colit, et nudis veneratur numina verbis,
Dulce sonans linguâ, dum mens meditatur iniquum.
Is se ipsum, non te, tua munera, non tua facta
Diligit, ille dolos versans, tua præmia temnit;
Ardua, quem tantis super æthera laudibus effers;
Corpus ei solidum, tu membraque plena dedisti
Succi, et fulgentes æquantia lumina stellas;
Si mihi fas esset morbis affligere carnem,
Carnem, quam extollit supra omnia dona Jehovæ,
Extemplo cernes quæ sit patientia Jobi,
Mirum erit in faciem nisi te tuus integer ille
Incessat probris dictisque accendat amaris;
Subjicit omnipotens blateranti hæc ore maligno
Talibus; insontem flammâ flagroque probandum
Ecce remitto tibi, vitæ tatem illius uni
Parce memor; Satanas auditis latior istis
Ocyus a Domino se proripit, atque latenter
Invadens Jobum tetro ferit ulcere corpus;

Dira lues hominis pertentat viscera sancti
Interiora acri penitus suffusa veneno,
Atque etiam a summo percurrens vertice ad imos
Plantarum articulos squallentia membra pererrat.
Continuo huic alius color est et marcida vultum
Deformat facies, horrendo in corpore crustæ
Concrescunt subitæ, scabies turpissima mirè
Commaculat totum (visu miserabile) corpus.
Hinc jacet in terrâ secum sua fata revolvens
Aspera, et invictos animos in corpore versat
Languenti, nec eum constans fiducia liquit,
Quamvis (Heu!) testâ est abradere membra coactus,
Membra modis miris fluido deformia tabo:
Hæc tulit egregius Jobus, virtute secundus
Nullis Heroum, quos aurea sæcla tulerunt:
" Vir bonus et fortis rebus non deficit arctis,
Sed constans similisque sui, verèque quadratus,
Neve a proposito varians magis ille movetur,
Quàm vel dura siles solet, aut Marpesia cautes;"
Quamvis assiduis tundatur flatibus Heros
Fortunæ adversis, licèt hinc furit Eurus, et illinc
Auster, et instabiles exuscitat Africus undas,
Stant tamen immoti scopuli; licet horrida sternant
Ilice de nigra vernantes flamina frondes,
Stat tamen ipsa hærens radici immobilis arbor:
Funditur haud aliter Jobus fortissimus Heros
Flatibus adversis, tamen imperterritus ille,
Stat fultus bonitate Dei, cunctosque dolores
Exsuperat virtute suâ, firmataque mens est
Contra omnes casos, contra omnia spicula Ditis." &c.

ART. CCXX. *The False Favourite Disgraced; and the Reward of Loyalty. A Tragi-Comedy. Never acted. Penned by George Gerbier D'Ouvilly, Esq.*

London: printed for Robert Crofts, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Crown in Chancery Lane, under Sergeants Inn. 1657. *Duod. pp.* 112.

THIS is a very scarce play, which it is apparent, that neither Langbaine nor Barker had ever seen, by the imperfect manner in which they mention it.*

The play itself is by no means deficient in merit. The scene is placed at Florence, from whose history at the time of the Medicis the story is drawn. There is nothing uncommon in the plot, which turns on the treachery of Hippolito, the False Favourite, by whose untrue accusations and perfidious intrigues, Pausanio is banished, the mutual attachment between Duke Cosmo and Lucebella, the daughter of Pausanio, nearly defeated, with a view to the favourite's obtainment of her, and Martiano, her brother, driven into rebellion. These artifices are at last discovered, and all ends well:—even Hippolito is forgiven.

The play is dedicated "to Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford, Lord of Bulbec, Samford, Badelsmere, and Scales; to William Lord Craven, Baron of Hamsteed-Marshal, *my noble Lord and Colonel;* and to John Lord Bellasis, Baron of Worlaby," and is dated Sept. 1, 1657. Then follow several commendatory verses. The first copy is by James Howel,

* This curious, and perhaps nearly unique, book was given the Editor by Edm. Lodge, Esq. Lord Oxford, partly misled by Victor in his Playhouse Companion, has strangely erred in attributing this play to Sir Balthazar Gerbier. See Anec. of Painting, 4th edition, Vol. II. pp. 99. Perhaps the dramatic writer was brother to Sir Balthazar, as Ld. O. calls him Sir Balthazar Gerbier D'Ouvilly, and he was employed by Lord Craven, who was the patron of George, in re-building his seat at Hemsted-Marshall.

a well-known author, "to his honoured Friend George Gerbier D'Ouville, Esq. on the Scene, and the Ingenuous Composure of this Florantine Tragi-Comedy," as follows:

Florence, 'mong cities bears the name of Fair,
For streets and stately structures, sight and air,
A city, as a late historian says
Fit only to be seen on holidays.
She breeds great wits for high attempts, and trust,
But often bent on black revenge and lust:
We know the purest streams have ouse, and slime,
So vices mix with virtue in this clime;
And there are stores of stories in this kind,
Which as I write, come crowding to my mind;
But this of yours will serve for all, which is
Compil'd with so much art, that doubtful 'tis,
Whether the Tuscan actors shew'd more wit
In plotting, as you did in penning it.

The next copy is signed E. Aldrick. The third "to Captain Geo. Gerbier D'Ouvilly," is by Tho. Revel; the fourth "to Squier Gerbier D'Ouvilly," is by A. Prissoe: and the last, by J. Cole.

I will give one specimen of the play. Towards the close of the fifth act, when Pausanio is marching back from his exile, the Duke, Julia, Lucebella, Rosania, Dianetta, appear above as on the walls.

"*Duke.* Whom do my glad eyes look upon, Pausanio?

Lucebel. Father!

Pausanio. I am that wrong'd Pausanio, whose soft heart,
Joyful to see my persecutor, melts
Itself to womanish profuseness.

Duke. We'll haste to thy embraces. [*They descend.*]

Lucebel. Dear father, make me happy in your blessing!

Pausan. Best comfort to my age, arise! And Heaven
Look favourably on thee! Thou retain'st,
My girl, thy wonted sweetness
In despite of grief.

Luceb. Next to good heaven,
The thanks belong unto the Princess.

Pausan. Oh let me kiss that bounteous hand! my heart
Was never proud but when it did you service.

Duke. My nature's not to do thus, but in answer
Of such deserving drops mine eyes rain tears.
Oh, my Pausanio, be kind, and pardon
The error of my blinded judgment; heaven
Can witness with me, that my will's untainted.

Pausan. I must believe it; I had a legal trial,
And by suborned witness was condemn'd
To undeserved death; but then your mercy
Stepped between, and sav'd me: whereas had you
Desir'd my end, I had unjustly died,
And yet 't had appear'd justice. I am still
Your loyal humble subject. [*Kneels.*

Duke. Rather the better half of my dear soul, rise!
But where's our loving kinsman? He is wrong'd too.

Pausan. I left him here; since have not heard of him.
Nor have I brought this power to increase,
But to suppress rebellion.

Where is that enemy to virtue? I dare not
Call him son.

Enter Sicanio, Ausonius, Leontinus, Prisoners.

Luceb. The Prince and he went both to meet you.

Soldier. Here's our best booty, Sir.

Pausan. Free 'em.

In you, royal young man, 'twas nobleness. [*To Sicanio.*
T' attempt your injur'd friend's releasement;
For which my grateful soul shall daily pay
Your virtue tributary thanks. In him [*To Marsanio.*
'Twas monstrous impiety: thy rebellious blood
Never had birth from these pure veins. I do
Disclaim all interest in thee, and beg
The sentence of the law may pass on him.

Duke. O that were too unnatural: consider
It was his filial love to your wrong'd self
Provok'd him to 't.

Pausanio. The natural love of father never should
Make him forget the pious zeal he owes
His lawful prince; obedience, loyalty,
Are the sweet perfumes penetrate the sky:
Like it, no sacrifice such welcome finds
'Mong the celestial dwellers; nor than mutiny
And stiff-neck'd disobedience, any crime
More strictly punish'd: what tho' injury
Plotted my banishment, patience is a virtue!
He knew my spotless faith was purely free
From foul contaminating treachery,
And should with equal patience have smil'd
On my sad sufferings, interested in
My harmless innocence. Succeeding time,

(The aged sire of venerable truth)
Had then on the swift wings of low-tongued fame
Hurried his work thro' the wide world: no mouth
Have mentioned his bare name, but with a kind
Of reverence due to such a son, and subject.
Whereas now fallen from the virtue he profess'd,
He lives in spite of death, a canker'd stain
To all posterity. Those numerous tongues
That might, in emulation of his merit,
Have truly been employed, will now as justly
Brand him with name of traitor—bastard o' my blood

Martiano. Sir! [*Kneels.*

Pausan. Bends thy disloyal knee in hope of pardon?
Can such impiety meet with mercy, or in
Earth or heav'n? No, no, the gods are just,
And thou hast lost thy hope of both.

Martian. Of neither, sir;
The Duke is made of gentle pity, and
Upon my true contrition, hath forgiven
The error of my supposed duty, for which grace
Prostrated thus, I humbly kiss his feet!
And for my foul fault in the eye of heav'n
My penitential tears will purge all guilt,
And make me a pure sacrifice for their
Sweet mercy.

Duke. Martiano, rise, you have our favour:
Be worthy of it; Your youth hath had its swing,
But your now better'd judgment, I hope, will counsel
Your stout heart t' execute only what's noble.

Martian. My honest actions shall hereafter speak
My soul's intentions.

Pausan. Well, the gods forgive thee; and now I turn
Petitioner, and must not be denied.
Duke. Command our Dukedom!
Pausan. I only ask the life of my accuser, that he may have
A longer time to make his peace with heaven.
Duke. Go, call him forth."

ART. CCXXI. *Musarum Deliciæ: or the Muses Recreation. Conteining several pieces of poetique wit. The Second Edition. By Sir J. M. and Ja. S. London: Printed by J. G. for Henry Herringman, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Anchor in the New Exchange.* 1656. *Duod. pp.* 101.

THE authors of this miscellany were Sir JOHN MENNES, and Dr. JAMES SMITH.

The former was third* son of Andrew Mennes, Esq. of Sandwich in Kent, by Jane Blechenden, where he was born May 11, 1598. He was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his literary acquirements; and afterwards became a great traveller, a celebrated seaman, and well skilled in the building of ships. In

* His elder half-brother, Sir Matthew Mennes, was made K. B. by Charles I. at his coronation. His second brother Thomas was buried in the church of St. Peter, Sandwich, 1631. In the office of Vice-Admiral he had the opportunity of bringing back the Queen-Mother to England in 1662; during which absence he lost his wife Jane Liddell, of the family of Ravensworth-Castle, who dying at Fredville, then the seat of the Boys family, at Nonington in Kent, was buried in the church

the reign of James I. he had a place in the Navy-Office; and by Charles I. was appointed its Controuler. In the subsequent troubles, he took an active part, both military and naval, in favour of the Crown; and being a Vice-Admiral in 1641 was knighted at Dover. In 1642 he commanded the Rainbow: he was afterwards, it seems, displaced from his services at sea for his loyalty; and was implicated in the Kentish Insurrection in favour of the King in 1648.*

of that parish as appears by the monumental inscription still remaining there.

Epitaph on a mural tablet at Nonington, Kent.

" Hic sunt depositæ Janæ Reliquiæ
Ab antiqua generosorum Liddellorum familia oriundæ
Ex castello de Ravensworth in agro Dunelmensi,
Johannis Mennes Equitis aurati
Anglo-Cantiani conjugis, maris Anglicani Vice-Admiralli.
Illa, absente sub velis Marito Regiis
Reginam ex Gallia Mariam revehentibus
Apud Fredville Johannis Boys armigeri occumbens
Hospitali istius humanitate
Hic inhumatur.
In sacram dilectissimæ consortis memoriam
Mariti pietate hoc marmor erigitur.
Nata anno circiter 1602, July 23, 1662, Denata."†

* Matthew Carter, in his curious little tract containing "A Relation of this Insurrection," 1650, 12mo. says, after having inserted "The Declaration of the Navy to the Commissioners at London," that the Insurgents having gained possession of the Castles of Deal and Walmer, "marched away and quartered in Sandwich again that night, leaving in Deal Anthony Hamond, Esq. and Capt. Bargrave, who had been formerly an officer of the navy (both justices of peace, and gallant discreet men, not according to those of this

† Topogr. III. p. 154.

After the restoration he was made Governor of Dover Castle, and Chief Comptroller of the Navy, which he retained till his death. In 1661 he was appointed commander of the Henry, and received a commission to act as Vice-Admiral, and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Fleet in the North Seas.*

Sir John Mennes died Feb. 18, 1670-1, with the character of an honest, stout, generous, and religious man, whose company had always been delightful to the ingenious and witty.†

Wood says he was also author of a poem, entitled Epsom Wells; and several other poems scattered in other men's works. He was buried in the church of St. Olave, Hart Street, London; where a monument and inscription were erected over his grave.

DR. JAMES SMITH.

Dr. James Smith, was son of Thomas Smith, Rector of Merston, in Bedfordshire, was born about 1604, and educated at Oxford; went chaplain with Henry, Earl of Holland, when admiral of the squadron that carried supplies to the isle of Rhee; and afterwards was domestic chaplain to the Earl of Cleveland; in whose service he continued six years, and was beneficed at the same time in Lincolnshire. In 1633 he became B. D. and was now in much esteem with Massinger, Davenant, Sir John Mennes,

wise reformation) as Commissioners for the managing of the business there, and in the fleet; having sent away for Sir John Mennes, Capt. Fogg, and some others, officers that had formerly been employed at sea by the King, and for their loyalties displaced by the Parliament, who were also earnestly desired by the officers and mariners aboard." P. 66.

* Charnock's Biogr. Nav. I. 61. † Wood's Ath. II. 482.

and the other wits of the day. He then obtained the living of King's Nimpton in Devonshire, and went chaplain with the Earl of Holland in the expedition against the Scots: but returning to King's Nimpton, resided there during all the subsequent changes. At the Restoration he was made canon of Exeter, archdeacon of Barnstaple, and chaplain to Lord Clarendon; and in July 1661, D. D. Next year he became chaunter of Exeter; and in 1663 exchanged King's Nimpton, and the archdeaconry for Alphington, in the same county, where he died 20 June, 1667. Besides his share in the *Musarum Deliciæ*, Wood says, he wrote the principal part in the collection, entitled "*Wit Restored, in several select poems. London.* 1658." 8vo. At the end of which is his translation, or poem, called *The Innovation of Penelope and Ulysses, a mock poem. London.* 1658. 8vo. And at the end of that also is *Cleaveland's Rebel Scot, translated into Latin.* Wood says "he also composed *Certain Anthems*, not musical, but poetical, which to this day are used and sung in the cathedral of Exeter."*

Of this small collection, in which there are stray poems of Bishop Corbet and Sir John Suckling, I shall give the celebrated scoffing ballad on the runaway troop of the latter.

Upon Sir John Suckling's most warlike preparations for the Scotish War.

BY SIR JOHN MENNES.

"Sir John got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride a,

* Wood's Ath. II. 397.

With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,
To guard him on every side a.

No errant knight ever went to fight
With half so gay a bravado;
Had you seen but his look, you 'd have sworn on a book,
Hee 'ld have conquered a whole Armado.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see
So gallant and warlike a sight a,
And as he pass'd by, they began to cry,
Sir John, why will you go fight a?

But he, like a cruel knight, spurred on,
His heart did not relent a,
For, till he came there, he shew'd no fear;
Till then why should he repent a?

The king (God bless him) had singular hopes
Of him and all his troop a;
The borderers they, as they met him on the way,
For joy did hollow and whoop a.

None lik'd him so well as his own colonel,
Who took him for John de Weart a,
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
My gallant was nothing so peart a.

For when the Scots army came within sight,
And all men prepared to fight a,
He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,
He swore he must needs goe s——— a.

The colonel sent for him back again,
To quarter him in the van a,
But Sir John did swear he came not there
To be killed the very first man a.

To cure his fear he was sent to the rear,
Some ten miles back and more a,

Where he did play at Tre trip for hay,
And ne'er saw the enemy more a.

But now there is peace, he's return'd to increase
His money which lately he spent a,
But his lost honour must still lye in the dust;
At Barwick away it went a."

The following is probably by Dr. Smith.

An Epitaph upon Doctor Prideaux's Son.

" Here lyes his parent's hopes and fears,
Once all their joys, now all their tears;
He's now past sense, past fear of pain,
'Twere sin to wish him here again.
Had he but liv'd to have been a man,
This inch had grown but to a span;
And now he takes up the less room,
Rock'd from his cradle to his tomb.
'Tis better die a child at four,
Than live and die so at fourscore.
View but the way by which we come,
Thou 'lt say, he's best, that's first at home."

ART. CCXXII. *Pharonnida, an heroic Poem. By William Chamberlaine. London: Printed &c.* 1659. 8vo.

THIS person was of Shaftesbury in Dorsetshire, and also wrote " Love's Victory, a tragi-comedy. London. 1658." 4to.

Mr. Southey, in a note to his " Joan of Arc," calls him " a poet, who has told an interesting story in uncouth rhymes, and mingles sublimity of thought, and beauty of expression, with the quaint-

est conceits and most awkward inversions." Mr. Southey goes on to cite the following passage:

——————" On a rock more high
Than Nature's common surface, she beholds
The mansion house of Fate, which thus unfolds
Its sacred mysteries. A trine within
A quadrate placed, both these encompast in;
A perfect circle was its form; but what
Its matter was, for us to wonder at,
Is undiscover'd left. A tower there stands
At every angle, where Time's fatal hands
The impartial Parcæ dwell; i' the first she sees
Clotho, the kindest of the destinies,
From immaterial essences to cull
The seeds of life, and of them frame the wool
For Lachesis to spin; about her flie
Myriads of souls, that yet want flesh to lie
Warm'd with their functions in, whose strength bestows
That power by which man ripe for misery grows.
Her next of objects was that glorious tower,
Where that swift-finger'd nymph that spares no hour
From mortals' service, draws the various threads
Of life in several lengths; to weary beds
Of age extending some, whilst others in
Their infancy are broke: some blackt in sin,
Others, the favorites of heaven, from whence
Their origin, canded with innocence;
Some purpled in afflictions, others dyed
In sanguine pleasures; some in glittering pride
Spun to adorn the earth, whilst others wear
Rags of deformity; but knots of care
No thread was wholly free from. Next to this
Fair glorious tower, was placed that black abyss

Of dreadful Atropos, the baleful seat
Of death and horrour; in each room replete
With lazy damps, loud groans, and the sad sight
Of pale grim ghosts, those terrors of the night.
To this, the last stage that the winding clew
Of life can lead mortality unto,
Fear was the dreadful porter, which let in
All guests sent thither by destructive sin."

"It is possible," adds Mr. Southey, "that I may have written from the recollection of this passage. The conceit is the same, and I willingly attribute it to Chamberlayne, a poet, to whom I am indebted for many hours of delight, and whom I one day hope to rescue from undeserved oblivion."*

ART. CCXXIII. *Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets. London: Printed by J. G. for Rich. Marriott and Hen. Herringman, and sold in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet-street, and at the New Exchange.* 1657. *Small* 8vo.

FROM an address of the publishers to the author (who was Dr. Henry King, bishop of Chichester) it appears, that this little volume was printed without that author's consent, if not against his inclination. Part of their apology runs thus:

"The best we can say for our selves is, that if

* There was at this time also a poet of the name of Robert Chamberlayne, son of Richard Chamberlayne, of Standish, in Lancashire, Gent. He was of Exeter College, Oxford, 1637, being then aged thirty. He wrote *Nocturnal Lucubrations, or Meditations divine and moral. London:* 1638. 12*mo:* to which are added *Epigrams and Epitaphs.* Also *the Swaggering Damsel, a comedy. London.* 1640. 4*to.* Also *Sicelides, a Pastoral.* See Wood's Ath. I. 639. See also *Restituta.*

we have injured you, it is merely in your own defence, preventing the present attempts of others, who to their theft would (by their false copies of these poems) have added violence, and some way have wounded your reputation."

Wood* tells us, that these poems, on their first appearance, were attributed to Dr. Philip King, the author's brother, and inserted as such in the Bodleian catalogue. The uncertainty of the real author might have led to a clumsy deception, which I have twice had occasion to observe. Whether the book had sold but little, from being published anonymously, or whether a number of copies had fallen into the hands of some ignorant book-jobber, certain it is, that the old title-page was displaced, and that a new one was prefixed, with the date of 1700, in which the poems were called *Ben Johnson's!!* No popular name could perhaps have been more awkwardly misapplied: for, besides a total dissimilarity between the metrical style of rare Ben and Bishop King, there is a copy of verses inscribed "*To my sister, Anne King,*" at p. 83, while (unluckily for the spurious title) an elegy is addressed "*To my dead friend Ben Johnson,*" at the distance of a few pages.

Mr. Headley† has truly said, that the poetry of bishop King, which was either written at an early age or as a relaxation from severer studies, is neat and uncommonly elegant. Howell before had remarked, in his Familiar Letters, "I find not only

* Athenæ Oxon. II. 432.

† Biog. Sketches before Select Beauties of Anc. Eng. Poetry, p. lvii.

heat and strength, but also an exact concinnity and evenness of fancy in Dr. King's poems." A single and short extract shall only here be made; as an entire republication is intended by Mr. Gilchrist, who has so ably edited the poetical works of Bishop Corbet.

"To Patience.

"Down, stormy passions, down; no more
Let your rude waves invade the shore
Where blushing reason sits and hides
Her from the fury of the tides.
Fit onely 'tis, where you bear sway,
That fools or franticks do obey:
Since judgment, if it not resists,
Will lose itself in your blind mists.
Fall, easie Patience, fall like rest,
Whose soft spells charm a troubled breast:
And where those rebels you espy,
O in your silken cordage tie
Their malice up! so shall I raise
Altars to thank your power, and praise
The soveraign vertue of your balm,
Which cures a tempest by a calm."

To some copies of bishop King's poems are affixed elegies on his death.

T. P.

Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets. London: Printed by Henry Herringham, and are to be sold at the Anchor in the Lower Walks in the New Exchange. 1664.

I believe this is nothing more than a new title-

page to the original edition of Bishop King's poems, already registered. It is here mentioned for the sake of the elegies at the end. These elegies are contained in thirty-eight pages, and are only four; viz. 1. Upon my best friend L. K. C. 2. On the Earl of Essex. 3. On Sir Charles Lucas, and Sir George Lisle. 4. Upon the most incomparable King Charles the First; dated "*From my sad retirement, March* 11, 1648."

I give the second, not only because it is the shortest, but because it has some merit.

"*On the Earl of Essex.*

" Essex twice made unhappy by a wife,
Yet married worse unto the people's strife:
He, who by two divorces did untie
His bond of wedlock and of loyalty:
Who was by easiness of nature bred
To lead that tumult, which first him misled;
Yet had some glimmering sparks of virtue lent
To see, though late, his error, and repent:
Essex lies here, like an inverted flame,
Hid in the ruins of his house and name;
And as he, frailty's sad example, lies,
Warms the survivors in his exequies.
He shews what wretched bubbles great men are,
Through their ambition grown too popular;
For they, built up from weak opinion, stand
On bases false as water, loose as sand!
Essex in differing successes tried
The fury and the falsehood of each side;
Now with applauses deified, and then
Thrown down with spiteful infamy again;

Tells them, what arts soever them support,
Their life is merely time and fortune's sport;
And that no bladders blown by common breath
Shall bear them up amid the waves of death:
Tells them, no monstrous birth, with power endued
By that more monstrous beast the multitude;
No state Coloss, though tall as that bestrid
The Rhodian harbour where their navy rid,
Can hold that ill-proportion'd greatness still
Beyond his greater, most resistless will,
Whose dreadful sentence written on the wall
Did sign the temple-robbing Tyrant's* fall:
But spite of their vast privilege with strives
T' exceed the size of ten prerogatives;
Spite of their endless parliament, or grants,
(In order to those votes and covenants,
When, without sense of their black perjury,
They swear with Essex they would live and die)
With their dead General ere long they must
Contracted be into a span of dust."

Dr. Henry King was eldest son of Dr. John King, Bishop of London, who died 1621. He was born at Wornal, in Bucks, in January 1591; educated at Oxford; and after various intermediate preferments made Bishop of Chichester, 1641. After the fall of episcopacy, he resided at the house of his brother-in-law, Sir Richard Hobart, at Langley, in Bucks. The Restoration replaced him in his bishopric, of which dying possessed on October 1, 1669, he was buried in Chichester Cathedral.†

* Belshazar. Dan. V. † Wood's Ath. II. 431.

ART. CCXXIV. *Iter Satyricum in Loyall Stanzas, by John Collop, M.D, London: Printed by T. M for William Shears, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Bible in Bedford-street, neer Covent Garden.* 1660. *4to. pp.* 11—29 *octave stanzas.*

TIME and practice seem to have had little influence on the Doctor. The present performance has the same puerile character with the specimen already given in the present volume. One stanza will suffice.

" How do the branches of the royall oak
Now flourish, and ne're fear the axe's stroke!
Under presbytery will these gay things truckle?
From Lords the mighty dwindle to the muckle?
Sneak to the Commons, and there serve to shew
For their deserts no House can be too low.
The Lords are grains to ballance th' royal scale:
If they prove light the rabble must prevaile."

ART. CCXXV. *Poems upon divers emergent occasions, by James Howell, Esquire. London. Printed by Ja. Cotterel, and are to be sold in Exchange Alley neer Lumbard Street.* 1664. *8vo. pp.* 127.

THIS volume, of that copious compiler James Howell, is allotted a place here from its uncommonly rare occurrence; and on that account will be allowed more room, than its intrinsic worth would justify. It was edited by Payne Fisher, of whom a full memoir may be found in Wood's Ath. II. 899.

The dedication to Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, says, that " besides those severe and highly-solid studies which attend theological speculations, wherein your Lordship is eminent even to admiration, 'tis evidently known, my Lord, that you have not only a profound judgment, but also a sublime genius, in poetical compositions. Now, my Lord, 'tis upon good record, that poets were the first divines and philosophers; and as a great wit well observeth, poetry is the clearest light to prove that man hath an intellectual soul, and ray of divinity shining in him.

" To the Reader.

" Not to know the author of these poems, were an ignorance beyond barbarism, as 'twas said of a famous person in France: yet I held it superfluous to prefix his name in the title-page, he being known and easily distinguished from others by his genius and style, as a great wit said lately of him,

Author hic ex calamo notus, ut ungue leo.

" He may be called the prodigie of his age, for the variety of his volumes: for from his Δενδρολογια, or Parly of Trees, to his Θηρολογια, or Parly of Beasts, (not inferiour to the other) there hath pass'd the press, above forty of his works on various subjects; useful not onely to the present times, but to all posterity.

" And 'tis observed, that in all his writings there is something still new, either in the matter, method, or fancy, and in an untrodden tract. Moreover, one

may discover a kinde of vein of poesie to run through the body of his prose, in the concinnity and succinctness thereof all along.

"He teacheth a new way of epistolizing; and that *Familiar Letters* may not onely consist of words, and a bombast of complements, but that they are capable of the highest speculations and solidst kind of knowledge.

"He chalks out a topical and exact way for Foreign Travel, not roving in general precepts onely.

"In all his histories, there are the true rules, laws, and language of History observed.

"What infinite advantages may be got by his Dictionaries and Nomenclature by all professions and nations!

"How strongly and indeed unanswerably doth he assert the Royal Right in divers learned tracts, to the unbeguiling and conversion of many thousands abroad, as well as at home! &c.

"Touching these poems, most of them nere saw publick light before; for I got them in Manuscripts, whereof I thought fit to give the reader an advertisement. P. FISHER."

Then follows a panegyrical Latin poem by Fisher of 226 hexameters, allusive to all Howell's numerous publications.

The poems are here enumerated. 1. The Progress of the Human Soul: or the whole History of Man. 2. A Speculation. 3. Of some pious meditations, when prisoner for the King in the Fleet. 4. A Contemplation upon the shortness and shal-

lowness of human knowledge. 5. A prophetic poem, partly accomplished, to his present Majesty, then Prince, 1640. 6. A Rapture upon Delia. 7. Of the true Observation of Lent. 8. Before the History of Lewis the XIII. (with his Cardinal Richlieu) called "Lustra Ludovici." 9. Before Londinopolis: or a new History of London; parallell'd with the greatest cities on earth. 10. Upon Bishop Andrews's most holy Meditations and Prayers. 11. Before that large and elaborat work, called "The German Diet." 12. Axioma. 13. Before my Lord of Cherberry's History of King Henry VIII. 14. An Analytical Character or Dissection of Hen. VIII. [*prose.*] 15. Of Translations, upon rendering into English a choice Venetian Romance, called "Eromena" by Mr. James Howard. 16. The dedication to Great Britain, of that voluminous work, Lexicon Tetraglotton: or an English-French-Italian-Spanish Dictionary. 17. Of the original of the English Young, and her Association with the Italian, Spanish, and French, &c. 18. Before a great volume of Proverbs in five languages. 19. Of the strange vertue of words, before the great Nomenclatura; wherein are the proper terms in four languages belonging to Arts Mechanical and Liberal. 20. Upon the great Drammatical Work of B. and Fletcher, publish'd 1646. 21. To his late Majesty, at the dedication unto him of Dodona's Grove; or the Vocal Forest. 22. To her Majesty, now Queen-Mother. 23. To Prince Charles, now King. 24. Before the Vocal Forest: To the Knowing Reader, touching the progress of Learning. 25. To the Common Reader. 26. To the Critical Reader. 27. Touching the vertu and use of Familiar Letters. 28. To the Sa-

gacious Reader. 29. Upon a rare and recent Persian Tragi-History, 1655. 30. An Elegie upon Edward late Earl of Dorset, 1651, who died about the time of voting down the House of Peers. 31. An Epithalamium upon the nuptials of that princely pair, Henry Lo. Marquis of Dorchester, and the Lady Katherine, daughter to the late heroik Earl of Darby. 32. A poem heroique, presented to his late Majesty, for a New Year's Gift. 33. Before the History of Naples, called Parthenope, or the Virgin-city. 34. Of the most curious gardens, groves, mounts, arbours, &c. contrived and lately made by the Lord Viscount Kilmorry, at Dutton-Hall, in Cheshire. 35. Before that exquisit large peece, a Survey of the city and signory of Venice. 36. A fit of mortification. 37. A lover's protestation. 38. Upon himself, having been buried alive for many years in the prison of the Fleet, by the State, or Long-Parliament, for his loyalty. 39. A gradual Hymn of a double cadence, tending to the honour of the holy name of God. 40. Upon a beautiful Valentine. 41. Upon black eyes, and becoming frowns. 42. Upon Clorinda's Mask. 43. Upon Dr. Davies British Grammar. 44. Upon Christmas Day. 45. Upon my honoured friend and f. Mr. Ben. Johnson. 46. For the admitting Mistris Anne King to be the tenth Muse. 47. A Hymn to the Blessed Trinity. 48. A short Ejaculation. 49. A Hymn of Mortification. 50. A holy Rapture. 51. An Ejaculation to my Creator. 52. Upon a fit of disconsolation, or despondency of Spirit. 53. Upon the most noble work of the Lo. Marq. of Winchester, by rendering the French "Gallery of

Ladies," into English. 54. Upon the untimely death of the Lord Fra. Villars, kill'd neer Kingston upon Thames. 55. Upon the Holy Sacrament. 56. A divine Ejaculation. 57. Of the scene and ingenious composure of a Florentine Tragi-comedy.* 58. Upon the poems of Dr. Aylet, an ancient Master in Chancery. 59. The description of a Morning Expergefaction, after an unusual dream, or vision, 1656. 60. To Mrs. E. B. upon a sudden surprisal. 61. Upon the Nativity of our Saviour, Christmas-Day. 62. To my dear mother, the University of Oxford, before Mr. Cartwright's poems of Christ Church, 1650. 63. To the rarely ingenious Mrs. A. Weemes upon her Supplement of Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia. 64. A sudden Rapture pon the horrid Murthering of his late Majesty. 65. An Epitaph upon Charles the First. 66. Upon a Cupboard of Venice-glasses, sent for a New Year's gift to a choice lady. 67. A passionat elogy upon his long-endeared friend Daniel Caldwel, Esq. 68. An elegie upon his tomb in Horndon-Hill church, erected by his wife. 69. Sent with a prayer-book to a pious lady. 70. To Delia. 71. A sudden Speculation beyond the seas. 72. Of Female Hypocrisie. 73. Of some, who blending their brains together, plotted how to bespatter one of the Muses choicest sons and servants, Sir Will. Davenant, Knight and Poet. 74. Upon Mr. Cleveland. 75. Upon Dr. Howel, Lord Bishop of Bristol, who died a little after the putting down of Episcopacy. 76.

* Geo. Gerbier D'Ouvilly's False Favourite. See *ante*.

Before the Second Part of Dodona's Grove. 77. The conclusion of the Second Part of Dodona's Grove. 78. To my most endeared R. Altham, Esq. 79. Upon a new fashioned table-book, sent him for a token from Amsterdam. 80. Upon Easter-Day. 81. A parallel twixt angels and men. 82. To my choice and most endeared Mr. R. A. in answer to a poem of his. 83. Upon this rare Erotique subject, The Master-Piece of Love, by Mr. Loveday. 84. To his worthy friend, Mr. Willan, upon the view of his Astræa. 85. A pregnant Vow for a safe and seasonable delivery to the excellent lady, the Lady Katherine, Marchioness of Dorchester. 86. Upon his Majesties return with the Dukes of York and Glocester. 87. Before Θηρολογια, or the Parly of Beasts, 1658. 88. An Eucharistical Rapture, with a gradual Hymn to the Heavenly Hierarchy. 89. The Hymn. 90. Upon the exquisit Romance of the Bishop of Bellay, made English out of the French, by Serjeant Major John Wright. 91. To Mr. Nath. Johnson, upon his Version of Pyrander. 92. Upon Mr. Benlowes' Divine Theophila. 93. On Doctor Charleton's learned piece, by proving that Stonehenge is a Danish Monument, in his New Survey. 94. Of Mrs. Diana Bill, born and baptiz'd lately in Cane-wood, hard by High-gate. 95. Upon her Majesties thirty one days sayling from Lisbon to England. 96. Upon the posthume poems of Lovelace. 97. Upon the grand Climacterik year, 63.

As little can be said in favour of Howell's poetry, one specimen from the best will be sufficient.

(No. 4.) *A Contemplation upon the shortness and shallowness of human knowledge.*

1.

If of the smallest star in sky
We know not the dimensity;
If those pure sparks that stars compose,
The highest human wit do pose;
How then, poor shallow man, can'st thou
The Maker of these glories know?

2.

If we know not the air we draw,
Nor what keeps winds and waves in awe;
If our small sculls cannot contain
The flux, and saltness of the main;
If scarce a cause we ken below;
How can we the supernal know?

3.

If it be a mysterious thing,
Why steel should to the loadstone cling;
If we know not why jet should draw,
And with such kisses hug a straw;
If none can truly yet reveal,
How sympathetic powders heal;

4.

If we scarce know the earth we tread,
Or half the simples that are bred,
With minerals, and thousand things
Which for man's health and food she brings;
If Nature's so obscure, then how
Can we the God of Nature know?

5.

What the bat's eye is to the sun,
Or of a glow-worm to the moon;
The same is human intellect,
If on our Maker we reflect:
Whose magnitude is so immense,
That it transcends both soul and sense.

6.

Poor purblind man, then set thee still;
Let Wonderment thy temples fill:
Keep a due distance: do not pry
Too near, lest, like the silly fly,
While she the wanton with the flame doth play,
First fries her wings, then fools her life away.

ART. CCXXVI. *Love's Kingdom by Richard Flecknoe.*

SIR,

As the works of Flecknoe are not so well known as his name, which has been immortalized by Dryden's admirable satire, I presume the following account of one of his dramatic pieces, "Love's Kingdom," may be acceptable to your curious readers: at least, it will serve to shew my wishes for the success of a work so interesting as the CENSURA LITERARIA.

WM. PRESTON.

Gloucester Street, Dublin,
March 28, 1806.

"Love's Kingdom" is particularly noticed in Dryden's Satire. The Veteran Sovereign of Dulness, in addressing his Adopted Heir, tells him

Beyond Love's Kingdom shall you stretch your pen,

As much as if he had said, serviet Tibi ultima Thule.

The title page of this piece runs thus:

Love's Kingdom, a Pastoral Trage-Comedy. Not as it was acted at the Theatre near Lincoln's Inn, but as it was written and since corrected by Richard Flecknoe. With a short Treatise of the English Stage, &c. by the same author. London, Printed by R. Wood for the author, 1664.*

It is dedicated to his Excellence, William, Lord Marquess of Newcastle.

Then follows an advertisement to the noble readers. The persons represented are—

The Prologue spoken by Venus from the clouds.

Theotimus. Love's Arch-Flamin, and Governor of Cyprus.

Polydor. Love's Inquisitor.

Diophantes. One of the Advocates of Love's Court.

Palemon. A noble Cypriot, in love with *Bellinda*, and loved by *Philerea.*

Evander. A stranger come to Love's Kingdom on devotion.

* Biogr. Dram. gives the date 1674. MAC-FLECKNO was Shadwell, whom Dryden calls the *poetical* son of Flecknoe. *Editor.*

Pamphilus. A vicious young fellow, stranger to Love's Kingdom, and imagining all as vicious as himself.

Philander. A noble Cretian and Bellinda's betrothed.

Bellinda. A noble Cretian nymph, stranger in Love's Kingdom.

Filena. A noble Cyprian nymph.

Amaranthe. Governess of the Nymphs.

Cloria, Melissa, Lydia, with others. Nymphs of Cyprus.

Chorus of Musicians and Young Virgins.

Two Aruspices.

Love's Sacrificators.

The Papa, or sacred Executioner.

Guards, &c.

The scene Cyprus, with all the rules of time and place so exactly observed, as whilst for time it is all comprised in as few hours as there are acts; for place, it never goes out of the view or prospect of Love's Temple.

The author's account of this piece, in the Advertisement, is—"For the plot, it is neat and handsome, and the language soft and gentle, suitable to the persons, who speak, neither on the ground, nor in the clouds; but just like the stage, somewhat elevated above the common. In neither no stiffness, and (I hope) no impertinence nor extravagance, into which your young writers are too apt to run, who whilst they know not well what to do, and are anxious to do enough, most commonly overdo."

THE PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Venus from the clouds.

If ever you have heard of Venus' name,
Goddess of Beauty, I that Venus am;
Who have to day descended from my sphere,
To welcome you unto Love's Kingdom here;
Or rather to my sphere am come, since I
Am present no where more, nor in the sky,
Nor any island in the world than this,
That wholly from the world divided is:
For Cupid, you behold him here in me,
(For there where Beauty is, Love needs must be)
Or you may yet more easily descry
Him 'mong the ladies in each am'rous eye;
And 'mongst the gallants may as easily trace
Him to their bosoms from each beauteous face.
May then, fair ladies, you
Find all your servants true;
And gallants may you find
The Ladies all as kind,
As by your noble favours you declare
How much you friends unto Love's Kingdom are;
Of which yourselves compose so great a part,
In your fair eyes, and in your loving heart.

The short Discourse of the English Stage is subjoined. The whole work is contained in about eighty pages, in duodecimo.

ART. CCXXVII. *Iter Boreale. Attempting something upon the successful and matchless March of the Lord General George Monck, from Scotland*

to London the last Winter, &c. Veni, Vidi, Vici. By a Rural Pen. London: Printed on St. George's Day, for George Thomason, at the Rose and Crown in St. Paul's Churchyard. 1660. *4to. pp.* 20.

THIS is the first edition of Dr. Wild's well-known poem, which was reprinted with a selection of pieces by himself and others in 1670-1.

ART. CCXXVIII. *The Turtle-Dove, under the Absence and Presence of her only choise: or the desertion and Deliverance revived. 1. Ushered with the Nicodemian Paradox, explained in a comparison betwixt the first and second Birth: and closed with the characters of the old and new man. 2. And seconded with a survey of the first and second death: which is closed with a separation kisse betwixt two intimate friends, the soul and body of man. 3. And a glimring of the first and second resurrection and generall judgment: closing with a song of degrees from what we were to what we are, and from thence toward what we shall be. By a Lover of the celestiall Muses. John iii. 8. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, &c. Edinburgh: Printed by Andrew Anderson, Printer to the City and Colledge. Anno Dom.* 1664. *Small 8vo.*

THIS mystical Turtle-dove was presented to Jane Viscountess of Kenmore, by JOHN FULLARTON of Careltoun; and is chiefly composed in verse, but of no very elevated character.

ART. CCXXIX. *Poems upon several occasions. By S[amuel] P[ordage] Gent. London: Printed by W. G. for Henry Marsh, at the Princes Arms in Chancery-lane, and Peter Dring at the Sun in the Poultrey neer the Counter.* 1660. 8vo. 28 *leaves.*

DR. JOHN PORDAGE, Rector of Bradfield, Berkshire, the author's father, was tried for insufficiency before the committee for plundered ministers appointed during the inter-regnum, and the cause dismissed in his favour March 27, 1651. About three years afterwards the same charges were revived with additional contemptible matter, founded upon visions and witchcraft, and unfitting the cognizance of any court of judicature. After several adjourned meetings and long examinations, puerile and inconsistent, he was finally ejected Dec. 8, 1654, as "ignorant and very insufficient for the work of the ministry." The report of the proceedings, as drawn up by himself, is inserted among the State Trials,* and proves the common expression applicable, "He was no conjuror."

Notwithstanding the result of the prosecution, the family appears to have continued to reside at Bradfield. SAMUEL PODRAGE, our author, subscribes the preface to his translation of the Troas of Seneca, (published 1660) from "Bradfieldæ, Cal. Novembris." He also wrote Stanzas on the Coronation of Charles II. a tragedy called Hero and Mariamne; a tragi-comedy named the Siege of Babylon; and the romance of Eliana. In 1679, after the death of

* Vol. II. p. 217.

the author, John Reinolds, he published the sixth edition, with cuts, of "God's revenge against murder," and first added the "Revenge against Adultery;" at which period he had been entered a member of the Society of Lincoln's Inn. He appears to have been formerly head steward of the lands to Philip (the second of that name) Earl of Pembroke,* who succeeded to the title 1652. His claim to notice as a poet is founded on a pile of rubbish, and his name would probably have been buried with the multitude and forgotten, but for the niche obtained in the Biographia Dramatica, and his contumelious attack upon Dryden by the poems of "Azariah and Hushai," and the "Medal Reversed."† He is mentioned by Langbaine, in 1691, as lately if not then living.

This tasteless collection has an elegy on Charles I. and panegyrics on Charles II. and General Monk; the remainder are chiefly amatory, burthened with overstrained conceits, and language forced and inharmonious. The following specimens will suffice as the best, and for the remainder let the stream of oblivion glide on undisturbed.

"*To Sylvia weeping.*

"Fair Sylvia, you possess more treasures than
The rubie east; those weeping eyes more gems
Than the rich store-house of the ocean,
For you at pleasure can those chrystal streams

* See Wood's Ath. Ox. V. I. Col. 395.

† See an account of these poems by Mr. Scott, in his late edition of the works of Dryden, V. IX. p. 372, who seems to have misconceived rather an ambiguous expression of Baker, in considering the "Revenge against Murder" as published after the death of Pordage, instead of Reinolds.

Which trickle from the fountaines of your eyes
Convert int' orient pearls; but richer prize.

What taking charmes lye in your sweeter face,
When freed from cloudy-weeping griefs you smile,
With a clear brow! If tears with such a grace
Become; if so much lustre has the foile
To beauty; what excess of glory then
Will bud from those sweet lights, when fair agen?

Now thou (like silver'd Cynthia's beauty, when
The interposing earth hides her bright face)
Dost suffer an ecclipse; thy tears restrain
Thy beautie's radiant beams; tears fill the place
Of bounteous light; yet is that shadow fair;
Others with which (at best) may not compare.

Phœbus now hides behind a watery cloud
His brighter head; by which we better may
Gaze on his light: the suns (fair Sylvia) shroud
Themselves behind a cloud of tears to day,
Out of like kindness; and suppress their bright
And splendid beams, to favour my weak sight.

Enough, fair Sylvia! clear those Cynthian lights,
From that ecclipse of sorrow: wipe away
That hanging cloud of tears; which still excites
Your stillborn grief such pearly price to pay:
Were you enflam'd with scorching love, as I,
Its ardor soon those dewy pearls would dry.

After Aurora with her silver showers
Has wash'd her grandame Tellus' chapped face,
A pleasant zephyrus the dark heaven scours,
And Sol steps out with a far greater grace:
After a storm fair weather doth succeed;
Let sable grief your whiter joys then breed.

I long to see those fairer suns to shine,
Freed from the dewy moisture of a tear,
Now they would seem (after this) more divine,
As Phœbus after an eclipse more clear:
Let day the night succeed, and cease to mourn,
Banish grief's night, whilst joy's day takes its turn."

"*Absence.*

"Such is the melancholy earth, when light
Flies thence, and leaves it room to sable night;
When darkness, cold and shadows dwell upon
Her surface; some pale glimmerings of the moon
Is all she can expect; a mourner then
She is till Phœbus brings his day again:
Such is the matchless, mateless turtle dove,
Sighing its murmurs for its absent love:
Such is the body when the soul is fled,
Such Pyramus supposing Thisbe dead:
Such the male palm the female broken down;
As I am now, my fairest Sylvia's gone,
My wither'd head declines apace, my green
And growing youth to sprout no more is seen.
My blood's grown cold, and frozen; every limb
As if it wanted heat, and life doth seem.
My hoarse complaints the very rocks do move,
Who eccho the last accents of my love;
A silent night inhabits my sad breast,
And now no chearful thought will be my guest.
Till her return, whose eyes will cause a day,
Thus must I in my own unquiet stay;
Wishing for the bright morning, which must rise
From th' luminaries of fair Sylvia's eyes."

J. H.

ART. CCXXX. *Rump: or an exact Collection of the choycest Poems and Songs relating to the late Times. By the most eminent Wits, from Anno* 1639, *to Anno* 1661. *London.* 12*mo.* 200 *pages. Printed for Henry Brome at the Gun in Ivy-Lane, and Henry Marsh, at the Prince's Armes in Chancery Lane,* 1662. *With an engraved title and frontispiece.*

"To the Reader.

"THOU hast here a bundle of rodds; not like those of the Roman Consulls, for these are signes of a No-Government. If thou read these ballads (and not sing them) the poor ballads are undone. They came not hither all from one author (thou wilt soon perceive the same hand held not the pen), yet none but shew either wit or affection (and that's better) or both, which is best of all. The truth is, this Rump, and indeed the whole carcase, was so odious and bloody a monster, that every man has a stone or rotten egge to cast at it. Now if you ask who named it Rump? Know 'twas so stiled in an honest sheet of paper (called The Bloody Rump) written before the Tryal of our late Soveraign of glorious memory: but the word obtained not universal notice till it flew from the mouth of Major General Brown at a public assembly in the daies of Richard Cromwell. You have many songs here, which were never before in print: we need not tell you whose they are; but we have not subjoynned any authors names; heretofore it was unsafe, and now the gentlemen conceive it not so proper. 'Tis hoped they did his Majesty some service; 'twas for that end they were scribbled. Now

(thanks be to God,) we have lived to that day, that there is no cavalier, because there is nothing else, and 'tis wondrous happy to see how many are his Majestie's faithfull subjects, who were ready to hang the authors of these Ballads. But he that does not blot out all that's past, and frankly embrace their new allegiance, or remembers ought but what shall preserve universal peace and charity, let him be anathema: for he were a strange man that should now be unsatisfied, when those that writ against the King do now write for him, and those who wrote for him need now write no more. Let heaven now continue these blessings on his Majesty, that no one enemy live unreconciled, nor any false friend be undiscovered, that so there be no strife, but who shall shew most duty to so excellent a King. Farewell."

"The Stationer to the Reader.

"GENTLEMEN,

"You are invited here to a feast, and if variety cloy you not, we are satisfied. It has been our care to please you; and it is our hope you will retribute an acknowledgement. These are select things, a work of time, which for your sake we publish, assuring you that your welcome will crown the entertainment.

Farewell. H. B. H. M."

The volume is divided into two parts; the first begins with The Zealous Puritan, 1639; and then follow *Pym's Juncta*, 1640.

"*Upon Mr. Pym's Picture.*

"Reader, behold the counterfeit of him,
Who now controuls the land; Almighty Pym!

A man whom even the devil to fear begins,
And dares not trust him with successless sins; &c."

"*The Parliament's Pedigree.*

"No pedigrees nor projects
Of after times I tell,
Nor what strange things the Parliament
In former times befell,
Nor how an Emperour got a King,
Nor how a King a Prince;
But you shall hear what progenies
Have been begotten since.

The devil he a monster got,
Which was both strong and stout,
This many-headed monster
Did strait beget a rout;
This rout begat a parliament,
As Charles he well remembers,
The Parliament got monsters too,
To which begot five members.

The members five did then beget
Most of the house of peers,
The peers misunderstandings got,
All jealousies and fears;
The jealousies got horse and men,
Lest wars should have abounded,
And I dare say this horse got Pym,
And he begot a round-head, &c."

"*Upon Ambition. Occasioned by the accusation of the Earl of Strafford, in the Year* 1640.

"How uncertain is the state
Of that greatnesse we adore,
When ambitiously we sore,
And have ta'en the glorious height:

'Tis but ruine gilded o're
To enslave us to our fate,
Whose false delight is easier got, than kept.
Content ne'er on its gaudy pillow slept.

Then how fondly do we try,
With such superstitious care,
To build fabricks in the ayr?
Or seek safety in that sky,
Where no stars but meteors are,
That portend a ruine nigh?
And having reach'd the object of our ayme,
We find it but a pyramid of flame."

"*The Round-head's Race.*

"I will not say for the world's store
The world's now drunk; (for did I)
The faction which now reigns would roare:
But I will swear 'tis giddy:

And all are prone to this same fit,
That it their object make,
For every thing runs round in it,
And no form else will take.

To the round nose Peculiar is
The ruby and the rose;
The round lip gets away the kisse,
And that by favour goes, &c."

The Sence of the House, or the reason why those members who are the remnant of the two families of Parliament, cannot consent to peace, or an accommodation.

To the tune of the New England Balm, Huggle Duggle, Ho! Ho! Ho! the Devil he laught aloud.

" Come, come, beloved Londoners, fy, fy, you shame us all,
Your rising up for peace will make the close Committee fall;
I wonder you dare ask for that which they must needs deny,
There's thirty swear they'll have no peace, and bid me tell you
why."

" *An Elegie on the death of Sir Bevile Granvile.*

" To build upon the merit of thy death,
And raise thy fame from thy expiring breath,
Were to steal glories from thy life, and tell
The world, that Granvile only did die well!
But all thy dayes were fair, the same sun rose,
The lustre of thy dawning, and thy close:
Thus to her urn th' Arabian wonder flyes;
She lives in perfumes, and in perfumes dyes," &c.

I shall conclude my notice of this collection with the two first stanzas of the following excellent song, styled

Loyalty Confined.

"Beat on proud billowes, Boreas blow,
Swell curled waves, high as Jove's roof,
Your incivility doth shew,
That innocence is tempest proof,
Though surely Nereas frown, my thoughts are calm,
Then strike affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a goale,
A private closet is to me,
Whilst a good conscience is my baile,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, barres and solitude together met,
Make me no prisoner but an anchorit," &c.*

I. S. C.

*This has been attributed to Lord Capel, but Mr. Park, in the Royal and Noble Authors, has traced it to Sir Roger Le Strange. *Editor.*

ART. CCXXXI. *Epigrammatum libri octo. Cum aliquot Psalmorum paraphrasi poetica. Auctore Niniano Patersono Glascuensi. Edinburgi, excudebant Thomas Brown et Jacobus Glen, Anno Dom.* 1678. 12*mo.*

THIS is a book which seldom can be met with in England, and not very often perhaps in North Britain. The greater number of the epigrams it contains relate to moral or scriptural subjects, and are rather sober reflections than epigrammatic levities. The second and third divisions become most interesting to modern readers, from being addressed to

"Names once known, now dubious or forgot."

The following may possibly afford the only remaining notice of a two-fold son of Apollo.

"*D. Henrico Henrisono medico et poetæ celeberrimo.*

Henrisone, duplex cui circum tempora laurus
Floret, utrumque cui præstat Apollo decus!
Sive Machaoniam poscant contagia dextram,
Seu placet argutæ plectra movere lyræ,
Publica morborum requies, laus prima medentum,
Ægrorumque salus, præsidiumque cluis.
Et Buchananæ is certat tua musa camænis,
Aptat ut Isacidæ plectra Latina lyræ.
Vatis Idumæos miscent Stygiosque triumphos
Et medici, doctæ sic monumenta manus.
Si medicina artus sanetve poetica mentem,
Nulli equidem vitæ sanior usus erit.
Sic radient gemina viventi tempora palma,
Claraque defuncto destinet astra Deus."

At the end of the epigrams occurs an English version of a Latin Ode by Florentius Volusenus,* Scotus; in his treatise de Animi Tranquillitate: this has since been translated by Blair, and printed with Gardiner's edition of the Grave. One stanza may be admissible from each pen.

Mella absynthia non dabunt
Uvas nec tribulus: sic mala gaudia
Vitæ qui sequitur brevis,
Is fructum petit ex arbore non sua.

VOLUSENUS.

As sure no hony from the wormwood drops,
Nor berries on the prickled thistle grows,
So he who from this short life pleasure hopes,
He seeks the fruit that this tree never knows.

PATERSON.

As bitter wormwood never doth
Delicious honey yield,
Nor can the chearful grape be reap'd
From thistles in the field:

So who, in this uncertain life,
Deceitful joys pursue,
They fruit do seek upon such trees,
On which it never grew. BLAIR.

Mr. Ninian Paterson appears to have been the minister of Liberton, and the following is his farewell to the Muse

Sat musis nugisque datum, suspendo sacratis
Jam Libertonæ barbita muta tholis.

* i. e. Florence Wilson. See Irving's Lives of Sc. Poets.

Musa vale, quondam lenimen dulce laborum,
Posthac nec votis sollicitanda meis.

T. P.

ART. CCXXXII. *The Fanatick Indulgence, granted Anno* 1679.

"Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum
Qualemcunque potest." JUVENAL, SAT. 1.

By Mr. Ninian Paterson. Edinburgh: Printed by David Lindsay and his partners, at the foot of Heriot's Bridge, 1683. *4to. pp.* 14.

A VOLUME of Latin epigrams by this writer has been noticed in the preceding article. The present little tract denotes him to have been a heated high-churchman, who had worked up his mind to a state of fanaticism against the fanatics, and against the Shaftesbury administration. An epistle prefixed, to James Duke of Albanie [James II.] thus commences:

"Great sir, this poem still conceal'd have I,
Till Time hath christen'd it a prophesy.
Indulgence now unmasked strives to tryst*
With John of Leyden against Antichrist:
This is the Trojan horse, wherein there lies
Catsbie and Vaulx,† with new conspiracies;
This, the Shaftsburian-crockodil his blind,
To lure Scotes rogues to English commons mind," &c.

A little further on, the motive for this address seems to reveal itself.

* To meet, or coalesce with.

† Rob. Catesby and Guy Vaux, or Fawkes, were two of the principal conspirators engaged in the Gunpowder-plot.

"All my desire, great sir, is that I may
Live like an atome, in the radiant ray
Of your life-giving heat and glorious light,
Whose crisping spires may make me warm and bright."

His principal poem (the Fanatick Indulgence) is addressed to the King (Cha. II.) and has some passages of considerable force, though expressed with little equability of style or moderation of temper. The following specimen may suffice:

"When wee, thy loyal subjects, looked for
Some Halcyonian days, the tempests roar;
And to our eyes, on every rising wave
Death sits in triumph, and presents a grave:
And in the midst of our despaires and feare,
Tears drowns our sighs, and sighs dries up our tears.
Wee are like Jobs, these nineteene years perplext,
Betwixt distractions and destructions vext:
And that, dread sir, tho' not so strange as true,
By scabbs and devils now indulg'd by you.
If ancient sages, saws with you have credite;
To spare a vice, it is the way to spread it.
Tame mercie is the breast that suckles vice,
Till, hydra-like, her heads she multiplies.
In sparing thieves and murderers, all see
A private favour's public injurie.
Should pitie spare, and let the gangrene spread,
Until the bodie's wholly putrified?
What surgeon would do this, but he that's mad,
He's cruel to the good who spares the bad!

The pamphlet closes with a metrical "Welcome to his Royal Highness James Duke of Albanie to the kingdom of Scotland, Nov. 24, 1679;" but the

poetical character of the author would derive no credit from any selected extract.

T. P.

ART. CCXXXIII. *St. Crispin's Triumph over Pope Innocent; or, the Monks and Fryers routed, a tragi-comedy, as it was lately acted with great noise at Dantzick in Poland by the reforming Shoemakers, and other retainers to St. Hugh. Wherein it is infallibly demonstrated, that they who wone, had the best on't; and that since people will not be so wise to pluck out their eyes, and turn papists, the most effectual and speedy way to convert soul and body together, is by strangling, murther, fire, and gunpowder. Licensed Nov. 2d 1678. Printed at Primrose Hill for the special Edification of those New miracle-mongers, who would perswade us, that after a man has been strangled and murthered, he can yet walk a mile, and run himself through with his own Sword. Octob. 17, 1678. 4to. pp. 13.*

THIS tract consists of two poems. "St. Crispin's Triumph, &c." has fifteen six-line stanzas; then "The humble supplication of the Monks and Fryers to St. Dominick their patron, upon their Routing by the Shoemakers at Dantzick," 120 lines. At the end are the initials "R. W." Q. if intended for "Dr. Wild, who was a fat, jolly, and boon presbyterian, and died at Oundle, in Northamptonshire, about the beginning of winter, AN. 1679." Wood, Vol. II. f. 21.

J. H.

ART. CCXXXIV. *The Works of that most excellent Philosopher and Astronomer Sir George Wharton, Bart. Collected into one entire volume. By John Gadbury,* Student in Physic and Astrology. London: Printed by H. H. for John Leigh at Stationer's Hall*, 1683, 8vo. *pp.* 670, *besides preface and contents. Adorned with his portrait, an indifferent print.*

THE preface contains an account of the author, and an eulogium on his works, and his talents and acquirements. "As to his learning," says his Editor, "he was both an excellent scholar, and singular artist, understanding both languages and sciences, as sufficiently appears by this miscellaneous treatise here published, which is of excellent service to all men that are inclined to a courtship of the Muses. So that we may most justly say of this collection, as it is reported a learned critic said of Virgil's works; viz. "that if all the books in the world were burnt, and that only remaining, some vestigia of all kind of learning might be found therein." This he instances in divinity, physic, astronomy, politics, natural philosophy, history and chronology, astrology, meteorology, chiromancy, and poetry. In truth this volume discovers a smattering of all these,

* John Gadbury was born at Wheatley, in Oxfordshire, Dec. 31, 1627, the son of Wm. Gadbury, farmer, by the stolen daughter of Sir John Curzon of Waterperry: was bound apprentice to a taylor at Oxford, whom he quitted in 1644; went to London; became pupil to Wm. Lilly, then called the English Merlin, and improving his knowledge under his instruction, became eminent for Almanack-making, and fortune-telling. *Wood's Ath. II.* 686.

probably with small pretensions to merit in any, except by some temporary application, long since become uninteresting. His poems are scraps of rhymes, originally introduced principally into his Almanacs; of which the following is a specimen:

In his *Hemeroscopion, &c.* or *Almanacks* for 1653*, are these verses *in the Month of May;*

"Whither an army now? Well: I could say,
Who 'tis will get, or who shall lose the day:
Thrasillus-like, inform you, who shall prove
Victorious in's ambition, who in's love:
But I am silent; nay, I must be dumb;
'Tis TREASON now to pray, *Thy kingdom come!*"

Sir George was of an ancient Westmoreland family, and born at Kerby-Kendal in that county in April 1617. In 1633 he went to Oxford, where he discovered more turn for mathematics than for logic; and thence retiring to his patrimony pursued his natural bent, and published *Almanacks* under the name of George Naworth. At the breaking out of the rebellion, he turned his property into money, and raised a troop of horse for the King, with whom he hazarded his person very gallantly, and was at last routed and taken prisoner at Stow in Gloucestershire, in 1645. From this period he lived privately, suffered much, and supported himself principally by literature, till the Restoration, when he was made Treasurer and Paymaster to the Ordnance; and afterwards purchasing an estate, was on Dec. 1, 1677, created a Baronet. He died at

* These he published from 1640 till 1666.

his house at Enfield, in Middlesex, on August 12, 1681, and was succeeded in his title by his son Sir Polycarpus Wharton. Wood says, "he was esteemed the best astrologer, that wrote the *Ephemerides* of his time, and went beyond William Lilly, and John Booker, the idols of the vulgar; was a constant and thorough-paced loyalist, a good companion, a witty, droll, and waggish poet." *

ART. CCXXXV. *Poor Robin's perambulation from Saffron-Walden to London, performed this month of July* 1678. *With allowance July* 11, 1678, *Ro. L'Estrange. London: Printed for T. E. and are to be sold by the general assembly of Hawkers.* 1678. *4to. pp.* 22.

A PERAMBULATION in verse, now become curious by the local notice of various places. The title is contradicted, as the author afterwards states his journey commencing on Saint Andrew's day in the preceding November. This tippling itinerant started from the Rose and Crown, accompanied with convivial friends, to Audley end, alias Nineveh; where they divide.

"The first town I came to was Wenden nam'd,
Who hate Eighth Henry, though a king much fam'd;
The reason of the same they understand,
He was the first man ever wore a band,
And that's a fashion to which theyll not come,
As being chargeable and troublesome,

* Wood's Ath. II. 684. Wood's ideas of poetry often make one smile.

Therefore without bands commonly they go,
By which sign you a Wenden-man may know."

He drinks at Sparrow's end, &c. At Newport, although not pressed by hunger, he eats of

"Some ribs of pork new kill'd, broil'd on a gridiron
Of seven ribs, three on each side and one mid-iron."

This iron bound hitch into rhime may be added to the collection in Bysshe. At Pye-corner, where the liquor made the tongue run and legs cripples, the rule of the hostess was no penny no paternoster; for

"—— if the purse chance to be in the wane,
Then you may call, and call, and call again;
You have free liberty for to begone sir,
For quickly come, is turn'd anon, anon sir!"*

At Eastwick, Nantz-brandy is described as superior to Ambrosia, Metheglin, Usquebah, Perry, Worcester-cider, Brunswick-mum, liquorish Steponey, Bracket, Cardimum, Rosa-solis and Aqua-vitæ. Crosses the new river at Stansted-dell by the Rye through Hoddesdon to Waltham-Cross, (having noticed the subterraneous passage from Cheshunt nunnery to Waltham-abbey;) where he gives the history of Queen Eleanor from Fuller, Speed, and Walsingham. Enumerates the several crosses, and that Charing-cross "was by the rump, that maggot-end of a parliament, pulled down; to such uncertain periods come oftentimes the fairest structures, as this which was built of marble, and therefore the

* By and by; so used by Shakspeare in both parts of Henry IV.

more subject to the covetousness of avaritious hands. Thus, as John Taylor hath it,

'Old Charing-Cross that lasted many lives,
Is turn'd to saltsellers and hafts of knives.'

But this Cross at Waltham being not so rich, escaped ruin, though time hath made it something ruinous in respect of its former beauty and splendour. But enough of this Cross, lest I cross my reader with the tediousness of the relation." At Endfield stood a house

"call'd old Joan's, but wherefore so,
To tell to you the truth I do not know;
Nor can we ought of its antiquity read,
In learned Cambden, or laborious Speed;
For had they at the same but tope't their nose,
They would have writ of it I do suppose;
Nor did John Taylor, the brave water-poet,
In all his rambling travels surely know it;
For honest John did ne'er commit that crime,
To drink good ale, and mention not the sign."

The Blew Bell at Edmonton introduces Peter Faber deceiving the devil; at Newington the signs and handsome hostesses implied jack-daws may be caught by rooks, and Kingsland, producing a similar reflection, brings the author's best couplet:

"From thence my course to London I do bend,
And at the City made my journey's——End."

ART. CCXXXVI. *A smale Garland of pious and godly Songs, composed by a devout man, for the*

solace of his freinds and neighbours in their afflictions.

The sweet and the sower,
The nettle and the flower,
The thorne and the rose,
This Garland compose.

Printed in Gant [*Ghent*] 1684. *Small* 8*vo. pp.* 80.

PART of this little collection of pious ditties, like that printed at Edinburgh in 1597, and reprinted there in 1801, under the title of Godly and Spiritual Songs, &c. seems designed to supersede the use of some profaner ballads, by being adapted to the same tunes. It is probable that they were composed by an Irish priest, as one of them is described to have been written on Christmas day, 1678, "when the clergie were banished in the time of the plot. To the tune of *Bonny-Brooe.*" Another is to be sung to the tune of *Shea veer me geh hegnough turshogh tyne trelogh, &c.* Several carols are to be sung as *Neen Major Neale:* and the following to a pleasant Irish tune called *Noarah oige ncé yeorane.*

Like an hermit in my cell,
With my self alone I dwell;
To my self I onely tell
My sad moanes:

With dolefull sighes I doe complaine;
My teares express my grief and paine;
My bitter thoughts cannot refraine
From heavy groanes, &c.

The following stanzas seem to indicate that the writer was exiled for his loyalty and his religion.

"The banished man lamenteth the 20th of November, the day of his parting, drawing neare.

To the tune of "*Farewell, faire Armedia, &c.*"

Behould I am speechless, my lips are groun weake;
My toung, without motion, wants language to speake;
My heart drown'd with sadness, sighes onely affords;
My eyes with their teares doe weep with my words;
I grieve, and I mourne, I crie and lament,
Againe to return to my banishment:
To part with my country, my kindred and friends,
And with all the comforts that on them attends.
Why twice I was banish'd, this cause is most true,
For rendring to God and to Cæsar their due;
When first I was banish'd, noe cause could they bring,
But that I was subject to Charles my king:
What for him I suffer'd, the cause gave content,
'Twas for him, and with him, away I was sent;
For suffering with him I could not complaine,
One thought of *his* sufferings did ease all my paine.

T. P.

ART. CCXXXVII. *Polemo-Middinia. Carmen Macaronicum. Autore Gulielmo Drummondo, Scoto-Britanno. Accedit Jacobi, id nominis Quinti, Regis Scotorum, Cantilena Rustica, vulgo inscripta "Christ's Kirk on the Green." Recensuit, notisque illustravit E. G. Oxonii è Theatro Sheldoniano An. Dom.* 1691. 4to.

THESE pages, the earliest editions of two humorous poems, the one by the celebrated Drummond of Hawthornden, the latter by Scotland's poetical no-

narch, James the Fifth, were a juvenile publication of Bishop Gibson, the subsequent editor of Camden; and, though not topographical in their subject, were honest harbingers of his future services in literature, and will remain a monument of his early proficiency in languages, and his talent for pleasantry.

Whether the language of burlesque was known to the ancients, is a subject which has divided the learned as much as the undecided question of early rhyme. No very long time anterior to the appearance of this volume, Vavassor had published his treatise "*de Ludicra Dictione*," and the work and fame of that learned and accomplished Jesuit were then

Rife and perfect in the listening ear:

The opportunity was tempting to an unfledged and ardent scholar, and Gibson entered the lists of argument in a preface replete with wit and learning. If Vavassor, had the advantage in erudition and elegance of style, the balance in point and humour was on the side of his opponent.

Of Vavassor, be it remembered, Gibson always speaks with respect. "Quantum debetur eruditioni Vavassoris, nemo nescit: neque vero is ipse sum, qui ei quidquam detractum velim." But when he contends that the Macaronic style is offensive to language and morals, Gibson thus defends it: "Quod ad bonos mores spectat, si quid ratio ista momenti habeat, à Rep. literaria arcendi protinus Satyrici omnes, sive è Græcia, sive è Latio, seu quavis alia regione oriundi quos tamen, nec satis castratos, etiam in Scholis Jesuit-

arum legere est; (quibus curæ videtur fuisse, ut hoc obiter moneam, quod in castimoniæ leges peccaret, expungere; reliqua, quæ virtutem in aliis officii partibus plus nimis læderent, intacta præterire) quosque semper credidi haud illud in animo habuisse, ut docerent vitia, sed carperent, objurgarent, explo-derent; plus enim obscæni occurrit in una Juvenalis celebratissimi satyra, quam in poematiis omnibus, quæ quidem vidi, Macaronicis.

"Plurimum enim distat inter ridicula, et ea certe quæ in mores peccant. Apud cælites, Deos Vulcanum naso suspendentes adunco inducit Homerus. Mortales inter, cum cætera Philosophorum turba morose, et severius virtutis præcepta frustra, (quod fatetur ipse Vavassor) * inculcare solerent, Æsopum quis vetuit *ridentem dicere verum?* cui ipsa natura formam dederat ad risum faciendum comparatam, ειδος αξιον γελωτος. Et quidem si nihil hac in causa, quod ego video differunt dictio et actiones, quid de Democrito Abderite, quid de virorum sapientissimo Socrate sentiendum est, cujus etiam *vita universa ironiam habere videbatur*, teste Quintiliano. Et cum Comœdiam ipsam philosophari nemo negat, quid aliud agit soccus, nisi τῳ γελοῖον ὡροστησάμενος, Dio-Halicarnasseo judice?"

This mode of reasoning is continued through a variety of observations on the Greek poets, supported with equal humour and learning, more particularly directed against Vavassor; from whence he descends to infer the practice of mingling exotic phrases in the Roman satirists.

* Vavassor, pa. 32.

"Satyricæ Græcorum Poesi affines sunt fabulæ Romanorum Attellanæ, Tabernariæ, et Mimi, in quibus *dominans* seu palam obscœna dictio, simulque inurbana et incompta, teste Horatio:

> Non ego inornata, et dominantia nomina solum
> Verbaque, Pisones, Satyrorum Scriptor, amabo.

Et ipsius Lucilii (quem Plinius primum *condidisse stylum nasi* asserit) loquendi habitus á Comœdiæ socco non alienus, humilis fuit, inaccuratus et populo accommodatus; neque hunc dedecuit Græca Latinis miscuisse, sed eodem Horatio judice,

> ——magnum fecit, quod verbis Græca Latinis
> Miscuit.

"Ita Plautus non respuit voces Punicas; neque Græcas Cicero in Epistolis ad Atticum; neque Punicas S. Augustinus in sacris suis sermonibus ad populum Hipponensem habitis; nec ipse Aristophanes."

Having thus ingeniously deduced his examples from *olden time*, he thus laconically addresses his reader on the subject of burlesque language, before he quits the authorities of Greece and Rome to descend to the writers thereof in the lower ages.

"Linguam igitur Macaronescam (ita vocat Merlinus Coccaius)* tibi, studiose lector, ediscendam mandamus; quæ semper vetabitur, et semper retinebitur, neque unquam ad tenebras damnanda est."

* Folengio thus explains it "ars ista poetica nuncupatur ars Macaronica, a *Macaronibus* derivata: qui *Maccarones* sunt quoddam pulmentum, farina, caseo, butyro compaginatum; grossum, rude et rusticanum. Ideo Macaronica nil nisi grossedinem, ruditatem, et Vocabulezzos, debet in se continere." *Apologetica prefixed to Phantasiæ Macaronicæ.*

The first, perhaps, says Gibson, who wrote with success in this style in the latter ages was Martin Coccaie (whose real name was Theophilus Folengio of Mantua, a Benedictine monk of Cassino in Italy) who in 1520, and again in 1530, "edit *Macaronicorum poema* sub auspiciis *grossarum camœnarum*; cui cum amicus Baldus objecerat scribendi genus istud,

Scilicet ignoras, quod sis parlare Latinum,
Unde Macaronica dicier arte cupis?

Extemplo respondit Merlinus:

Nil mihi diversæ stimmatur opinio turbæ,
Sum Macaronus ego, sic Macaronus ero!

If, as it should seem, 1520 was the earliest appearance of Folengio's satire, he was preceded by the laureat Skelton, whose works were printed in 1512,† who was himself anticipated by the great genius of Scotland, Dunbar, in his "Testament of Master Andro Kennedy;" and the last must be considered as the reviver or introducer of Macaronic or burlesque poetry. The example thus proposed was adopted and extended by various imitators. Antonius de Arena, is censured by Vavassor, as being in conjunction with Folengio, the chief authors of that species of poetry. They were followed by Rabelais, Gaurinus Capella, and others, till the practice became prevalent in England, France, and Italy. The characteristic peculiarities in which they differed, a matter of no great moment, are, however, thought worthy of being distinguished by Gibson; his

† So says Wood; but the earliest known edition is dated 1503. *Editor.*

account of the early writers of it is far from perfect.

About a century after the appearance of Coccacie's work, the Polemo-Middinia of Drummond was written, "which," says Ritson, (in his zeal for depreciating Warton's History) "is undoubtedly the first regular imitation of Folengo, I mean the first Macaronic poem by a native of Great Britain, now known." If the language of burlesque is to be understood as confined to poetry continued through an unbroken succession of verses, the reasoning of Ritson may be valid; but the practice in detached poems and in numerous prose works had been adopted in various intermediate instances. Indeed the word *regular* in Ritson's case is indefinite, and is as "great a peace-maker" as Touchstone's celebrated *if*; the remark was only made by that cynical compiler for the purpose of extenuating Warton's merits, whom he excelled in industry and abuse, as much as the former was his superior in eloquence, liberality and learning.

A MS. note in the copy under my hands suggests the example of Nash's attack on Harvey as an earlier specimen than the Polemo-Middinia; it is not, indeed, a *regular* imitation, nor is it a poem; but it is a piece of satyrical *badinage* in uncouth language, chequered with barbarous terms, and ridiculously intermixed with ludicrous phrases in derision of Harvey's writings, and not greatly dissimilar to the outlandish jargon of the pedantic star-gazer at whom it was levelled. Whether he was acquainted with this tract, or whether it would have been acknowledged the precursor of Drummond by Ritson, it is

now vain to inquire, as "he has rested from his labours, and his works do follow him."

It is time to give a few specimens of the poem, which I conjecture was written while the poet was on a visit to his brother-in-law at Scotstarvet, after his travels in France and Italy, where he might have met with the prototypes of which we have spoken. The bloodless combat therein described was probably founded upon some rustic dispute during his residence at Scotstarvet, which was bruited at the time, and the letters of the poet might, possibly, yet explain the real names of the opponents.

Polemo [a] *Middinia inter* [b] *Vitarvum et* [c] *Nebernam.*

Nymphæ, quæ colitis highissima monta [d] *Fifæu,*
Seu vos [e] *Pittenweema* tenet, seu [f] *Crælia* [g] crofta,
Sive [h] *Anstræa* domus, ubi nat *haddocus* in undis,
Codlineusque ingens, et [i] *fleucca* et *sketta* pererrant
Per costam, et scopulos, *Lobster* manifootus in udis
Creepat, et in mediis ludit *Whitenius* undis:
Et vos [k] *Skipperii,* soliti qui per mare breddum
Valde procul lanchare foras, iterumque redire,

[a] Middin, Sterquilinium. Sax. myxen-*dineg* vel *myke ding,* ex Cimbrico *myke* vel *mykia,* lætamen, fimus et *dyngia,* acervus, rudera; ut sit Polemo-Middinia, prælium in Sterquilinio commissum, *forbrend esku dyngia,* acervus pulveris combusti, *Nehem:* 4. 2. Bibl: Island. [b] *The Lady Scotstarvet.* [c] *The Lady Newbarns.* [d] Montes peninsulæ *Fife,* quæ quasi cuneata inter duo æstuaria *Fortham* et *Taum* in ortum longius procurrit. In hac peninsula circiter sex milliaria ab Andræopoli commissum fuit prælium inter veragines *Vitarvam* et Nebernam. [e] [f] *Pettenween & Crail* duo vicini pagi in *Fife,* prope æstuarium *Fortham,* juxta quos certatum erat. [g] *Agellui,* apud Anglos Boreales et Occidentales *crofts,* Sax. *croft,* viculus, agellulus, prædiolum. [h] *My Lord Anster's house.* [i] Sax. *floc,* vel *flooc,* platessa. Scoti et Angli Boreales, *fleuk.* [k] Nautæ. Vox composita ex *scip*

Linguite skellatas botas, shippasque [l] picatas,
Whistlantesque simul fechtam memorate plodæam,
Fechtam terribilem, quam marvellaverat omnis
Banda Deûm, quoque Nympharum Cockelshelearum,
[m] *Maia* ubi sheepifeda, et [n] solgosifera [o] *Basse*
Swellant in pelago, cum Sol bootatus [p] *Edenum*
Postabat radiis madidus et shouribus ardis.

* * *
* * *

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To this invocation succeeds a chasm (*hiatus, valde deflendus!*); but of the passage cited, to the copy under examination is affixed a translation, by the learned editor of the Complaint of Scotland, which I shall take the liberty to transcribe.*

"Ye linkin lang-tramm'd limmers light
O' Fife, far fam'd for kail,
Wha bleach your claes by Pittenweem,
Or clod the crafts o'Crail;

Or round auld Auster's gowsty wa's
Gang platch a scambling byke,
To gump amang the rockweed clints
For partan taes to pike.

navis et *per* vir, Euphonice Skipper. Vide Grammat: Anglo-Sax. Cap. 3. Regul. 20. [l] *Pic.* Sax. *bik* Cimbrice, *pitch.* Angl. [m] Insula in faucibus æstuarii, *Forthe* dicti, jacens ad littus Fifæum; forsan ex Cim. *my*, muscarum cætus, et *ey* Insula; est enim locus, quem palustria animalcula muscæ, maxime infestant. [n] Macaronica contrahendi licentia pro Solangoosifera. [o] Insula, seu potius rupes altissima, confragosa, et undique prærupta ad Lodenici litora ex adverso Maiæ in eodem æstuario objacens, in quam, tanquam in Gyarum, seditiosos deportant Scoti. Circa hujus oram anseres marini dicti Solangeese in nudis cautibus ova ponunt, unde forsan Insulæ nomen a Cimbrico vel antiquo Danico *bas*, quod loca inter cautes angustiora significat. [p] *Edenborough.*

For there the skelpin haddock scuds
Wi' flat fish mony a scule,
And womblin lobsters mony feet
Houk out the howest pool.

Ye tally skippers unco pleas'd
In skellat boats to hobble,
Come lilt wi' me the dirdum dour
Fra ilka tarry coble.

Hey! whistle up some gathering tune,
To join the loud deray,
Hark how the din has deaved the Bass,
And cowed the gaits in May.

The mermaids crown'd wi' cockleshells
Heave a' their pows aboon,
Even Sol wi glee clinks on his boots,
And aff for Embro' town."

The occasion of this bloodless combat is explained in the following lines.*

" Muckrelium ingentem turbam *Vitarva* per agros
Nebernæ marchare fecit, et dixit ad illos,
Ite hodie armati grippis, drivare caballos
Nebernæ per crofta, atque ipsas ante fenestras
Quod si forte ipsa Neberna venerit extra,
Warrantabo omnes, et vos bene defendebo.

Hic aderant *Geordy Akinhedius* et little *Johnus*.
Et *Jamy Richæus*, et stout *Michael Hendersonus*,
Qui gillatis pulchris ante alios dansare solebat,
Et bobbare bene, et lassas kissare boneas;
Duncan Olyphantus, valde stalvertus, et ejus
Filius eldestus jolyboyus, atque *Olmondus*,

* The notes appended to the former extract will be sufficient examples of the editor's learned illustrations.

Qui pleugham lango gaddo drivare solebat;
Et *Hob Gyb* wantonus homo, atque *Oliver Hutchin*
Et plouchy-fac'd *Waty Strang*, atque inkneed *Alisander Atkin*,
Et *Wily Dick*, heavy-arstus homo—

Insuper hic aderant *Tom Taylor* et *Henry Watsonus*,
Et *Tomy Gilchristus* et fool *Jocky Robinsonus*,
Andrew Atshenderus, et *Jamy Thomsonus*, et unus
Norland-bornus homo, valde valde anti-covenanter,
Nomine *Gordonus*, valde black-mondus, et alter
(Heu piget ignoro nomen!) slavry-beardius homo,
Qui pottas diltavit, et assas jecerit extra."

Vitarva having thus mustered her forces, addresses *Geordy* in the front of the ranks, whom she had chosen as her foreman, "et inter stoutissimus omnes," and commands him and his attendants to yoke the horses to the muck-carts, and to drive them in the very front of the windows of Neberna:

"In cartis yokkato omnes, extrahito muckam
Crofta per et riggas, atque ipsas ante fenestras
Nebernæ, et aliquid sin ipsa contra loquatur
In sydas tu pone manus, et dicito *fart jade*."

"The march begins in military state," and the invaders are immediately assailed by the hastily-collected inmates of Neberna. Vitarva is at first appalled at the numbers and threats of her opponent, but at length she recovers her courage, and the dirt begins to fly!

"O quale hoc hurly burly fuit, si forte vidisses
Pipantes arsas, et flavo sanguine breikos
Droppantes, hominumque hartas ad præ|ia faintas.

O! qualis feris faire fuit, namque alteri nemo
Ne vel foot breddum yardæ yieldare volebat;
Stout erat ambo quidem, valdeque hardhearta caterva!
Tum vero é medio Muckdrivster prosilit unus
Gallanteus homo, et grippam minatur in ipsam
Nebernam (quoniam misere scaldaverat omnes)
Dirtavitque totam peticotam gutture thicko,
Pearlineasque ejus skirtas, silkamque gownæam,
Vasquineamque rubram mucksherda begariavit.
Et tunc ille fuit valde faintheartus, et ivit,
Valde procul, metuens shottam woundumque profundum;
Sed nec valde procul fuerat revengia in illum.
Extemplo *Gillæa* ferox invadit, et ejus
In faciem girnavit atrox, et Tigrida facta
Boublentemque gripans beardam, sic dixit ad illum:
Vade domum, filthæe nequam, te interficiabo:
Tunc cum gerculeo manum fecit *Gilly* whippum,
Ingentemque manu sherdam levavit, et omnem
Gallantæi hominis gasbeardam besmeriavit;
Sume tibi hoc, inquit, sneesing valde operativum,
Pro præmio swingere tuo, tum denique fleido
Ingentem *Gilly Wamphra* dedit, validamque revellam,
Ingeminatque iterum, donec bis fecerit ignem
Ambobus fugere ex oculis; sic *Gylla* triumphat.
Obstupuit bombaizdus homo, backumque repente
Turnavit veluti nasus bloodasset, et *O fy!*
Ter quater exclamat, et ô quam sæpe nisavit!
Disjuniumque omne evomuit valde hungrius homo,
Lausavitque supra, atque infra, miserabile visu,
Et luggas necko imponens, sic cucurrit absens
Non audens gimpare iterum, ne worsa tulisset.
Hæc *Neberna* videns yellavit turpia verba,
Et fy fy! exclamat, prope nunc victoria lossa est.
Nec mora, terribilem fillavit dira Canonem,

Elatisque hippis magno cum murmure fartam,
Barytonam emisit veluti *Monsmegga* crucasset.
Tum vero quackarunt hostes, flightamque repente
Sumpserunt, retrospexit *Jackmannus*, et ipse
Sheepheadus metuit sonitumque ictumque buleti.
Quod si King Spanius *Philippus* nomine, septem
Hisce consimiles habuisset forte canones
Batterare Sluissam, Sluissam dungasset in assam.
Aut si tot magnus Ludovicus forte dedisset
Ingentes fartas ad mœnia *Montalbana*,
Ipse continuo townam dungasset in erdam.
Exit Corngrevius wracco omnia tendere videns,
Consiliumque meum, si non accipitis inquit,
Pulchras scartabo facies, et vos worriabo.
Sed needlo per sestram broddatus, inque privatas
Partes stabbatus greitans lookansque grivate,
Barlaphumle olamat, et dixit O Deus! *O God!*
Quid multis? sic fraya fuit, sic guisa peracta est,
Una nec interea spillata est droppa cruroris!"

James the Fifth's poem of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," has been so often reprinted that it is needless to say much in this place; but it may be observed that the language in this edition is so polished, and the orthography so changed, as to give it the air of a modern rather than an ancient Scottish poem.

The notes to both are curious and valuable; and if Drummond's poems are re-published, which I have been long taught to expect, it were prudent to retain them.

I have now only to add the three concluding lines of the preface before me: "Si hæc placeant bene erit, si non ἕτως καλως; moriones enim æque meretur scommata et plausus. Utere, fruere, Lector, et salve." O. G.

ART. CCXXXVIII. *The Double Descent. A Poem. London. Printed for D. Kean.* 1692. 4to.

This hour's the very crisis of your fate,
Your good or ill, your infamy or fame,
And all the colour of your life depends
On this important *now*.

DRYDEN'S SPANISH FRYER, Act 4.

THIS production, we are told by Dunton, the eccentric bibliopolist,* was put forth "at a time when the French talked big of invading England, and we were making ready for a descent upon their coasts." Its anonymous author, we are further informed, was "Mr. AMES, originally a coat-seller, who had always some *yammerings* upon him after learning and the Muses, and had written almost as many pretty little pleasant poems as Taylor the water-poet."† As a similar chance seems to have preserved this memorial of the author and a copy of his bombastic poem, it may gratify literary curiosity to subjoin a specimen of the composition.

"See on the coast of Normandy
Upon the beach and on the sand,

* An account of whom may be seen in the Gent. Mag. for 1785, p. 287. Pope in his Dunciad stigmatizes him as "a broken-bookseller and abusive scribbler."

† Dunton adds, respecting this prolific pen-man,—"You might engage him upon what project you pleased, if you'd but conceal him; for his principles did never resist in such cases. Wine and women were the great bane of his life and happiness. He died in an hospital: but I hope he was truly penitent; for a little before his decease, he said to me, with a great deal of concern, '*Ah, Mr. Dunton, with what another face does the world appear, now I have death in view.*'

Dunton's Life and Errors, 1705, p. 242.

The gasping troops all wond'ring stand,
Of rabble rout a mighty host,
Could they but fight as well as they can boast:
But by perpetual slavery
Their minds so spiritless are grown,
Don Quixote, who with lifeless puppets fought,
Not sooner could a victory obtain,
Than could of men a handful o'er this mighty train.
Alas! their souls are not their own,
Their all is for a trifle bought;
And they 've exchang'd their liberty
For welcome bonds, and doubly welcome poverty.

Behold, upon the British waves appears
(Some few men's hopes, but no man's fears)
A Gallick fleet, which calls the yielding stream,
As if she proudly came to claim
By force, the English diadem.
Ah, foolish France! how plainly shall we see
How silly thy pretences be,
To aim at universal monarchy!
See how the very elements conspire,
And winds and waves, in closest league,
Combine to frustrate thy desire;
To mar thy whole design, and spoil thy grand intrigue.
But should they land! and that's a grand suppose:
What then will be their fate—who knows?
If causes by effects we guess,
To Delphick oracles we need not go;
Of this Descent th' event we know,
And, without magick, tell the whole success.
So quick a slaughter would be made,
Of those, who durst our shore invade,
One man would scarce be left alive,
(Who, by good luck, did all the rest survive)

With sorrow, passion, and regret,
In France to tell his fellow-soldiers' fate.

Suppose they should, through clouds of fire and smoke
Sent from our fleet, those thund'ring sons of oak,
Rush through, and make a bold attempt to land;
Not only horse and foot, a numerous band,
Their proud usurping force would quell;
But women, ignorant in arms,
Dreadless of dangers and of harms, ;
With kitchen-weapons, spit and fork,
Would do a deal of murth'ring work.

Had the Descent (so much the town's discourse)
Intended been for any land but our's,
What consternation would it not create?
What great convulsions in the state?
Whereas, altho' the threat'ning danger's near,
No face puts on the livery of fear.
Gay are our days, and pleasant all our hours,
Plenty and pleasure all our care;
But preparations yet are made
The foe to welcome, if he should invade:
For 'tis a truth on record still,
And own'd by all the sons of sense,
'Tis lawful to use self-defence,
Let non-resistance-sparks say what they will."

The contemptuous tone which this poem breathes against a threatened invasion in 1692, is, unhappily, far from being sanctioned at the present awful period, by passing events. T. P.

ART. CCXXXIX. *The Genteel Recreation: or the pleasure of Angling, a poem. With a Dialogue between Piscator and Corydon. By John Whit-*

ney, a lover of the Angle. London: Printed in the year 1700. *Small* 8*vo. pp.* 70.

THIS poetic angler did not fish in any of the Muses' streams; but seems to have been some water-side lounger, who made a study of his amusement, and at the age of sixty, "endeavoured to put his beloved exercise in verse, in such seasons as the sport itself did not yield the pleasure he expected." This was all very well. But he has gone much further: he has given the most nauseous of receipts in his preface, for scowering worms; and he has suggested the most barbarous of practices in his poem, viz. that of baiting with the eyes of fishes to decoy others of the same species. What a Nero of anglers does this proclaim JOHN WHITNEY to have been! and how unworthy to be ranked as "a lover" of the same pastime, which had been so interestingly recommended by Isaac Walton, in his Contemplative Man's Recreation.

The following Song, in his piscatory dialogue, seems most deserving of extraction.

"SONG, BY PHILLIS.

"When midnight ghosts sink to the shades below
Affrighted, when the cocks begin to crow,
And tell the day appears;
No longer they must stay,
But instant pack away
Unto infernal spheres.

Then mortals wake, and free from cares
Injoy the day, expelling fears;
The lamp of Heaven, the sun,

Sends forth his glorious light,
And bids adieu to dismal night,
Our labours then begun.

A morning-hymn, and to the fields away,
We dairy maidens have no time for play;
Love, and his idle Houres,
Neglected always be;
That grand simplicity
No pastime is of ours.

But joys supream in udders full we find,
The blessings of our kine we only mind,
Whose overflowing veins
Give nectar at our fire,
That gods and men admire
Our happiness and pains."

T. P.

ART. CCXL. *Tusser Redivivus, being part of Mr. Thomas Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Husbandry, directing what corn, grass, &c. is proper to be sown; what trees to be planted; how land is to be improved; with whatever is fit to be done for the benefit of the farmer, in every month of the year. To which are added Notes and Observations, explaining many obsolete terms in the said Tusser, and what is agreeable to the present practice in several counties of this kingdom. A work very necessary and useful for gentlemen, as well as farmers and occupiers of land, whether wood-ground, or tillage, and pasture. London. Printed, and are to be sold by J. Morphew, near Stationers Hall,* 1710. 8vo.

THIS was published, in twelve Monthly Numbers, by Daniel Hilman, a Surveyor of Epsom, in Surry. It is digested into such parts as are applicable to each month, and contains a regular intermixture of Tusser's Quatrains, with a prose commentary by the Editor. A short specimen will be sufficient.

"JANUARY.

"When Christmas is ended, bid feasting adue;
Go, plaie the good husband, thy stocke to renue:
Be mindful of rearing in hope of a gaine;
Dame Profit shall give thee reward for thy paine.

"The author lived the greatest part of his time in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex; in the two former there is much cattle reared at present; the latter is much altered from what they did formerly, by suckling of calves, and housing of lambs, and the taking in of commons."

ART. CCXLI. *Winter. A Poem. By Jas. Thomson, A. M.**

Rapidus sol
Nondum Hyemem contingit equis. Jam præterit æstas.
VIRG.

——Glacialis HYEMS canos hirsuta capillos. OVID.

London; printed for J. Millan, at Locke's head in Shug Lane, near the upper end of the Haymarket; and sold by J. Roberts in Warwick Lane, and N. Blandford at the London Gazette, Charing

* This academic distinction was not afterwards assumed by him, nor does it appear to have been noticed by his biographers.

Cross. MDCCXXVI. Price one shilling. Folio. First Edition. Dedication to the Right Honourable Sir Spencer Compton.

Winter. A Poem. By James Thomson.

——————Horrida cano
Bruma gelu.

The Second Edition. London: printed by N. Blandford, at Charing Cross, for J. Millan, at Locke's head in Shug Lane, near the Hay-Market, and the next Bookseller to the Horse-Guards. MDCCXXVI. Price one shilling. 8vo.

This second impression had other title-pages, professing to be the *third* and *fourth* editions; but the late Mr. Warton was told by Millan that the book lay a long time unsold upon his stall. In a letter from Thomson to Dr. Cranston, which was printed in the European Magazine for May 1797, we are informed that the poet of the Seasons conceived the first design of his subject from Rickleton's* poem on Winter. Should any copy of such a poem still exist, some account of it would be most suitable to the plan of the present work; nor could it be otherwise than generally interesting, to see from what a casual germ the most luxuriant fruitage was produced. Somervile very honestly and judiciously delivered his sentiments† of the first edition

* Qu. whether the Rev. Mr. Riccalton, minister of Hobkirk, who encouraged Thomson to cultivate his early propensity for poetry, furnished him with books, and corrected his puerile as says?

† See Somerville's epistle to Thomson, in the works of the former.

of the Seasons; and Thomson appears to have attended with studious care to his friendly admonition in the subsequent impressions. Dr. Johnson indeed expresses a doubt whether in these successive revisals, the original excellence, the primitive flavour, or what Temple calls the *race*, was not partly lost; but perhaps it will be acknowledged by those who have inspected both, that the early production of the poet bears much analogy to his former territory at Rosedale,* which was narrow in extent and parsimonious of ornament, till Taste enlarged its limits and clothed the sylvan wild with a profusion of adventitious beauty. For the gratification of those who have a pleasure in tracing the progress of cultivated intellect, it is proposed to reprint the poem of WINTER as it stood in the *second* impression, marking the few variations it contains from the *first*; and it will then be in the power of any poetical reader to observe how much it was afterwards dilated and

> "Why should thy Muse, born so divinely fair,
> Want the reforming toilet's daily care!
> Dress the gay maid, improve each native grace,
> And call forth all the glories of her face:
> Th' accomplish'd nymph, in all her best attire,
> Courts shall applaud, and prostrate crowds admire,
> For kind and wise the parent, who reproves
> The slightest blemish in the child he loves.
> Read Philips much, consider Milton more,
> But from their dross extract the purer ore,
> Let perspicuity o'er all preside,—
> Soon shalt thou be the nation's joy and pride."

* This name was given to Thomson's villa in Kew Lane, by the late Mrs. Boscawen, who greatly extended the pleasure ground, and religiously preserved the reliques of an alcove which formed the summer study of the poet.

embellished by the refining hand of its original artificer.

To the second edition of the poem was added a "Preface," which shall also be given as a specimen of Thomson's composition in prose, and as an honourable vindication of his favourite pursuit.

"I am neither ignorant, nor concerned, how much one may suffer in the opinion of several persons of great gravity and character, by the study and pursuit of POETRY.

"Although there may seem to be some appearance of reason for the present contempt of it, as managed by the most part of our modern writers, yet that any man should seriously declare against that DIVINE ART, is really amazing. It is declaring against the most charming power of imagination, the most exalting force of thought, the most affecting touch of sentiment: in a word, against the very soul of all learning and politeness. It is affronting the universal taste of mankind, and declaring against what has charmed the listening world from Moses down to Milton. In fine, it is even declaring against the sublimest passages of the inspired writings themselves, and what seems to be the peculiar language of heaven.

"The truth of the case is this: these weak-sighted gentlemen cannot bear the strong light of poetry, and the finer and more amusing scene of things it displays; but must those, therefore, whom heaven has blessed with the discerning eye, shut it to keep them company? It is pleasant enough, however, to observe frequently in these enemies of poetry, an awkward imitation of it. They sometimes have

their little brightnesses, when the opening gloom will permit. Nay, I have seen their heaviness on some occasions deign to turn friskish and witty, in which they make just such another figure, as Æsop's ass, when he began to fawn. To compleat the absurdity, they would even in their efforts against poetry fain to be poetical; like those gentlemen that reason with a great deal of zeal of severity against reason.

"That there are frequent and notorious abuses of poetry is as true as that the best things are most liable to that misfortune: but is there no end of that clamorous argument against the use of things from the abuse of them? And yet I hope that no man, who has the least sense of shame in him, will fall into it after the present sulphureous attacker* of the stage. To insist no further on this head, let poetry once more be restored to her ancient truth and purity; let her be inspired from heaven, and in return, her incense ascend thither: let her exchange her low, venal, trifling subjects, for such as are fair, useful, and magnificent; and let her execute these so as at once to please, instruct, surprize, and astonish: and then, of necessity, the most inveterate ignorance and prejudice shall be struck dumb, and poets yet become the delight and wonder of mankind. But this happy period is not to be expected till some long-wished illustrious man, of equal power and beneficence, rise on the wintry world of letters: one of a genuine and unbounded greatness and generosity of mind, who, far above all the pomp

* Probably Jeremy Collier, who died in 1726, and had attacked the stage formidably at least, if not *sulphureously*.

and pride of fortune, scorns the little addressful flatterer; pierces through the disguised, designing villain; discountenances all the reigning fopperies of a tasteless age; and who, stretching his views into late futurity, has the true interest of virtue, learning, and mankind, entirely at heart:—a character so nobly desirable! that to an honest heart it is almost incredible so few should have the ambition to deserve it.

"Nothing can have a better influence towards the revival of poetry than the chusing of great and serious subjects: such as at once amuse the fancy, enlighten the head, and warm the heart. These give a weight and dignity to the poem: nor is the pleasure, I should say rapture, both the writer and the reader feels, unwarranted by reason, or followed by repentant disgust. To be able to write on a dry, barren theme, is looked upon by some as the sign of a happy, fruitful genius. Fruitful indeed! like one of the pendant gardens in Cheapside, watered every morning by the hand of the alderman himself. And what are we commonly entertained with on these occasions, save forced, unaffecting fancies; little glittering prettinesses; mixed turns of wit and expression; which are as widely different from native poetry, as buffoonery is from the perfection of human thinking? A genius fired with the charms of truth and nature is tuned to a sublimer pitch, and scorns to associate with such subjects. I cannot more emphatically recommend this poetical ambition than by the four following lines from Mr. Hill's poem, called "The Judgment Day," which is so singular an instance of it.

For me, suffice it to have taught my Muse
The tuneful trifings of her tribe to shun,
And rais'd her warmth such heavenly themes to chuse,
As, in past ages, the best garlands won.

"I know no subject more elevating, more amusing, more ready to awake the poetical enthusiasm, the philosophical reflection, and the moral sentiment, than the *works of Nature*. Where can we meet with such variety, such beauty, such magnificence? All that enlarges and transports the soul? What more inspiring than a calm, wide survey of them? In every dress Nature is greatly charming: whether she puts on the crimson robes of the morning, the strong effulgence of noon, the sober suit of the evening, or the deep sables of blackness and tempest. How gay looks the Spring! how glorious the Summer! how pleasing the Autumn! and how venerable the Winter! But there is no thinking of these things without breaking out into poetry; which is, by the bye, a plain and undeniable argument of their superior excellence. For this reason the best, both ancient and modern poets, have been passionately fond of retirement and solitude. The wild romantic country was their delight: and they seem never to have been more happy, than when lost in unfrequented fields, far from the little busy world, they were at leisure to meditate and sing the works of Nature.

"The book of Job, that noble and ancient poem, which even strikes so forcibly through a mangling translation, is crowned with a description of the grand works of Nature, and that too from the mouth of their ALMIGHTY AUTHOR! It was this devo-

tion to the works of Nature, that, in his Georgicks, inspired the rural Virgil to write so inimitably; and who can forbear joining with him in this declaration of his, which has been the rapture of ages?

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ, &c. to
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius. Vide Georg. lib. iii.

which may be Englished thus:

Me may the Muses, my supreme delight!
Whose priest I am, smit with immense desire,
Snatch to their care; the starry tracts disclose,
The sun's distress, the labours of the moon;
Whence the earth quakes; and by what force the deeps
Heave at the rocks, then on themselves reflow;
Why winter-suns to plunge in ocean speed,
And what retards the lazy summer-night.
But, lest I should these mystic truths attain,
If the cold current freezes round my heart,
The country me, the brooky vales may please,
Mid woods and streams unknown.

"I cannot put an end to this Preface, without taking the freedom to offer my most sincere and grateful acknowledgments to all those gentlemen who have given my first performance so favourable a reception. It is with the best pleasure and a rising ambition, that I reflect on the honour Mr. Hill* has done me, in recommending my poem to the world, after a manner so peculiar to himself; than whom none approves and obliges with a nobler and more unreserving promptitude of soul. His favours

* Aaron Hill and David Mallet (alias Malloch) prefixed the verses printed in their works; and a third copy was signed Mira, the fictitious name of a lady, says Dr. Johnson, once too well known.

are the very smiles of humanity, graceful and easy, flowing from and to the heart. This agreeable train of thought awakens naturally in my mind all the other parts of his great and amiable character, which I know not well how to quit, and yet dare not here pursue.

"Every reader who has a heart to be moved, must feel the most gentle power of poetry in the lines with which Mira has graced my poem.

"It perhaps might be reckoned vanity in me to say how richly I value the approbation of a gentleman of Mr. Malloch's fine and exact taste, so justly dear and valuable all those that have the happiness of knowing him; and who, to say no more of him, will abundantly make good to the world, the early promise his admired piece of 'William and Margaret' has given.

"I only wish my description of the various appearances of Nature in WINTER, and, as I purpose, in the other *Seasons**, may have the good fortune to give the reader some of that true pleasure, which they in their agreeable succession are always sure to inspire into my heart."

Thus closes a Preface which may certainly be registered among the curiosties of literature.

* Summer was printed in 1727, and Spring in 1728: at the same time were issued "Proposals for printing by subscription the Four Seasons, with a Hymn on their succession; a poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton; and an Essay on descriptive poetry." The latter does not seem to have been produced, but the Seasons were completed and printed in 1730, in 4to. and 8vo.

Winter, a Poem, by James Thomson. 2d Edit. 1726.

* See WINTER comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad; with all his rising train
Vapours, and clouds, and storms: Be these my theme,
These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Wish'd, wintry horrors, hail!—with frequent foot
Pleas'd have I in my chearful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless Solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy;
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domains,
Trod the pure virgin snows, my self as pure,
Heard the winds roar and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd
In the red evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till thro' the opening chambers of the south
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out and smil'd.
Thee too, inspirer of the toiling swain,
Fair Autumn, yellow-rob'd, I'll sing of thee,
Of thy last equal days and clouded calms,†
When all the golden hours are on the wing,

* Thomson, in a letter before mentioned, imparted these lines to Dr. Cranston, as his first sketch of an exordium to Winter.

I sing of WINTER and his gelid reign;
Nor let a ryming insect of the Spring
Deem it a barren theme. To me 'tis full
Of manly charms; to me, who court the shade,
Whom the gay Seasons suit not, and who shun
The glare of Summer. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Drear, awful, wintry horrors, welcome all!

After this introduction, says the poet, I prosecute the purport of the following lines:

Nor can I, O departing Summer! choose
But consecrate one pitying line to you:
Sing your last temper'd days and sunny calms,
That chear the spirits and serene the soul.

† Of thy last temper'd days and sunny calms. *1st. edit.*

Attending thy retreat, and round thy wain,
Slow-rolling, onward to the southern sky.
  Mark, how the well pois'd hornet hovering hangs,
With quivering pinions, in that genial blaze;
Flies off, in airy circles; then returns
And hums and dances to the beating ray:
Nor shall the man that musing walks alone,
And heedless strays within his radiant lists,
Go unchastis'd away. Sometimes a fleece
Of clouds, wide-scattering, with a lucid veil
Light shadow o'er the unruffled face of heaven,
And thro' their dewy sluices shed the sun
With temper'd influence down. Then is the time,
For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To sooth the throbbing passions into peace*,
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.
  Now solitary and in pensive guise
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
Or thro' the pining grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to chear the woodman's toil:
Haply, some widow'd songster pours his plaint†
Far thro' the withering copse. Mean while the leaves
That late the forest clad with lively green,
Nipt by the drizzly night, and sallow-hu'd,
Fall wavering thro' the air; or shower amain,
Urg'd by the breeze that sobs amid the boughs.
Then listening hares forsake the rustling woods,
And, starting at the frequent noise, escape
To the rough stubble and the rushy fen.

* To lay their passions in a gentle calm. 1*st. edit.*
† Sad Philomel, perchance, pours forth her plaint. *ib.*

Then woodcocks o'er the fluctuating main,
That glimmers to the glimpses of the moon*
Stretch their long voyage to the woodland glade,
Where, wheeling with uncertain flight, they mock
The nimble fowler's aim. Now Nature droops:
Languish the living herbs with pale decay;
And all the various family of flowers
Their sunny robes resign. The falling fruits
Thro' the still night forsake the parent-bough,
That in the first grey glances of the dawn
Looks wild, and wonders at the wintry waste.
The year, yet pleasing, but declining fast,
Soft, o'er the secret soul, in gentle gales,
A philosophic melancholy breathes,
And bears the swelling thought aloft to heaven.
Then forming Fancy rouses to conceive
What never mingled with the vulgar's dream:
Then wake the tender pang, the pitying tear,
The sigh for suffering worth, the wish prefer'd
For human kind, the joy to see them bless'd,
And all the social offspring of the heart!
Oh! bear me then to high embowering shades,
To twilight groves and visionary vales,
To weeping grottos and prophetic glooms†,
Where angel-forms are seen, and voices heard,
Sigh'd in low whispers that abstract the soul
From outward sense, far into worlds remote.
Now, when the western sun withdraws the day,
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress checks the straggling beams,

* "The glimpses of the moon," may have been unconsciously adopted from Shakspeare.

† To weeping grottos and to hoary caves. 1*st. edit.*

And their moist captives frees; where waters ooze,*
Where marshes stagnate and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn; then slow descend,
Once more to mingle with their watry friends.

The vivid stars shine out in brightening files†,
And boundless ether glows, till the fair moon
Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east;
Now, stooping, seems to kiss the passing cloud;
Now o'er the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, with silver waves,
O'er the sky'd mountain to the low-laid vale;
From the white rocks with dim reflection gleams,
And faintly glitters thro' the waving shades.

All night abundant dews, unnoted, fall,
That, lighted by the morning's ray, impearl‡
The face of mother earth: from every branch
Depending, tremble the translucent gems,
And, twinkling§, seem to fall away, yet cling
And sparkle in the sun, whose rising eye
With fogs bedim'd, portends a beauteous day.

Now roving youth‖, whom headlong passions fire,
Rouse the wild game, and stain the guiltless grove
With violence and death; yet call it sport
To scatter ruin thro' the realms of Love,
And peace that thinks no ill:—but these the Muse,
Whose charity unlimited extends
As wide as Nature works, disdains to sing,
Returning to her nobler theme in view.

* And robs them of their gather'd vapoury prey. *1st. edit.*

† —— in radiant files. *ib.*

‡ And, at return of morning, silver o'er. *ib.*

§ And quivering, &c. *ib.*

‖ Now giddy youth, &c. *ib.*

Winter! who rides along the darken'd air,*
Striding the gloomy blast. First rains obscure
Drive thro' the mingling skies, with tempest foul;
Beat on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That, sounding, wave below. Th' unsightly plain†
Lies overwhelmn'd and lost. The bellying clouds
Combine, and deepening into night, shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of Heaven,
Each to his home, retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or, skimming, flutter round the dimply flood.
The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls;
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade:
Thither the household feathery people croud,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive and wet. Meanwhile, the cottage-swain
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and, taleful, there
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.
At last, the muddy deluge pours along,
Resistless, roaring; dreadful down it comes
From the chapt mountain and the mossy wild,
Trembling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far:
Then o'er the sanded valley, floating, spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent: till again constrain'd
Betwixt two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream.
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.
Nature! great parent! whose directing hand

* For see where WINTER comes, himself confest. 1*st. edit.*
† The dreary plain. *ib.*

Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty! how majestic are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul,
That sees, astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!
You too, ye Winds! that now begin to blow
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye viewless beings, say?
Where your aërial magazines reserv'd,
Against the day of tempest perilous?
In what untravel'd country of the air,
Hush'd in still silence, sleep you, when 'tis calm?
  Late in the lowering sky, red fiery streaks
Begin to flush about; the reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy aim, as doubting yet
Which master to obey: while, rising slow,
Blank in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
Wears a wan* circle round her sully'd orb.
Then issues forth the storm, with mad† controul,
And the thin fabric of the pillar'd air
O'erturns, at once. Prone, on the passive‡ main
§ Descends th' ethereal force, and plows its waves
In frightful furrows: from the brawling deep,
Heav'd to the clouds, the watery tumult comes.
Rumbling, the wind-swoln billows roll immense,
And on th' evanish'd vessel, bursting fierce,
Their terrors thunder thro' the prostrate soul
Of feeble man, amidst their fury caught

* Black, 1*st. edit.* Corrected in the table of errata to *bleak*.
† Loud controul. *ib.* ‡ On th' uncertain main. *ib.*
§ These lines stood thus in the former edition.

With dreadful rift: from the mid-deep appears
Surge after surge, the rising, watry war.
Whitening, the angry billows roll immense,
And roar their terrors thro' the shuddering soul
Of feeble man, &c.

And dash'd upon his fate: then, o'er the cliff
Where dwells the sea-mew, unconfin'd they fly,
And, hurrying, swallow up the steril shore.
The mountain growls; and all its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade:
Lone on its midnight side, and all aghast,
The dark way-faring stranger, breathless, toils
And climbs against the blast—
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its leafy honours yet remains.
Thus, struggling thro' the dissipated grove,
The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly dome,
Keen fastening, shakes 'em to the solid base.
Sleep frighted flies; the hollow chimney howls,
The windows rattle, and the hinges creak.
Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds and distant sighs,
That, murmur'd by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death!
Huge uproar lords it wide: the clouds commixt
With stars, swift-gliding, sweep along the sky.
*All Nature reels—till Nature's KING, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
And straight, earth, sea, and air, are hush'd at once.
As yet 'tis Midnight's reign; the weary clouds,
Slow meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,

* Thus contracted in the former edition.

All Nature reels. But hark! the ALMIGHTY speaks;
Instant, the chidden storm begins to pant,
And dies at once into a noiseless calm.

Let me associate with the low-brow'd Night,
And Contemplation, her sedate compeer:
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.
  And now, ye lying vanities of life!
You ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet, deluded man,
A scene of crude,* disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises, still resolv'd
With new-flush'd hopes, to run your giddy round.
  Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme!
O! teach me what is good! teach me thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!
  Dun,† from the livid East or piercing North
Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd:
Heavy, they roll their fleecy world along,
And the sky saddens with th' impending storm.
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first, thin wavering; till, at last, the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. [‡ Blackening, they melt,
Along the mazy stream. The leafless woods
Bow their hoar heads: and e'er the languid sun,

* Wild. *1st. edit.* † Lo! *ib.*

‡ These lines in brackets appeared thus in the 1st. edition.

See! sudden hoar'd;
The woods beneath the stainless burden bow;
Blackening, along the mazy stream it melts:
Earth's universal face, &c.

Faint, from the west, emit his evening ray,]
Earth's universal face, deep-hid, and chill,
Is all one dazzling waste. The labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of Heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, croud around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
That Providence allows. [*The red-breast, sole,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering fellows, and to trusted man
His annual visit pays: now to the dome,
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth, and, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family, askance,
And pecks and starts and wonders where he is:
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet.] The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants; the hare,
Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heavens, and next, the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then sad, dispers'd,
Dig, for the wither'd herb, thro' heaps of snow.
Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind;
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food, at will: lodge them below the storm,†
And watch them strict; for, from the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains

* This interesting description of the robin was added in the 2d. edition.

† Blast, 1st. edit.

In one fierce blast, and o'er th' unhappy flocks,
Hid * in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; till, upwards urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
That curls its wreaths amid the freezing sky.
  In Russia's wide, immeasurable moors,
Where WINTER keeps his unrejoicing court,
And in his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving Tempest is for ever heard;
Seen by the wilder'd traveller who roams,
Guideless, the yew-clad, stony wastes, the bear,
Rough tenant of these shades! shaggy with ice
And dangling snow, stalks thro' the woods, forlorn,
Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase;
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement wreath,
And scorning the complainings of distress,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.
  †[Or from the cloudy Alps and Appenine,
Capt with grey mists and everlasting snows,
Where Nature in stupendous ruin lyes,
And from the leaning rock, on either side,
Gush out those streams that classic song renowns;
Cruel as death! and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony and ghaunt and grim
Assembling wolves, in torrent troops, descend,
And spread wide-wasting desolation round.
Nought may their course withstand. They bear along,
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,

* Lodg'd. *ibid.*

† This long paragraph was added in the 2d. edit.

Or shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear th' screaming infant from her breast:
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
The generous lyon stands in soften'd gaze,
Here bleeds a hapless, undistinguish'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrowded body from the tomb, o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades and frighted ghosts, they howl.]
Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow keen, be my retreat
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
To chase the chearless gloom: there let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead,
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
With arts and arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at th' inspiring thought—I throw aside
The long-liv'd volume, and deep-musing, hail
The sacred shades, that slowly-rising, pass
Before my wondring eyes. First, Socrates,
Truth's early champion, martyr for his God.
Solon, the next, who built his common weal
On equity's firm base: Lycurgus, then,
Severely good: and him of rugged Rome,
Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons:
Cimon, sweet soul'd, and Aristides just:
With that attemper'd heroe,* mild and firm,
Who [illegible] brother while the tyrant bled:

* Timoleon.

Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme:
Scipio, the humane warriour, gently brave,
Fair learning's friend; who early sought the shade,
To dwell with Innocence and Truth retir'd:
And, equal to the best, the Theban, he
Who, single, rais'd his country into fame.
Thousands behind, the boast of Greece and Rome,
Whom Virtue owns, the tribute of a verse
Demand: but who can count the stars of Heaven?
Who sing their influence on this lower world?
But see who yonder comes! nor comes alone,
With sober state and of Majestic mien,
The sister Muses in his train—'Tis he!
Maro! the glory of the poet's art!†
Great Homer too appears, of daring wing!
Parent of song! and equal, by his side,
The British Muse, join'd hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, nor miss their way to Fame's ascent.
  Society divine! immortal minds!
Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
And mount my soaring soul to deeds like yours.
Silence! thou lonely power! the door be thine:
See, on the hallow'd hour that none intrude
Save Lycidas, ‡ the friend, with sense refin'd,
Learning digested well, exalted faith,
Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
  Clear frost succeeds, and thro' the blue serene,
For sight too fine, th' ætherial nitre flies,
To bake the glebe, and bind the slip'ry flood.
This of the wintry season is the prime;
Pure are the days, and lustrous are the nights,
Radiant with starry worlds, till then unseen.

† Maro! the best of poets and of men. 1st. edit.
‡ *Forsan* Mallet.

Mean while, the orient, darkly red, breathes forth
An icy gale, that in its mid career,
Arrests the bickering stream. The nightly sky,
And all her glowing constellations, pour
Their rigid influence down: it freezes on,
Till Morn, late-rising, o'er the drooping world
Lifts her pale eye, unjoyous: then appears
The various labour of the silent night;
The pendant isicle, the frost-work fair,
Where fancy'd* figures rise; the crusted snow,
Tho' white, made whiter, by the fining north,
[And gem-besprinkled in the mid-day beam.]†
On blithsome frolicks bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Rush o'er the watry plains, and, shuddering, view
The fearful deeps below: or, with the gun,
And faithful spaniel, range the ravag'd fields;
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the feathery, or the footed game.
‡ Muttering, the winds, at eve, with hoarser voice,
Blow, blustering, from the south—the frost subdu'd,
Gradual, resolves into a trickling § thaw.
Spotted, the mountains shine: loose sleet descends,
And floods the country round: the rivers swell,
Impatient for the day. [‖ Broke from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad, brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot, at once;
And where they rush, the wide resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste.] Those sullen seas,
That wash th' ungenial Pole, will rest no more

* Thousand. 1*st edit.* † Added in the 2*d edit.*
‡ But hark! the nightly winds with hollow voice. 1*st edit.*
§ Weeping thaw. 1*st edit.* ‖ Added in the 2*d edit.*

Beneath the shackles of the mighty North;
But rousing all their waves, resistless heave,—
And hark!—the lengthening roar, continuous, runs
Athwart the rifted main; at once it bursts,
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds!
Ill fares the bark, the wretch's last resort,
That, lost amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle;
While Night o'erwhelms the sea, and Horror looks
More horrible. Can human hearts endure
Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round:
Unlistening hunger, fainting weariness,
The roar of winds, and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And bellowing round the main? nations remote,
Shook from their midnight-slumbers, deem they hear
Portentous thunder in the gelid * sky:
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan,
And his unwieldly train, in horrid sport,
Tempest the loosen'd brine; while, thro' the gloom,
Far, from the dire, unhospitable shore
At once is heard 'th united, hungry howl, †
Of all the fell society of night.
Yet, Providence, that ever-waking eye,
Looks down, with pity, on the fruitless toil
Of mortals, lost to hope, and lights them safe,
Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.
'Tis done!—Dread WINTER has subdu'd the Year,
And reigns, tremendous, o'er the desart Plains!
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends

* Troubled sky. 1*st edit.*

† The lyon's rage, the wolf's sad howl is heard. 1*st edit.*

His solitary empire—Now, fond man!
Behold thy pictur'd life: pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring; thy short-liv'd Summer's strength;
Thy sober Autumn, fading into Age;
And pale, concluding Winter, shuts thy scene,
And shrouds thee in the grave. Where now are fled
These dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those nights of secret guilt? those veering thoughts,
Fluttering 'twixt good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
All, now, are vanished! Virtue, sole survives,
Immortal, mankind's never-failing friend,
His guide to happiness on high:—and see!
'Tis come, the glorious Morn! the second birth
Of Heaven and Earth!—awakening Nature hears
Th' almighty trumpet's voice, and starts to life,
Renew'd, unfading. Now th' eternal scheme,
That dark perplexity, that mystic maze,
Which sight could never trace, nor heart conceive,
To Reason's eye, refin'd, clears up apace.
Angels and men, astonish'd, pause;—and dread
To travel thro' the depths of Providence,
Untry'd, unbounded. Ye vain learned! see,
And prostrate in the dust, adore that Power
Of goodness, oft arraign'd. See now the cause,
Why conscious worth, oppress'd, in secret long
Mourn'd, unregarded: why the good man's share
In life, was gall, and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow, and her orphans, pin'd,
In starving solitude; while Luxury,
In palaces, lay prompting her low thought
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born Faith
And Charity, prime grace! wore the red marks

Of Persecution's scourge: why licens'd Pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest!
Ye noble few! that here, unbending, stand
Beneath life's pressures,—yet a little while,
And all your woes are past. Time swiftly fleets,
And wish'd Eternity, approaching, brings
Life undecaying, Love without allay,
Pure-flowing Joy, and Happiness sincere.

THE END.

Thomson issued Proposals in 1727 for printing by subscription *The Four Seasons, with a Hymn* on their succession; a Poem sacred to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton, and "An Essay on Descriptive Poetry." The latter never seems to have appeared. Subscriptions were to be received by the author at the Smyrna coffee-house in Pall Mall: but few probably were offered; as an Advertisement was prefixed to Spring in 1728, which thus reported:—"That the following poem appears at present in public, is not any way in prejudice of the Proposals I lately published for printing The Four Seasons, &c. by Subscription; but at the solicitation of some of my friends who had seen it in manuscript, and the better to carry on a work I stand engaged to finish. For *subscription* is now at its last gasp, and the world seems to have got the better of that many-headed monster. However those gentlemen and ladies who have been, or may hereafter be, so good as to honour me with their names, shall have the Book next Winter according to my Proposals; and

if it should, in any degree, be judged worthy their encouragement, I have my best reward." This inuendo must have had its due effect; for a quarto and an octavo edition of *The Seasons*, &c. were published in 1730, and of the former about 360 copies were subscribed for, at a guinea each. The "many-headed monster" therefore proved a purveyor of golden fruit to the poet of the Seasons. T. P.

ART. CCXLII. *William Shenstone.*

DR. JOHNSON, in his life of this poet, says, that at Oxford he employed himself upon English poetry; and in 1737 published a small miscellany without his name. Dr. Anderson repeats this information, but, from his usual ardour of research and more successful inquiry, has produced a title to that miscellany. The fact however is, that there were two titles, which as the book is extremely scarce, shall here be given: though the author's name and the mottos form the only difference.

"Poems upon various Occasions. Written for the entertainment of the author, and printed for the entertainment of a few friends, prejudic'd in his favour. By William Shenstone, gent.

Spes et Fortuna, valete!

Oxford: printed by Leon. Lichfield, near Eastgate, 1737."

"Poems upon various Occasions. Written for the entertainment of the author, and printed for the amusement of a few friends, prejudic'd in his favour.

Contentus paucis lectoribus. Hor.

Oxford: printed by Leon. Lichfield near Eastgate, 1737."

The two copies to which the above are prefixed do not appear to contain any other material diversity, except that the dedication to the former is dated "Pembroke College, Oxford, April 29th, 1737;" and that to the latter has only the month and year subjoined. The poet addresses his "prefatory Dedication to Mrs. ————:" a lady, he says, of a penetrating judgment and refined taste; to whom he devotes five pages of pedantic quaintness and tumid panegyric. His poetry he begs leave to declare, is "the product of a young genius, little exercised in versification;" and he seems feelingly to predict his future character, when he affirms "that indolence has proved with him, and always will do, more than a balance to any other ambition."

The poetical contents of this juvenile opusculum it may not be incurious to record, nor can a brief report of their respective merits be deemed out of its place in Censura Literaria.

"The Speeches of Sloth and Virtue: upon the plan of Xenophon's Judgment of Hercules." These speeches, with considerable enlargement and revisal, were incorporated into the Judgment of Hercules, which is placed foremost in the division of Shenstone's moral pieces, in Dodsley's edition of 1765.

"Love and Musick." A feeble lyric ode, which neither possesses the animation excited by love, nor the harmony inspired by music.

"Colemira: a culinary Eclogue." Verbatim, as printed by Dodsley, p. 197.

"Comparison." Trite, common-place compliment to Silvia, in which her eyes are compared to the sun, her voice to the nightingale, her complexion to alabaster, and her cheek to the rose.

"The School-Mistress." A coarse and imperfect sketch of what was afterwards wrought up into a delicate cabinet picture. It consists of twelve stanzas only; one of which was judiciously rejected for its grossness. The remaining eleven greatly improved, and seventeen new ones added, the poem was reprinted in 1742, 8vo. with an Index describing the contents of each stanza, and various passages cited in the margin from Virgil, Horace, &c. which had served to furnish hints or illustrations. In the posthumous edition of Shenstone's works, it appeared with seven additional stanzas, and forms (as Dr. Johnson observes) "one of the author's most pleasing performances."

"The Quill." Twelve short stanzas, tracing in detail the various services of a goose-quill from the pens of Pope, Young, and Cibber, to the tuning of a spinnet and employ of a tooth-pick.

"Alboque simillima Cygno." This may serve as a civil censure on the frivolous excuses made by many females, when solicited in company to favour their friends with a song: and being brief it shall be extracted, as it affords a specimen of the writer's Juvenilia.

As Delia, lovely syren! sate
  The myrtle shades among:
Regardless of a farther fate
Than what her killing eyes create,
  Philander begg'd a song.

Too well, alas! the artful knew
He'd not his suit give o'er;
And cry'd—"By walking in the dew
I'm grown so hoarse—I vow 'tis true—
Dear Swain insist no more!"

At length, to his renew'd address
She yields, yet vows again—
"She scarce can draw her breath, much less
In modulated thrills express,
Or raise one pleasing strain."—

Such-like evasions store the heart
Of ev'ry tuneful she;
That one, unvers'd in female art,
Must think them going to impart,
Like swans, their elegy.

"The Gossipping: a ballad. To the tune of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury." A mythological ditty of fourteen verses, each ending with a *derry down, &c.* Written much in the plan of Geo. Alex. Steevens's toping rants, but conducted with less humour and more vulgarity.

"Stanzas to the memory of W. G. parish-clerk, who departed this life &c. to the inexpressible grief of his admirers. In imitation of Maister Sternhold." This imitation extends to thirteen staves, somewhat puerile and bordering on the profane.

"Anacreontick. Io! Bacche! *Hor.*" No uncharacteristic specimen of the Bacchanalian extravaganza style; in which ludicrous bombast or sottish sensuality commonly supply the want of exhilarating ideas.

"To Mr. Pope on his Dunciad." An epigram-

matic squib thrown at the opponents of Pope, which could not be gathered up in the collection published under the name of Savage, in 1732.

"Eve's Speech in Milton, upon her Expulsion out of Paradise." This exquisitely pathetic lamentation is here be-rhymed out of its original grace, and paraphrased out of its dignified simplicity. Such a feeble attempt to improve on Milton was an evidence of very erroneous taste.

"Judith's Song." Versified with considerable ingenuity and force of expression.

"The Tea-Table." In nine stanzas. Trifling as the subject they commemorate.

"Inscription to the memory of A. L. Esq." Printed by Dodsley in Shenstone's Levities; whereas suppression would have been more honourable to the author and to his editor.

"To Selinda Sailing." In the manner of his songs, and like some of them very jejune.

"To Selinda. An Apology for having celebrated others." More witty than amatory; and written by the poet when 'twas "his with *mock-passion* to glow."

"Cupid and Plutus." A successful imitation of Mat Prior's more airy productions.

"Written under a Lady's name on a Window." What any poet-corner wit might have composed.

"The Snuff-Box." No unfaithful adumbration of Parnell's melodious ease and neatness.

"The Enchantress. Anacreontick." A mimicry of namby-pamby Phillips; but executed with less characteristic prettiness, and more strained conceit.

"Je-ne-sçai quoi. In imitation of Lord Roches-

ter's poem upon Nothing." A languid parody on a well-known and spirited effusion; to which it only bears resemblance, from being written in similar metre.

"Verses to a Lady. Together with some coloured patterns of Flowers." A grave epistolary address, dated from Harborough, Oct. 7, 1730; and written apparently when Pope was the prevailing model, as the following extract may serve to indicate.

The sweets of tranquil life, and rural ease,
Amuse securely, nor less justly please.
Where gentle Pleasure shews her milder pow'r,
Or blooms in fruit, or sparkles in the flow'r;
Smiles in the groves, the raptur'd poet's theme,
Flows in the brook, his Naiad of the stream;
Dawns with each happier stroke the pencil gives,
And, in each livelier image, smiling lives;
Is heard, when Silvia strikes the warbling strings,
Breathes with the morn: attends, propitious maid,
The ev'ning ramble and the noon-day glade:
Some visionary Fair, she cheats our view,
Then only vig'rous, when she's seen like you.

* * * * *

Such are your honours—mentioned to your cost,
Those least can hear them, who deserve them most.

On a general survey of the above publication, it appears to contain little more than what many a college-student, with a poetical propensity, has had it in his power to usher forth at the age of twenty-three; nor does it glisten with any luminous presage, that the author would hereafter obtain an appropriate niche in the temple of British Fame. That he should in riper life have endeavoured to recal and cancel

these puerile effusions, as the late Mr. Steevens reported, is creditable to his maturer judgment; but that he did not altogether effect his purpose, some ardent collectors of literary rarities may exult to declare: and indeed to the ingennous student it must always afford a pleasurable exercise, when he can compare the first draughts of any masterly hand with its more finished productions. T. P.

ART. CCXLIII. *Collins's Odes, Descriptive and Allegorical.* 1746.

NOTHING seems more unaccountable than the caprice of public taste. The poems of COLLINS, of which such numerous impressions in every splendid, as well as every cheap form, have lately found a sale, were received with such coldness on their first publication, that the unhappy and disappointed author in a fit of disgust and indignation burned the greater part of the copies with his own hand. Yet this was the man, of the felicity of whose genius Langhorne speaks as approaching to inspiration, in a passage to which Mr. Roscoe has lately given a sanction, by citing it in his preface to the life of Leo X.

In what strange torpor were the fancy, the feelings, and the taste of the nation buried, when they could receive with indifference the Ode on the Passions, and the Odes to Fear, and to Evening! But these perhaps are too abstract for the multitude, who cannot admire them till long established authority supersedes their own judgments. So it was even with Milton, whose early compositions, the Lycidas, L'Allegro, and Il Penseroso, the very essence of

poetry, were little noticed by his cotemporaries, while the vile doggrel of such wretched rhymers as Cleveland and Brome, and others of the same stamp, was universally praised and admired.

Collins is a proof, that he who gives up the reins to his fancy may act injuriously to his own happiness; but who can deny, that he stands the best chance of attaining the mantle of a poet? "To repose by Elysian waterfalls," and range beyond the dull scenes of reality, may render the sensations too acute for intercourse with the rude manners of the world, and too much enervate the heart, which is doomed to encounter difficulties, neglect, and calumny. But in what other temperament can the productions of genius be formed? Can the dull reasoner, the ready wit, the happy adept in familiar manners, the quick observer of what is ridiculous in daily life, be qualified to rise to those "strains of a higher tone" which only deserve the name of poetry?

I have heard that genuine poetry is calculated for universal taste; an opinion which Johnson seemed to have entertained. The idea appears to me strangely erroneous. The seeds of taste must be sown by Nature: but they will never arrive at maturity without high cultivation. Such is the case in all the arts: carry a person of uncultivated mind successively into rooms where are exhibited the worst daubs of modern painters, and the finest ancient specmens of the art; and he will uniformly prefer the unchaste glare of the former. So it is with the untutored taste in poetry. And as the Flemish school of pictures is always the favourite with the mob, so

are Hudibras and Swift more congenial to them than Spenser, and Milton, and Collins.

But there are those, whose original lowness of spirit, no education, no birth, or acquirements, or rank can elevate. Lord Chesterfield said that when he read Milton he always took snuff; and while he recommended to his son the vulgar points of Martial, he condemned the touching simplicity of the Greek epigrams to his supreme contempt. On a mind so constituted it is unnecessary to remark. A better style of poetry has now received the countenance of the public; and as long as Cowper, and Burns, and Beattie receive the public applause, genius will not be without "the fostering dew of praise."

ART. CCXLIV. *Oriental Eclogues. Written originally for the entertainment of the Ladies of Tauris, and now translated.*

Ubi primus equis Oriens adflavit anhelis.
VIRG. GEOR. L. I.

London: Printed for I. Payne, at Pope's Head, in Paternoster Row. 1757, 4to.

THIS is an edition of Collins's Eclogues which I have only once met with. It was certainly not the first, which, I think, was published in 1742. The present bears date the year after the poet's death. It has the following disguised preface.

"*Preface.*

"It is with the writings of mankind, in some measure, as with their complexions or their dress; each

nation hath a peculiarity in all these, to distinguish it from the rest of the world.

"The gravity of the Spaniard, and the levity of the Frenchman, are as evident in all their productions, as in their persons themselves; and the style of my countrymen is as naturally strong and nervous, as that of an Arabian or Persian is rich and figurative.

"There is an elegancy and wildness of thought, which recommends all their compositions; and our geniuses are as much too cold for the entertainment of such sentiments, as our climate is for their fruits and spices. If any of these are to be found in the following Eclogues, I hope my reader will consider them as an argument of their being original; I received them at the hands of a merchant, who had made it his business to enrich himself with the learning, as well as the silks and carpets of the Persians. The little information I could gather concerning their author was, that his name was Abdallah, and that he was a native of Tauris.

"It was in that city, that he died of a distemper fatal in those parts, whilst he was engaged in celebrating the victories of his favourite monarch, the Great Abbas.* As to the Eclogues themselves, they give a very just view of the miseries and inconveniencies as well as the felicities, that attend one of the finest countries in the East.

"The time of writing them was probably in the beginning of the Sultan Hosseyn's reign, the successor of Sefi or Solyman the Second.

* "In the Persian tongue, Abbas signified the father of people."

"Whatever defects, as I doubt not there will be many, fall under the reader's observation, I hope his candour will incline to make the following reflection:

"That the works of Orientals contain many peculiarities, and that, through defect of language, few European translators can do them justice."

ART. CCXLV. *Poems on several subjects. By James Beattie, A. M. A new edition, corrected. London. Printed for W. Johnston, in Ludgate Street.* 1766. *Duod. pp.* 166. *Dedicated to James, Earl of Errol.*

THIS seems to have been the second edition of DR. BEATTIE'S poems; and is scarce, as well as the first. Of these the author, with an unaccountable and unbecoming diffidence, is said to have become afterwards ashamed, and to have attempted the suppression.

The contents are 1. * The Judgment of Paris. 2.* Ode to Peace. 3. Retirement, an Ode. 4. Ode to Hope. 5. * The Triumph of Melancholy. 6. Elegy, occasioned by the death of a Lady. 7. * Elegy. 8. The Hares, a fable. 9. * The Wolf and Shepherds, a fable. 10. * On the report of a Monument to be erected in Westminster Abbey to the memory of a late author. 11. * Verses, written by Mr. Blacklock, on a blank leaf of his poems sent to the Author. 12.* An Epistle to the Rev. Mr. Thomas

* Those with an asterisk are omitted in subsequent editions.

Blacklock. 13. The Battle of the Pigmies and Cranes.

I insert the Ode to Peace, which I know not why Beattie should have wished to suppress.

ODE TO PEACE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLVIII.

I. 1.

Peace, heaven descended Maid, whose powerful voice
From ancient darkness call'd the morn,
And hush'd of jarring elements the noise;
When Chaos, from his old dominion torn,
With all his bellowing throng,
Far, far was hurl'd the void abyss along;
And all the bright angelic choir,
Striking thro' all their ranks th' eternal lyre,
Pour'd in loud symphony th' impetuous strain;
And every fiery orb and planet sung;
And wide through Night's dark solitary reign,
Rebounding long and deep, the lays triumphant rung!

I. 2.

Oh, whither art thou fled, Saturnian age!
Roll round again, majestic years!
To break the sceptre of tyrannic rage,
From Woe's wan cheek to wipe the bitter tears,
Ye years, again roll round!
Hark! from afar, what desolating sound,
While echoes load the sighing gales,
With dire presage the throbbing heart assails?
Murder, deep-rous'd, with all the whirlwind's haste,
And roar of tempest, from her cavern springs,
Her tangled serpents girds around her waist,
Smiles ghastly fierce, and shakes her gore-distilling wings.

I. 3.

The shouts redoubling rise
In thunder to the skies;
The Nymphs disorder'd dart along,
Sweet Powers of solitude and song,
Stunn'd with the horrors of discordant sound.
Horrors, far heard amid the waste of night,
That oft have led the wanderer right,
Are silent at the noise.
The mighty Ocean's more majestic voice,
Drown'd in superior din, is heard no more;
The surge in silence seems to sweep the sounding shore.

II. 1.

The bloody banner, streaming in the air,
Seen on yon sky-mixt mountain's brow;
The mingling multitudes, the madding car,
Driven in confusion to the plain below;
War's dreadful Lord proclaim.
Bursts out by frequent fits th' expansive flame:
Snatch'd in tempestuous eddies, flies
The surging smoke o'er all the darken'd skies.
The cheerful face of heaven no more is seen,
The bloom of morning fades to deadly pale,
The bat flits transient o'er the dusky green,
And night's foul birds along the sullen twilight sail.

II. 2.

Involv'd in fire-streak'd gloom, the car comes on,
The rushing steeds grim Terror guides:
His forehead writh'd to a relentless frown,
Aloft the angry Power of Battle rides.
Grasp'd in his mighty hand
A mace tremendous desolates the land;

The tower rolls headlong down the steep,
The mountain shrinks before its wasteful sweep,
Chill horror the dissolving limbs invades:
Smit by the blasting lightning of his eyes,
A deeper gloom invests the howling shades;
Stripp'd is the shatter'd grove, and every verdure dies.

II. 3.

How startled Phrensy stares,
Bristling her ragged hairs!
Revenge the gory fragment gnaws;
See with her griping vulture-claws
Imprinted deep, she rends the mangled wound!
Hate whirls her torch sulphureous round.
The shrieks of agony, and clang of arms,
Re-echo to the hoarse alarms;
Her trump terrific blows.
Disparted from behind, the clouds disclose
Of kingly gesture a gigantic form,
That with his scourge sublime rules the careering storm.

III. 1.

Ambition, outside fair! within as foul
As fiends of fiercest heart below,
Who ride the hurricanes of fire, that roll
Their thundering vortex o'er the realms of woe,
Yon naked waste survey;
Where late was heard the flute's mellifluous lay;
Where late the rosy-bosom'd hours,
In loose array, danc'd lightly o'er the flowers;
Where late the shepherd told his tender tale;
And, waken'd by the murmuring breeze of morn,
The voice of cheerful Labour fill'd the dale;
And dove-ey'd Plenty smil'd, and wav'd her liberal horn.

III. 2.

Yon ruins, sable from the wasting flame,
But mark the once-resplendent dome;
The frequent corse obstructs the sullen stream,
And ghosts glare horrid from the sylvan gloom.
How sadly silent all!
Save where, outstretch'd beneath yon hanging wall,
Pale famine moans with feeble breath,
And Anguish yells, and grinds his bloody teeth.
Though vain the Muse, and every melting lay,
To touch thy heart, unconscious of remorse!
Know, monster, know, thy hour is on the way!
I see, I see the years begin their mighty course!

III. 3.

What scenes of glory rise
Before my dazzled eyes!
Young Zephyrs wave their wanton wings,
And melody celestial rings.
All blooming on the lawn, the Nymphs advance,
And touch the lute, and range the dance:
And the blithe shepherds, on the mountain's side,
Arrayed in all their rural pride,
Exalt the festive note,
Inviting Echo from her inmost grot—
But, ah! the landscape glows with fainter light;
It darkens, swims, and flies for ever from my sight.

IV. 1.

Illusions vain! Can sacred Peace reside,
Where sordid gold the breast alarms,
Where Cruelty inflames the eye of Pride,
And Grandeur wantons in soft Pleasure's arms?

Ambition, these are thine!
These from the soul erase the form divine;
And quench the animating fire,
That warms the bosom with sublime desire.
Thence the relentless heart forgets to feel,
And Hatred triumphs o'er the overwhelming brow,
And midnight Rancour grasps the cruel steel,
Blaze the blue flames of Death, and sound the shrieks of Woe.

IV. 2.

From Albion fled, thy once-belov'd retreat,
What regions brighten in thy smile,
Creative Peace, and underneath thy feet
See sudden flowers adorn the rugged soil?
In bleak Siberia blows,
Wak'd by thy genial breath the balmy rose?
Wav'd over by thy magic wand,
Does life inform fell Lybia's burning sand?
Or does some isle thy parting flight detain,
Where roves the Indian thro' primeval shades;
Haunts the pure pleasures of the sylvan reign,
And, led by Reason's light, the path of Nature treads?

IV. 3.

On Cuba's utmost steep,*
Far leaning o'er the deep,
The Goddess' pensive form was seen.
Her robe of Nature's varied green
Wav'd on the gale; grief dim'd her radiant eyes;
Her bosom heav'd with boding sighs.

* This alludes to the discovery of America by the Spaniards, under Columbus. Those ravagers are said to have made their first descent on the islands in the gulph of Florida, of which Cuba is one.

She eyed the main; where, gaining on the view,
Emerging from th' ethereal blue,
Midst the dread pomp of war,
Blaz'd the Iberian streamer from afar.
She saw; and, on refulgent pinions borne,
Slow wing'd her way sublime, and mingled with the morn.

The beautiful Ode on Retirement, which has been retained in the later editions, stands here in a much less finished state. The whole first stanza, for instance, is as follows.

Shook from the purple wings of Even,
When dews impearl the grove,
And from the darkening verge of Heaven
Beams the sweet star of Love;
Laid on a daisy-sprinkled green,
Beside a plaintive stream,
A meek-ey'd Youth, of serious mien,
Indulg'd this solemn theme.

The fable of the Hares is preceded by 38 lines, which are now omitted, &c. &c.

Original Poems and Translations. By James Beattie, A. M. London: Printed and sold by A. Millar in the Strand. 1760. 8vo. *pp.* 188.

In the preceding article, some account has been given of the *second* edition of Dr. Beattie's poems. The above title belongs to the *first* edition, which has now become scarce. The contents are as follow: 1. Ode to Peace. 2. Retirement, an ode. 3. Ode to Hope. 4. The Tri-

umph of Melancholy. 5. An Elegy occasioned by the death of a Lady. 6. The Hares, a Fable. 7.* Epitaph. 8.* Epitaph on two Brothers. 9. Elegy. 10.* Song, in imitation of Shakespear. 11.* Anacreon, Ode xxii. translated. 12.* Invocation to Venus, from Lucretius, translated. 13.* Horace, Book II. Ode x. translated. 14.* Horace, Book III. Ode xiii. translated. 15.* The Ten Pastorals of Virgil translated.

This edition, like that which followed, is inscribed to James Earl of Erroll, whom Boswell has applauded for agreeable manners and softness of address:† but it contains a preface which was not reprinted; and, being characteristic of the amiable and admirable author, cannot therefore be unacceptable to general readers.

"The Preface.

"Few writers are qualified to form a proper judgment of their own talents. Their opinions on this subject, whether influenced by diffidence or by vanity, are for the most part equally remote from truth. If any there be, who can with certainty anticipate the sentiments of the public with regard to their own compositions, they must be such as are thoroughly acquainted with mankind, as well as with the propensity and the force of their own genius. But it is impossible that one who has not experimentally proved

* Those marked with an asterisk were omitted in subsequent editions.

† Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, p. 148.

Quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri,

should be able to judge for himself, either in the choice or the execution of his subject. If he wishes to have his judgment regulated in this matter, he must appeal to the public suffrage, which, however it may for a time be rendered ineffectual by prejudice or partial favour, will at last determine his real character.

"The author of the following little poems hopes that this to the good-natured reader will apologize for his rashness in venturing abroad into the public view. He would not wish to labour in an hopeless pursuit; nor is he one of those who have determined (as Butler says)

In spite
Of nature and their stars to write;

the sentiments of the public he will regard, whether they suggest hints for writing better, or cautions against writing at all.

"Each of the pieces that compose this small Miscellany has been read and approved by several persons of unquestionable taste, whose judgment was capable of no other bias than that amiable one, the partiality of friendship. This the author chooses to mention; because he would not be thought to have engaged in this publication entirely in compliance with the suggestions of his own vanity: and he is afraid to urge *the request of friends* as an excuse for his appearing in his present character; this plea having been so often abused, that it is become even ridiculous.

"The public is already acquainted with several translations of Virgil's pastorals. Mr. Dryden's translations will be admired, as long as the English language is understood, for that fluent and graceful energy of expression, which distinguishes all the writings of that great poet. In his compositions, even in those which have been censured as inaccurate, we are charmed with

Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn:

and if we find any thing blameable, we are inclined to impute it, not to any defect in his own genius or taste, but to the depravity of the age in which it was his misfortune to live.

"The translation of Virgil, published some years ago by the learned and ingenious Mr. Joseph Warton, did not come into my hands till long after what is now offered to the public was finished. That it was well received, even after Mr. Dryden's, is a sufficient proof of its merit.

"The perusal of these two masterly versions might have effectually discouraged the publication of the following, had I ever intended it as a rival to either of the others. But as I disclaim this intention, and would wish to be thought only an humble copier of Virgil, I hope the present translation will be pardoned, if in a few particular instances it be found to have set any of the beauties of the admired original in a more conspicuous point of view to the English reader. Nor let it be ascribed to arrogance or vanity, that I presume to think this possible, notwithstanding what has been so well performed by

the great masters just mentioned. In copying a painting of Raphael, an engraver of an inferior class may give expression to a particular lineament more successfully than even Strange himself. A minute observer will sometimes attend to a little circumstance, which an enlarged imagination, capable of conceiving and exhibiting the full idea, may overlook. The eye is not wholly satisfied with contemplating a piece of sculpture from the most advantageous station: by changing the station it enjoys the satisfaction, not only of viewing the same attitude in a variety of lights, but of catching the expression of some particular muscle, or feature, not discernible from the former point of view. It is perhaps some such consideration as this, that hath induced those, who are indulgent to my performances, to advise the publishing of this translation;* which was written at a very early time of life, when solitude left the mind at liberty to pursue, without any fixed design, such amusements as gratified the present hour.

"The version from Lucretius was written at the particular desire of a friend, whose commands the translator hath reason to honour."

The following original pieces are of too interesting a character for consignment to "cold oblivion," though they breathe not that *ardor æthereus animi* which glows throughout the Minstrel.

* N. B. The versions of the fourth, fifth, and tenth Pastorals, had been printed in former miscellaneous collections; but were copied from unfinished draughts, and swarmed with typographical errors.

SONG

In imitation of Shakspeare's "Blow, blow, thou winter wind."

"Blow, blow, thou vernal gale!
Thy balm will not avail
To ease my aching breast;
Though thou the billows smoothe,
Thy murmurs cannot soothe
My weary soul to rest:

Flow, flow, thou tuneful stream;
Infuse the easy dream
Into the peaceful soul;
But thou canst not compose
The tumult of my woes,
Though soft thy waters roll.

Blush, blush, ye fairest flowers!
Beauties surpassing yours
My Rosalind adorn;
Nor is the winter's blast,
That lays your glories waste,
So killing as her scorn.

Breathe, breathe, ye tender lays,
That linger down the maze
Of yonder winding grove;
O let your soft controul
Bend her relenting soul
To pity and to love.

Fade, fade, ye flowrets fair!
Gales, fan no more the air!
Ye streams forget to glide!

Be hush'd, each vernal strain!
Since nought can soothe my pain,
Nor mitigate her pride."

EPITAPH ON TWO BROTHERS.

Engraven on a tomb-stone in the church-yard of Lethnet in the shire of Angus.

To this grave is committed all that the grave can claim
of two Brothers ***** and ***** *******
who on the viii of October MDCCLVII,
both unfortunately perished in the *** water:
the one in his xxii, the other in his xviii year.
Their disconsolate Father erects this monument
to the memory of these amiable youths;
whose early virtues promised
uncommon comfort to his declining years,
and singular emolument to society.

O thou! whose steps in sacred reverence tread
These lone dominions of the silent dead;
On this sad stone a pious look bestow,
Nor uninstructed read this tale of woe;
And while the sigh of sorrow heaves thy breast,
Let each rebellious murmur be supprest;
Heaven's hidden ways to trace, for us, how vain!
Heaven's wise decrees, how impious, to arraign!
Pure from the stains of a polluted age,
In early bloom of life *they* left the stage:
Not doom'd in lingering woe to waste their breath,
One moment snatch'd them from the power of death:
They liv'd united, and united died;
Happy the friends, whom death cannot divide!"

EPITAPH

On ***** ******.

"Escap'd the gloom of mortal life, a soul
Here leaves its mouldering tenement of clay,
Safe, where no cares their whelming billows roll,
No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.

Like thee, I once have stemm'd the sea of life;
Like thee, have languish'd after empty joys;
Like thee, have labour'd in the stormy strife;
Been griev'd for trifles, and amus'd with toys.

Yet for a while 'gainst passion's threatful blast
Let steady reason urge the struggling oar;
Shot through the dreary gloom the morn at last
Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.

Forget my frailties, thou art also frail;
Forgive my lapses, for thyself may'st fall;
Nor read unmov'd my artless tender tale:
I was a friend, O man, to thee, to all!"

This epitaph is said, by Sir William Forbes, to have been designed for its *author*, and to have been printed in the Scots Magazine for 1757. The tone of it seems to have vibrated from the lyre of Gray. Dr. Beattie addressed a humorous poem, in the broad Scotish dialect, to Alex. Ross, of Lochlee, which is prefixed to an edition of The Fortunate Shepherdess, printed at Edinburgh, 1804.

In addition to the statement of contents, and the extracts already given from this *first edition* of Dr. Beattie's Poems, on account of its

scarceness, I for the same reason now proceed to offer a specimen of his translation of Virgil's pastorals, and I prefer the first eclogue only on account of its being more popularly known. The translator's motto is taken from Lucretius, lib. iii.

"Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem
Quod *te imitari* aveo."

"Melibœus, Tityrus.

Mel. "Where the broad beech an ample shade displays,
Your slender reed resounds the sylvan lays,
O happy Tityrus! while we, forlorn,
Driven from our lands to distant climes are born,
Stretch'd careless in the peaceful shade you sing,
And all the groves with Amaryllis ring.

Tit. This peace to a propitious god I owe;
None else, my friend, such blessings could bestow.
Him will I celebrate with rites divine,
And frequent lambs shall stain his sacred shrine.
By him, these feeding herds in safety stray;
By him, in peace I pipe the rural lay.

Mel. I envy not, but wonder at your fate,
That no alarms invade this blest retreat;
While neighbouring fields the voice of woe resound,
And desolation rages all around.
Worn with fatigue I slowly onward bend,
And scarce my feeble fainting goats attend.
My hand this sickly dam can hardly bear,
Whose young new-yean'd (ah, once an hopeful pair!)
Amid the tangling hazles as they lay,
On the sharp flint were left to pine away.
These ills I had foreseen, but that my mind
To all portents and prodigies was blind.
Oft have the blasted oaks foretold my woe;

And often has the inauspicious crow,
Perch'd on the wither'd holm, with fearful cries
Scream'd in my ear her dismal prophecies.
But say, O Tityrus, what god bestows
This blissful life of undisturb'd repose?

Tit. Imperial Rome, while yet to me unknown,
I vainly liken'd to our country-town,
Our little Mantua, at which is sold
The yearly offspring of our fruitful fold:
As in the whelp the father's shape appears,
And as the kid its mother's semblance bears,
Thus greater things my inexperienc'd mind
Rated by others of inferior kind.
But she, midst other cities, rears her head
High, as the cypress overtops the reed.

Mel. And why to visit Rome was you inclin'd?

Tit. 'Twas there I hop'd my liberty to find.
And there my liberty I found at last,
Though long with listless indolence oppress'd;
Yet not till Time had silver'd o'er my hairs,
And I had told a tedious length of years;
Nor till the gentle Amaryllis charm'd,
And Galatea's love no longer warm'd.
For (to my friend I will confess the whole)
While Galatea captive held my soul,
Languid and lifeless all I dragg'd the chain,
Neglected liberty, neglected gain.
Though from my fold the frequent victim bled,
Though my fat cheese th' ungrateful city fed,
For this I ne'er perceiv'd my wealth increase;
I lavish'd all her haughty heart to please.

Mel. Why Amaryllis pin'd, and pass'd away
In lonely shades the melancholy day;
Why to the gods she breath'd incessant vows;

For whom her mellow apples press'd the boughs
So late, I wonder'd—Tityrus was gone,
And she (ah luckless maid!) was left alone.
Your absence every warbling fountain mourn'd,
And woods and wilds the wailing strains return'd.

Tit. What could I do? To break th' enslaving chain
All other efforts had (alas!) been vain;
Nor durst my hopes presume, but there, to find
The gods so condescending and so kind.
'Twas there these eyes the heaven-born youth* beheld,
To whom our altars monthly incense yield:
My suit he even prevented, while he spoke,
'Manure your antient farm, and feed your former flock.'

Mel. Happy old man! then shall your lands remain,
Extent sufficient for th' industrious swain!
Though bleak and bare yon ridgy rocks arise,
And lost in lakes the neighbouring pasture lies,
Your herds on wonted grounds shall safely range,
And never feel the dire effects of change.
No foreign flock shall spread infecting bane
To hurt your pregnant dams, thrice happy swain!
You, by known streams and sacred fountains laid,
Shall taste the coolness of the fragrant shade.
Beneath you fence, where willow-boughs unite,
And to their flowers the swarming bees invite,
Oft shall the lulling hum persuade to rest,
And balmy slumbers steal into your breast;
While warbled from this rock the pruner's lay
In deep repose dissolves your soul away,
High on yon elm the turtle wails alone,
And your lov'd ringdoves breathe a hoarser moan.

* Augustus Cæsar.

Tit. The nimble harts shall gaze in empty air,
And seas retreating leave their fishes bare,
The German dwell where rapid Tigris flows,
The Parthian, banish'd by invading foes,
Shall drink the Gallic Arar, from my breast
Ere his majestic image be effac'd.
Mel. But we must travel o'er a length of lands,
O'er Scythian snows, or Afric's burning sands;
Some wander where remote Oäxes laves
The Cretan meadows with his rapid waves;
In Britain some, from every comfort torn,
From all the world remov'd, are doom'd to mourn.
When long long years have tedious roll'd away,
Ah! shall I yet at last, at last survey
My dear paternal lands, and dear abode,
Where once I reign'd in walls of humble sod!
These lands, these harvests must the soldier share!
For rude barbarians lavish we our care!
How are our fields become the spoil of wars!
How are we ruin'd by intestine jars!
Now, Melibœus, now ingraff the pear,
Now teach the vine its tender sprays to rear:—
Go then, my goats!—go, once an happy store!
Once happy!—happy now (alas!) no more!
No more shall I, beneath the bowery shade
In rural quiet indolently laid,
Behold you from afar the cliffs ascend,
And from the shrubby precipice depend;
No more to music wake my melting flute,
While on the thyme you feed, and willow's wholesome shoot.
Tit. This night at least with me you may repose
On the green foliage, and forget your woes.

Apples and nuts mature our boughs afford,
And curdled milk in plenty crowns my board.
Now from yon hamlets clouds of smoke arise,
And slowly roll along the evening-skies;
And see projected from the mountain's brow
A lengthen'd shade obscures the plain below."

As a testimonial of the critical minuteness with which Dr. Beattie revised those productions that were by him designated for posterity, I subjoin the early printed copy of his Ode entitled "Retirement," accompanied by the variations which took place in the second edition, six years afterward. Those who compare both with the modern copies, will find it has since undergone numerous emendations.

RETIREMENT.

"Shook from the *evening's fragrant* *wings
When dews impearl the grove,
And *round* † *the listening valley rings*
The languid voice of love;
Laid on a daisy-sprinkled green,
Beside a plaintive stream,
A meek-eyed youth of serious mein
Indulg'd this solemn theme:

Ye cliffs, in savage grandeur pil'd
High o'er the *darkening* ‡ dale!
Ye groves, along whose windings wild
Soft *steals* § *the murmuring gale;*
Where oft lone Melancholy strays,
By wilder'd Fancy *led,* ‖

* purple wings of even. 2d *edition.*
† from the darkening verge of Heaven
Beams the sweet star of love.
‡ Glimmering. § Sighs the saddening gale. ‖ Sway'd.

What time the wan moon's yellow rays
Stream through the chequer'd shade!

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
Scap'd *the** tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me *at† last recline,*
Where Solitude, *meek‡* modest Power,
Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

How shall I woo thee, matchless fair!
Thy *envy'd§* smile how win!
Thy smile, that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills each storm within!
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene on silent wing!"

[Three new stanzas here inserted in the 2d. edition.]

"*There‖ while to thee glad Nature pours*
Her gently-warbling song,
And *zephyr*** from the waste of flowers
Wafts†† sweet perfumes along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
Flash on *thy‡‡* startled eye."

* a. † My woes resign. ‡ mild, § Heavenly:
‖ O while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly, &c.
** Fragrant. †† The zephyr breathes. ‡‡ The.

[One new stanza here introduced.]

"For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb *life's* * *panting* heights,
By guileful Hope misled:
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To *Joy's* † *enlivening lays*—
Soon are the glittering moments o'er,
Soon each gay form decays."

ART. CCXLVI. *Ancient Scottish Poems. Published from the MS. of George Bannatyne.* 1568. *Edinburgh,* 1770. 8vo.

IN other volumes of the CENSURA LITERARIA will be described some of the modest and useful labours of Sir DAVID DALRYMPLE, and the contents of the present are not, at least to those interested in the history of Scotch poetry, of inferior importance. As in his other publications, the unassuming modesty of the editor concealed his name in this.

The eulogium which he has bestowed on Ruddiman may with equal justice be transferred to this learned and intelligent editor. His modesty was still more remarkable than his learning; for he suffered his works to go forth to the world without the name of their author.

* Those toilsome.

† To Mirth's enlivening strain,
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain.

"————————Sine pondere terram
Spirantesque crocos, et in urnâ perpetuum ver,"

is the *classical* wish of one who has profited by the labours of this studious, intelligent, and modest man.

The singular scarcity of this volume is one reason for its introduction here; but it has higher claims. Many of them had been before printed by Allan Ramsay, who had long before consulted the MS. but Ramsay had made so free with the Scotch orthography and the ancient language, with which he was very imperfectly acquainted, as to reduce the text nearly to the standard of modern English. Ramsay had the taste, feeling, and genius of a poet, * but he wanted learning and judgment as an editor.

At the head of this volume, as of the great bead-roll of ancient Scotch poets, stands the name of William Dunbar, and ninety-seven pages are assigned to his productions, in front of which stands "the Thistle and the Rose," † and "the Golden Terge."

When much has been performed, it savours of ingratitude to complain that no more, or that something different has not been done. "So far so good"—but we could have wished that Mr. Chalmers had bestowed the same mark of his regard on

* Mr. Pinkerton will not, of course, allow this, after comparing the Gentle Shepherd with the Pastor Fido, of Guarini, as a dunghill to a flowergarden: but *de gustibus*—"the proverb is somewhat musty."

† Every reader will remember Langhorne's encomium:

Time still spares the *Thistle and the Rose*.

William Dunbar as he has shewn to Sir David Lyndsay; we should not then have to lament that the greatest genius, that Scotland has produced, (with one exception) is to be traced only in fragments, in manuscripts, and in miscellaneous collections. In brilliancy of colouring, in minuteness of description, in knowledge of life and of human nature, he is little inferior to Chaucer: in moral feeling perhaps superior. So universal was his genius, so numerous and diversified are the effusions of his muse, that no general character, much less such an one as the pen of the present correspondent could delineate, could do justice to his various merits. In his allegorical and serious poems, vigorous, dignified, and even sublime, he occasionally descends to the familiar and even the ludicrous without any impeachment of his rank—assuming by turns the dictatorial bench of a moralist, and again sitting at ease in the chair of an ingratiating and garrulous companion. His religious poems are, it must be owned, the poems of Dunbar, but they were composed when his "way of life had fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf;" and in them the brightness of his genius is alloyed with the querulous complainings of old age. No service could be performed more acceptable to Scotch literature than a perfect edition of the works of the great poet Dunbar.

Making due allowance for the advantages of distant and more refined ages, I fancy I perceive some points of contact between Burns and Dunbar: but in the paths that lead to the heart, in delicacy of feeling, in tenderness and ardour of expression, the

former is superior to Dunbar, and indeed to all others.

"Il faut que le cœur seul parle dans l' elégie."

How cold and inexpressive are the complaints of the classic poet of Hawthornden to the impassioned appeals of the Ayrshire bard! Indeed it is to be feared that what was at first passion in Drummond became habit by indulgence; a poet, and a very respectable poet he doubtless was, but we need not the aid of Boileau to teach us that

"———. bien exprimer ces caprices heureux
C'est peu d'être poëte, il faut être amoureux."

That portion of Dunbar's poems, which this volume contains, is sufficient to exemplify the leading features of his poetry, and as this work is intended rather to excite than to gratify curiosity, to trace the general outline than to perfect the resemblance, I shall content myself with exhibiting some characteristic specimens of his various talents. His powers for allegory are among his most shining qualifications, and a more favourable example could not, perhaps, be produced, than the following stanzas of

"*The Daunce.*

1.

"Of Februar the fyftene nocht,
Richt lang befoir the dayis lycht,
I lay intill a trance:
And then I saw baith hevin and hell;
Methocht amangis the feyndis fell,
Mahoun gart cry ane daunce,
Of shrewis that wer never schrevin,
Against the feast of Fasternis evin,

To mak thair observance;
Me bad gallands ga graith agyis,
And cast up gamountis in the skyis,
The last came out of France.

2.

Lat se, quoth he, now quha begins:
With that the fowll seven deidly sinis
Begowth to lep at anis.
And first of all in dance wes *Pryd*,
Wyth hair wyld bak, bonet on syd,
Lyk to mak vaistie wanis;
And round about him as a quheill,
Hang all in rumpillis to the heile,
His kethat for the nanis.
Mony proud troumpour with him trippit,
Throw skaldan fyre, ay as they skippit,
They girnd with hyddous granis.

3.

Heillie Harlottis in hawtane wyis
Come in with mony sindrie gyis,
Bot yet luche nevir Maboun,
Quhill preistis cum with bare schevin nekks,
Then all the feynds lewche, and maid gekks,
Black-belly and *Bawsy-brown*.

4.

Than *Yre* came in with sturt and stryfe;
His hand wes aye upon his knyfe,
He brandeist lyke a beir:
Bostaris, braggaris, and barganeris,
Eftir him passit into pairis,
All bodin in feir of weir.
In jakkis, stryppis, and bonnettis of steill,
Their leggis wer cheyniet to the heill,

Ffawout wes thair affeir;
Sum upoun uder with brands beft,
Sum jagit utheris to the heft,
With knyvis that scherp coud scheir."

The other personages of "the Daunce," (whether

"Hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, or reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.")

are *Envy*, *Coveteousness*, *Sweiring*, *Lichery*, *Idleness* and *Gluttony*. The tenth stanza reminds one of the sooty minstrel that astonished Tam O'Shanter at Alloway Kirk.

"Na menstralls playit to thame but dowt,
For gle'-men thair wer haldin out
Be day, and eke by nycht;
Except a menstrall that slew a man,
Sa till his heretage he wan,
And entirt be breif of rycht."

It is not only on account of having cited the Testament of Mr. Andro Kennedy in a former volume, but as exhibiting a specimen of his talent for the ludicrous, that I transcribe three stanzas of this singular performance.

I.

"I, Master Andro Kannedy,
A matre quando sum vocatus,
Begotten with some incuby,
Or with sum freir *infatuatus;*
In faith I cannot tell redely,
Unde aut ubi fui natus,
Bot in truth I trow trewly,
Quod sum diabolus incarnatus.

2.

Cum nihil sit certius morte,
We man all de' quhen we haif done,
Nescimus quando, vel qua sorte.
Nor blynd allane wait of the mone.
Ego patior in pectore,
Throw nicht I mycht not sleip a wink,
Licet æger in corpore,
Yet wald my mouth be watt with drynk.

3.

Nunc condo testamentum meum,
I lief my saule for evirmair,
Per omnipotentem Deum,
Into my lordis wyne cellar;
Semper ibi ad remanendum
Till domesday cum without dissiver,
Bonum vinum ad bibendum
With sweit Cuthbert that luvit me nevir."

The religious poems of Dunbar, I have before observed, are of inferior merit; I therefore pass to the further contents of this volume. To the poems of Dunbar succeed several by Robert Henrysone, of which the pastoral ballad of Robene and Makyne is the most interesting. Several poems follow by Stewart, Patrick Johnstone, Kennedy, and others, which I pass over to come at the ballads of Alexander Scott, who has been termed by Pinkerton, without extravagant praise, the Anacreon of Ancient Scotch poetry. His pieces which are chiefly amatory, are singularly elegant and correct: of this those who are unacquainted with his productions will be convinced by the following examples.

" *To his Heart.*

1.

" Returne thee hamewrt, hairt, agane,
And byde quhair thou was wont to be,
Thou art ane fule to suffer pane,
For luve of hir that luves not the.'
My hairt, lat be sic fantasie,
Luve nane bot as they mak the cause,
And let her seik ane hairt for the';
For feind a crum of the scho fawis.

2.

To quhat effect sould thou be thrall?
But thank sen thou hes thy free will,
My hairt be nocht sa bestiall
Bot knaw wha dois the' gude or ill.
Remane with me, and tarry still,
And se' quha playis best thair pawis,
And lat fillock ga fling her fill,
For feind a crum of the' she fawis.

3.

Thocht sche be fair, I will not feynie,
Scho is the kind of utheris ma;
For quhy? Thair is a fellone menyie
That semis good, and ar not sa.
My hairt tak nowdir pane nor wa,
For Meg, for Marjory, or yit Mawis,
Bot be thou glad, and lat hir ga;
For feind a crum of the' scho fawis.

4.

Becaus I fynd sche tuk in ill,
At her depairting thow mak na care;
Bot all begyld, go quhair scho will,
A schrew the hairt that mane maks mair.

My hairt be merry lait and air,
  This is the final end and clause,
And let her fallow ane silly fair,
  For feind a crum of the' sche fawis."

"*Lament quhen his Wyffe left him.*

1.

" To luve unluvit it is ane pane;
For scho that is my soverane,
  Sum wanton man so he' hes set hir,
That I can get no luve agane,
  Bot breke my hairt, and nocht the better.

2.

Quhen that I went with that sweit May
To dance, to sing, to sport, and play,
  And oft tymes in my eirmis plet hir;
I now do murne both nycht and day,
  And breke my hairt, and nocht the better.

3.

Quhair I wes wont to see hir go,
Rycht trymly passand to and fro,
  With cumly smylis when that I met hir;
And now I live in pane and wo,
  And breke my hairt, and nocht the bettir.

4.

Quhattane ane glaikit fule am I,
To slay myself with melancholy,
  Sen weill I ken I may nocht get hir?
Or quhat suld be the caus, and quhy,
  To breke my hairt, and nocht the bettir.

5.

My hairt, sen thow may nocht her pleis,
Adew; as gude luve cumis as gais,

Go chuse anither, and forget hir:
God gif him dolour and disease,
That brekes his hairt, and nocht the bettir."

I now reluctantly quit a volume which has many substantial claims to notice in the CENSURA LITERARIA, besides its rare occurrence, a circumstance which the booksellers, in their present liberal practice of republishing whatever is curious, would do well to obviate.*

I cannot conclude this article, which has already extended to an unwarrantable length, without expressing my regret that so much of the early Scotch poetry is difficult of attainment, and that the works have hitherto been uncollected of some of the elder and higher bards of the north. The poets more particularly referred to are Dunbar, Drummond, James the First, (for Mr. Tytler's text is exceedingly incorrect,) Gawin Douglas, Alexander Scott, and a long et cætera of poetæ minores. Our neighbours have never been wanting in attachment to the productions of their native soil, and at a time when literature is cultivated with such striking success as it is in Edinburgh at present, added to the local advantages which they possess for such undertakings, it is to be hoped they will not long be suffered to remain in partial oblivion and undeserved obscurity: whoever contributes to the promotion of these desiderata will deserve highly of Scotland and of literature in general.

"Et meæ, si quid loquar audiendum,
Vocis accedet bona pars."

O. G.

* The book has been republished in 1815.

Art. CCXLVII. *The Rev. Thomas Warton.*

Two early poetic trifles, by our late admired Laureat, entitled "Verses on Miss Cotes and Miss Wilmot," appeared in the Gent. Mag. for March 1796. The following characteristic imitation of the Newgate-ditties, is reprinted from a copy which was in the library of the late Dr. Lort, who ascribed it in a written note to Mr. Thomas Warton.*

"THE MAIDEN'S BLOODY GARLAND;

OR,

HIGH-STREET TRAGEDY.

Shewing how Sarah Holly,† a poor unfortunate serving maid of the city of Oxford, being wronged by her sweetheart, cut her throat from ear to ear, was next morning found dead in her bed, and afterwards buried in the King's Highway.

Tune, "*There were three pilgrims.*"

A mournful ditty I will tell,
Ye knew poor Sarah Holly well
Who at the Golden Leg did dwell.
Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho.

* This imitation was corroborated by the late Dr. Warton, who believed that a Mr. Thorp took part with his brother in the composition.

† Sarah Holly was maid-servant to Goddard, a hatter and hosier at the sign of the Golden Leg in the High Street, Oxford. She actually destroyed herself as is here recited, in consequence of her lover's perfidy, and was buried in the highway in All Saint's Lane, with a stake driven through her body, which remained for a day or two.

She was in love, as some do say,
Her sweetheart made her go astray,
And at the last did her betray.
Heigh-ho, &c.

The babe within her womb did cry;
Unto her sweetheart she did hie,
And tears like rain fell from her eye,
Heigh-ho, &c.

But oh! the wretch's heart was hard,
He to her cries gave no regard,
"Is this," says she, "my love's reward?"
Heigh-ho, &c.

"Oh! woe is me! I am betray'd,
Oh had I liv'd a spotless maid,
I ne'er with sobs and sighs had said
Heigh-ho, &c.

"But now I'm press'd with grief and woe,
And quiet ne'er again can know,
God grant my soul to heaven may go,
Heigh-ho, &c.

"For I my wretched days must end,
Yet e'en for thee my prayers I'll send,
I die to all the world a friend."
Heigh-ho, &c.

Then to her friends she bid "adieu!"
And gave to each some token true,
With—"Think on me when this you view."
Heigh-ho, &c.

Unto the ostler at the Bear,
She gave a ringlet of her hair,
And said—"Farewell my dearest dear."
Heigh-ho, &c.

O then to madam Luff she said
" To-morrow morn come to my bed,
And there you'll find me quite stone dead."
Heigh-ho, &c.

Too true she spoke, it did appear;
Next morn they call'd, she could not hear:
Her throat was cut from ear to ear.
Heigh-ho, &c.

No spark of life was in her shown,
No breath they saw, nor heard a groan;
Her precious soul was from her flown.
Heigh-ho, &c.

She was not as I once have seen
Her trip in Martin-Gardens green,
With aprons starch'd and ruffles clean,
Heigh-ho, &c.

With bonnet trimm'd, and flounc'd, and all
Which they a dulcimer do call,
And stockings white as snows that fall.
Heigh-ho, &c.

But dull was that black laughing eye,
And pale those lips of cherry-dye,
And set those teeth of ivory.
Heigh-ho, &c.

Those limbs which well the dance have led,
When Simmons " Butter'd pease" hath play'd,
Were bloody, lifeless, cold, and dead.
Heigh-ho, &c.

The Crowner and the Jury came
To give their verdict on the same;
They doom'd her harmless corpse to shame.
Heigh-ho, &c.

At midnight, so the law doth say,
They did her mangled limbs convey
And bury in the King's highway.
Heigh-ho, &c.

No priest in white did there attend,
His kind assistance for to lend,
Her soul to paradise to send.
Heigh-ho, &c.

No shroud her ghastly face did hide,
No winding sheet was round her ty'd;
Like dogs, she to her grave was hied.
Heigh-ho, &c.

And then, your pity let it move,
Oh pity her who dy'd for love!
A stake they through her body drove.
Heigh-ho, &c.

It would have melted stones to see
Such savageness and cruelty
Us'd to a maid of twenty-three.
Heigh-ho, &c.

Ye maidens, an example take,
For Sarah Holly's wretched sake
O never Virtue's ways forsake.
Heigh-ho, &c.

Ye maidens all of Oxford town,
O never yield your chaste renown
To velvet cap or tufted gown.
Heigh-ho, &c.

And when that they do love pretend,
No ear unto their fables lend,
But think on Sally's dismal end.
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, &c.

FINIS. T. P.

WORKS
OF
POETICAL CRITICISM.

ART. CCXLVIII. *The Essayes of a Prentise, in the Divine art of Poesie. Imprinted at Edinburgh, by Thomas Vautroullier, 1585, 4to. Cum privilegio Regali.*

IF our *Rex pacificus* hoped to rival the "Gaberluzie-Man" and "Christ's Kirk on the Green" of his predecessor, and, as of politics, to be

> in oure tongue ane flour imperial,
> And beir of makars the triumphs royall
> By fresche ennamallit termes celestiall,*

we have only to applaud the endeavour, and lament that the execution should fall so far short of the example. But while literary curiosities are estimable, the present pages will not be without interest. Poets are not of every-day birth; and royal rhymers are still less frequent:

> Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto:

but the comic poems of James the Fifth, and the *chansons du Roi de Navarre*, a king need not blush to acknowledge.

For the present volume;—after the commendatory poems, of which there are five English and three Latin, follow twelve sonnets, addressed to the seasons,

* Dunbar's Goldin Terge.

and the most important personages of the Pantheon, in the last of which he hopes through their assistance that

He lofty Virgil shall to life restore:

The gods either heard not or scattered his prayers in the wind; so the *gestes* of the Mantuan remain unattempted. A translation of Du Bartas's "Uranie" succeeds, which was afterwards better executed by Joshua Sylvester, "ane metaphorical invention of a tragedie called Phœnix," and "a paraphrasticall translation out of the poet Lucan." The next in order is "ane schort treatise, containing some reulis and cautelis to be observit and eschewit in Scottis poesie." The monarch's idea of what a poet should be, may be judged from the following

SONNET.

Decifring the perfyte poete.

Ane rype ingyne, ane quick and walkned witt,
With sommair reasons, suddenlie applyit,
For every purpose using reasons fitt,
With skilfulnes, where learning may be spyit,
With pithie wordis, for to express zow by it
His full intention in his proper leid,
The puritie quhairof weill hes he tryit:
With memorie to keip quhat he dois reid
With skilfulness and figuris, quhilks proceid
From Rhetorique, with everlasting fame
With uthers woundring, preassing with all speid
For to atteine to merite sic a name,
All thir into the perfyte poëte be.
Goddis, grant I may obteine the Laurell trie.

The first chapters teach the rules of rhyming, feet,

flowing comparisons, &c. The sixth chapter I shall transcribe.

"Ze man also be warre with composing ony thing in the same maner, as hes bene ower oft usit of before. As in speciall gif ze speik of love, be warre ze descryve zour loves makedome, or her fairnes. And siclyke that ze descryve not the morning and rysing of the sunne, in the preface of zour verse: for thir thingis are sa ofte and diverslie writtin upon be poëtis already, that gif ze do the lyke, it will appeare, ze bot imitate, and that it cummis not of zour awin inventioun, quhilk is ane of the chief properteis of ane poëte. Thairfore gif zour subject be to prayse zour love, ze sall rather prayse hir uther qualiteis, nor her fairnes, or hir shaip: or ellis ze sall speik some lytill thing of it, and syne say, that zour wittis are sa small, and your utterance sa barren, that ze cannot descryve any part of hir worthilie: remitting alwayis to the reider, to judge of hir, in respect sho matches, or rather excellis Venus, or any woman quhome to it sall please you to compaire her. Bot gif zour subject be sic, as ze man speik some thing of the morning, or sunne rysing, tak heid, that quhat name ze give to the sunne, the mone, or uther starris the ane tyme, gif ze happin to wryte thairof another tyme, to change thair names. As gif ze call the sunne Titan at a tyme, to call him Phœbus or Apollo the uther tyme, and siclyke themone, and uther planettis."

In the seventh chapter, recommending an invariable exertion of self invention, he adds the following politic *cautel*.

"Ze man also be war of wryting any thing of matteris of cõmoun weill, or uther sic grave sene

subjectis (except metaphorically, of manifest truth opinly knawin, zit nochtwithstanding using it ver seindil) because nocht onely ze essay nocht zour awin inventioun, as I spak before, bot lykeways they are to grave materis for a poet to mell in."

The eighth chapter treats of the several kinds of verse and that "in materis of love" gives the British Solomon an opportunity of introducing the following lyrics as an example of that "cuttit and brokin verse, quhair of new formes were (then) daylie invented according to the poëtis pleasour,"

Quha wald have tyrde to heir that tone,
Quhilk birds corroborat ay abone
Through schouting of the larkis!
They sprang sa heich into the skyes,
Quhill Cupide walknis with the cryis
Of Nature's chapell clerkis.
Then leaving all the heavins above,
He lichted on the eard;
Lo! how that lytill god of love
Before me then appeard.
So mylde-like
And child-like,
With bow thre quarters skant,
So moilie
And coylie
He lukit lyke a Sant.

These "rules and cautels," which are the most curious portion of the book, are followed by a metrical version of the hundred and fourth psalm, out of Tremellius, and "ane schort poeme of Tyme."

This volume, it must be confessed, conveys no exalted idea of James's poetical talents; nor, consi-

dering these but "the essayes of a prentise in the arte," do his subsequent efforts further his claim to the title of a poet. The royal versifier was useful, however, by reflection: the example of the monarch influenced the exertions of his subjects, and if he was not, like Falstaff, witty himself, he at least "was the cause of wit in other men."*

O. G.

ART. CCXLIX. *A Discourse of English Poetrie: together with the Author's Judgment touching the reformation of our English verse. By William Webbe, Graduate. Imprinted at London by John Charlewood.* 4to. 1586.

A FULL account of this book, of which for the sake, of juxta position, I here insert the title, may be found in Oldys's "British Librarian," p. 86.

Though it is not my design to reprint the contents of Oldys's British Librarian, yet, to complete the set of articles on old English poetry, I have judged it worth while to repeat in this place the following.

[*From the British Librarian.*]

"The author of this very scarce pamphlet, consisting of five sheets and an half, dedicates it to Edward Suliard, Esq. whose sons were under his tuition, and who had been presented by him with some other work before, which was a translation of some poetry belike, from, or into Latin. In his preface, to the noble Poets of England, he observes, that though books of, or tending to poetry, were then more numerous than any other English books, yet that "Poetry has found fewest friends to amend it;

* A new edition of this Tract was given by Mr. Gilfles in 1814.

those who can, reserving their skill to themselves, those who cannot, running headlong upon it; thinking to garnish it with their devises, but more corrupting it with fantastical errors." Therefore the chief end of his writing this discourse is, to propose a Reformation of English Poetry, "by having some perfect platform, or prosodia of versifying ratified; either in imitation of the Greeks and Latins, or, where it would not well abide the touch of their rules, through the like observations, selected and established by the natural affectation of the speech."*

"In the Discourse, having spoken in general of poetry, what it is, whence it had its beginning, and in what esteem it has always been, according to Plato, Aristotle, and Spenser, in his Shepherd's Calendar, which our author thinks inferior neither to Theocritus nor Virgil, and therefore zealously wishes for his other works abroad, especially his English Poet, which his friend E. K. did once promise to publish; he then shews the opinion that was held of the power of poetry; how Alexander and Scipio were delighted with it. So proceeds to enumerate the most memo-

* But this project, though we find it was proposed and attempted by other prime wits of these times before, such as Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Edward Dyer, Spenser, Dr. Gabriel Harvey, and others, not succeeding; our end of reviving here, or reviewing this Discourse, is chiefly for the sake of those characters, which our author has given in it, of the ancient, and more especially the English Poets, from Chaucer and Gower, down to the most considerable of those who flourished at the time of this publication; that the critical reader may better know whether the opinions held of them in those days, and ours, correspond; and better judge, from the conclusions we form upon the writings of our ancestors, what liberty posterity will take with our own.

rable poets among the ancients, as Orpheus, Amphion, Tyrtæus, Homer, Ennius, and Empedocles; with the comic, tragic, and pastoral poets among the Grecians; and in like manner the Latin poets, more particularly of Virgil; then of the epigrammatic, elegiac, and historical poets. Of Ovid, Horace, besides many others, and also, as not inferior to some of them, Palengenius, Mantuan, and, for a singular gift in a sweet heroical verse, matches with them, Christopher Ocland, the Author of our Anglorum Prælia.

"Hence he descends to the English poets: and here observes, that he knows of no memorable work written by any poet in English, till twenty years past; though learning was not generally decayed at any time, especially since William the Conqueror, as may appear by many famous works written by bishops and others; yet that poetry was then in little account; the light of the old Greek and Latin poets which they had, being contemned by them, as appears by their rude versifying, wherein they thought nothing to be learnedly written in verse, which fell not out in rhyme, either by the middle words of each verse sounding alike with the last, or every two verses ending with the like letters. The original of which tinkling verse is ascribed by Mr. Ascham to the Hunns and Goths. King Henry I., surnamed Beauclerk, is here next spoken of, his name being a proof that learning in his country was not little esteemed of at that rude time; and that among other studies, it is probable such a Prince would not neglect the faculty of poetry. But the first of our English poets, here mentioned, is John

Gower, in the time of King Richard II. a singular well learned man, whose works our author wishes were all whole and perfect among us, as containing much deep knowledge and delight. Chaucer, the god of English poets, next after, if not equal in time, hath left many works both for delight and profitable knowledge, far exceeding any other that as yet, ever since his time, directed their studies that way. Though his style may now seem blunt and coarse, yet in him may be seen the perfect shape of a right poet. By his delightsome vein, he so gulled the ears of men with his Devices, that though corruption bore such a sway that learning and truth could scarce shew themselves, yet without controul might be gird at the vices and abuses of all states, and gall them with very sharp and eager inventions; which he did so learnedly and pleasantly that none therefore would call him in question, &c. Lydgate, for good proportion of his verse, and meetly current style, as the time afforded, is by our author thought surely comparable with Chaucer, yet more occupied in superstitious and cold matters than was requisite in so good a wit; which, though he handled them commendably, yet the matters themselves being not so commendable, his esteem has been the less. The next of our ancient poets he supposes to be Pierce Ploughman, who is somewhat harsh and obscure, but indeed a very pithy writer, and the first our author had seen who observed the quantity of our verse without the curiosity of rhyme. Then he comes to Skelton, in the time of Henry VIII. who, as he obtained the laurel garland, is, with good right, granted the title of a poet, being a pleasant,

conceited fellow, and of a very sharp wit; exceeding bold, and would nip to the very quick where he once set hold. After him is mentioned Master George Gaskoyne, as painful a soldier in the affairs of his prince and country, as he was a witty poet in his writing; in whose further commendation he cites the words of E. K. upon the ninth eclogue of "the new poet." Here he passes over divers, as the old Earl of Surrey, the Lord Vaux, Norton, Bristow, Edwards, Tusser, Churchyard, W. Hunnis, Haiwood, Sand, Hyll, S. Y. M. D. because they would make his discourse too tedious. But observes, that the Earl of Oxford may challenge to himself the title of the most excellent, among the rest of the lords and gentlemen in her majesty's court. Hence he proceeds to the translators; among whom he shall ever account Dr. Phaer the best, for his Virgil, as far as half the tenth book of the Æneids, the rest being no less commendably finished by that worthy scholar and famous physician T. Twyne: equal with him he joins Arthur Golding, for his labour in Ovid's Metamorphoses; who, for his further profiting this nation and speech in all good learning, is here greatly extolled. The next place is given to Barnaby Googe, besides his own compositions, for his translation of Palengenius his Zodiac; and he is followed by Abraham Flemming, with whom he would join another of his name, who had excelled as well in all kinds of learning as in poetry especially, were his inventions made public. Here he apologizes for not being particular on the translators of Seneca, Ovid, Horace, Mantuan, and many others; also the students of the universities

and inns of court, because he has not seen all he has heard of, nor dwells in a place where he can easily get knowledge of their works. One, however, he may not over-slip, and that is, Master George Whetstone, a man singularly well skilled in this faculty of poetry. To him is joined Anthony Munday, an earnest traveller in this art, in whose name our author had seen very excellent works, especially upon nymphs and shepherds, well worthy to be viewed and to be esteemed as very rare poetry. With these he places John Graunge; Knight; Wylmot; Darrel; F.C. F.K. and G.B. But here has reserved a place purposely for one, who if not only, yet principally, deserves the title of the rightest English poet that ever our author read, that is, the author of the Shepherd's Kalendar. And finds none fit to couple with him, unless Gabriel Harvey, for his much admired Latin poetry, his reformation of our English verse, and beautifying the same with brave devices, though chiefly hidden in hateful obscurity, and the author long since occupied in graver studies. And if he were to join Harvey's two brothers, the one a divine, the other a physician, is assured they would much adorn the art, if they would set their hands to it.

"After his judgment of the poets, he speaks of the English poetry in its matter and form; what verse is, the arguments of primitive poetry, the comic, tragic, and historic; the use and end of poetry from the testimony of Horace. With his advice, of letting things, feigned for pleasure, nearly resemble truth, how duely observed by Chaucer.

Others of Horace his rules, with the translation of Sir Thomas Elyot, of reading lascivious poems, and what good lessons some readers will pick out of the worst of them. Examples to this purpose from Plautus, Terence, Ovid, Martial, by Sir T. Elyot. Of heroic poetry, and that we have nothing answerable to Homer and Virgil imputed to our not having had a timely regard to the English speech, and curious handling of our verse, though now it had great advantages of eloquence from some rare and singular wits: among whom, that Master John Lilly has deserved most high commendations, as one has step'd further therein, than any before, or since he first began the witty discourse of his Euphues. Whose works, surely, in respect of his singular eloquence, and brave composition of apt words and sentences, let the learned examine and make trial thereof through all the parts of rhetoric in fit phrases, in pithy sentences, in gallant tropes, in flowing speech, in plain sense: and surely, in my judgment, I think, he will yield him that verdict which Quintilian gives of both the best orators, Demosthenes and Tully: that from the one nothing may be taken away, to the other, nothing may be added.* But for a closer example, to prove a former assertion, of the fitness of our language to receive the best form of poetry, we are referred to the examination of Dr. Phaer's translation of Virgil with the original, from both which here are several examples laid before us, and our critic thinks that the like inference ought to be drawn from the

* Most of these authors are registered in various parts of Censura Literaria.

comparison of Ovid's Metamorphoses with Golding's translation.

"Next our author treats more particularly of the pastoral poetry, or eclogue: here, having spoken of Theocritus, Virgil, and others, he comes to one of our own country, comparable with the best in any respect, even Master Spenser, author of the Shepherd's Calendar, who would, he thinks, have surpassed them, if the coarseness of our speech (that is, the course of custom which he would not infringe) had been no greater impediment to him, than their pure native tongues were to them. Here we have a little comparison between Virgil's Eclogues, and Spenser's, and the commendations of E. K. upon the English poet. The subject matter and use of his said Calendar, and our author's apology for what had been objected against something in his sixth eclogue, shewing it is the foolish construction, and not his writing, that is blameable. To these writers of pastorals, are joined those who wrote precepts of husbandry in verse, after the manner of Virgil's Georgics; such as that book of Tusser, a piece surely, says he, of great wit and experience, and withal very prettily handled. And he thinks that this argument has been so little treated of in poetry, because so many have written of it in prose. As for a translation of the Georgics, it appears that Abr. Flemming, in the version of the eclogues, did make some promise thereof, and that our author Webbe did perform the like; but it seems not that either of their works were printed.*

* For an account of most of the Poets here enumerated, see Theatr. Poet. Aug. 1800, 8vo.

Thence from the subject of our English writers, he passes to the form and manner of our English verse; censures our barbarous practice of rhyming; what is understood by rhyme, and how improperly that word is applied. The first beginning of rhyme. Rules to be observed in framing our English rhyme. Next we come to the several kinds of English verse differing in number of syllables, where it is observed the longest verse, in length, our author has seen used in English, consists of sixteen syllables, not much used, and commonly divided, each verse equally into two, rhyming alternately. The next in length is of fourteen syllables, the most usual of all others, among translators of the Latin poets, which also often is divided into two lines; the first of eight syllables, the second of six, whereof the sixes always rhyme, and sometimes the others. But, to avoid tediousness and confusion, repeats only the different sorts of verses in the Shepherd's Calendar, which contains twelve or thirteen several sorts differing in length, or rhyme, or distinction of the staves. After these examples we have some remarks, on the natural order of words, or position in English poetry, and that the quantity of our old verse, of fourteen syllables, runs much upon the iambic; with further observations upon rhyme. Gaskoyne's instructions for versifying. Of some rare devices and pretty inventions in composition, as in the song of Colin, sung by Cuddy in the Shepherd's Calendar, framed upon six words, prettily turned and wound up together. Not unlike John Graunge's device of making the last word of a certain number of verses fall into sense: and that there

were several delicate performances in this nature, of Echoes, privately passing among the finest poets of our author's time. We have something also after the manner of the acrostic, from the compositions of W. Hunnis. Then he proceeds to the reformed kind of English verse, in imitation of the Greeks and Latins, which many had attempted to put in practice, and this part takes up three leaves, in which, among other things, he observes the hexameter to be the most famous verse; and that the first who attempted to practise it in English, was the Earl of Surrey, who translated some part of Virgil into verse, but without regard of true quantity of syllables. Here he repeats the famous distich in hexameter, common in the mouths of all men, which was made by Master Watson, Fellow of St. John's College in Cambridge, about forty years past; and two more in the gloss of E. K. upon the fifth eclogue of the new poet. That the great number of the like kind made by Mr. Harvey, were not unknown to any, and his own translation of the two first eclogues of Virgil in the like sort of verse, is, by our author, here exhibited. After which examples in hexameter, he comes to the elegiac verse with examples; and lastly, in like manner of the Sapphic, with an example thereof in his version, from the fourth eclogue in the Shepherd's Calendar, of Colin's Song, sung by Hobbinol, in praise of the Queen. To the whole is annexed, the Canons, or general cautions of poetry prescribed by Horace, first gathered by Geo. Fabricius Cremnicensis; and at the end, a short epilogue, in which, for rendering our poetry equal with the best in our tongues, he

gives us hopes of framing some apt English Prosodia, but hopes first to enjoy the benefit of some other's judgment, whose authority may bear greater credit, and whose learning can better perform it."*

ART. CCL. "*The Arte of English Poesie, contrived into three bookes: the first of Poets and Poesie, the second of Proportion, the third of Ornament.*" *At London, printed by Richard Field, dwelling in the Black Friers, neere Ludgate*, 1589, 4*to*.

THIS is on many accounts one of the most curious and entertaining, and intrinsically, one of the most valuable books of the age of Elizabeth. In the third volume of his History of English Poetry, Warton has given an elaborate account of Wilson's "Arte of Rhetoricke, printed in 1553, and a brief analysis of Webbe's "Discourse of English Poetrie," printed in 1586, occurs in the last article, copied from Oldys's British Librarian. Although the volume before us was printed subsequent to either of these, it bears testimony of having been composed many years before it went to press, and was probably written, in part, when the earliest of the above volumes appeared; to which, as an elementary treatise on the arts, it is infinitely superior, as being formed on a more comprehensive scale and illustrated by examples, while the copious intermixture of contemporary anecdote, tradition, manners, opinions, and the numerous specimens of coeval poetry no where else preserved, contribute to form a volume of infinite amusement, curiosity, and value.

*This forms one of the Tracts lately reprinted by Mr. Haslewood.

The book, "comming into the printer's hands," (probably after the author's death) "with the bare title, and without any ordinary addresse," accounts for the solecism of its being dedicated to the Lord Treasurer Burghley, at the same time that it is addressed throughout to Elizabeth, whose portrait is prefixed; indeed the printer was evidently troubled to reconcile his own inclination with the manifest intention of the author.

The first chapters are employed in descanting on the honour and antiquity of the profession, proving poets to have been the first priests, the first prophets, the first philosophers, and what not? from the high historical authorities of Linus, Orpheus, &c. &c. "to the third and fourth generation:" yet such was the accepted opinion of our credulous forefathers, which continued to receive support and confirmation from the concurrence of the learned: "Of the dignity of Poetrie," Camden observes *, "much hath been sayd by the Worthie Sir Philip Sidney, and by the gentleman" (unquestionably our author) "which prooved that poets were the first politicians, the first philosophers, the first historiographers:". I will only add out of Philo, that they were God's owne creatures, who in his book "*de plantatione Noe*"—but if I were to eccho all the fables *et vatum plorabile si quid*, like Milton's high reasoners on fix'd fate and free will, I should "find no end, in wandering mazes lost." Having dispatch'd the history of poetry thus far, we are taught in the seventh chapter "how in the time of Charlemaine, and many years

* Remaines concerning Brittaine, Pa. 278. Ed. 1629.

after him the Latin poetes wrote in ryme;" among other examples he mentions one of Edward the Third, who, "quartering the armes of England and France, did discover his pretence and clayme to the crowne of France in these ryming verses.

Rex sum regnorum bina ratione duorum,
Anglorum regno, sum rex ego jure paterno;
Matris jure quidem Francorum nuncupor idem,
Hinc est armorum variatio facta meorum.

Which verses Philip de Valois, then possessing the crowne, as next heire male by pretexte of the lawe Salique, and holding out Edward the Third, answer'd in these other of as good stuffe.

Prædo regnorum qui diceris esse duorum,
Regno materno privaberis atque paterno,
Prolis jus nullum ubi matris non fuit ullum
Hinc est armorum variatio stulta tuorum.

And as this was used in the greatest and gayest matters of princes and popes by the idle invention of monasticall men then reigning in all their superlative; so did every scholer and secular clerke or versifier, when he wrote any short poeme or matter of good lesson put it in rhyme, whereby it came to passe that all your old proverbes and common sayinges which they would have plausible to the reader, and easie to remember and beare away, were of that sorte." He adds "we find but very few of these ryming verses among the Latines of the civiler ages, and those rather hapning by chaunce than of any purpose in the writer, as this *distick* among the disports of *Ovid:*

Quot cœlum stellas tot habet tua Roma puellas,
Pascua quotque hœdos tot habet tua Roma Cynœdos."

With which example Mr. Sharon Turner may fortify his "Enquiry into the early use of Rhyme." *

The succeeding chapter is employed in considering the "reputation poets and poesie were in olde time with princes, and otherwise generally, and how they be now become contemptible." Many examples are adduced from "olde time," and in latter days "how much were Jehan de Mehi and Gulliaume de Loris made of by the French Kings; and Geffre Chaucer, father of our English poets, by Richard the Second, who, as it was supposed, gave him the maner of New Holme in Oxfordshire. And Gower to Henry the Fourth, and Harding to Edward the Fourth. And King Henry the Eighth, her Majesties' father, for a few psalmes of David turned into English Meetre by Sternhold, made him groome of his privy chamber, and gave him many other good gifts. And one Gray what good estimation did he grow unto with the same King Henry, and afterward with the Duke of Sommerset Protector, for making certaine merry Ballades, whereof *The Hunte is up, the Hunte is up.* And Queene Mary his daughter for one Epithalamium or nuptiall song made by Vargas a Spanish poet, at her marriage with King Philip in Winchester, gave him during his life two hundred crownes pension."

Here is a tradition concerning Chaucer which escaped the vigilance of Tyrwhitt; and what follows respecting Gower and Harding has remained unmo-

* Vide Archaeologia, Vol. XIV. p. 168.

ticed by the biographers of either: such notices it is true are too equivocal to be received implicitly, but from hints like these arising from traditions not very distant from the subjects that gave birth to them, enquiries may follow that may possibly lead to facts which biographers might otherwise have sought for in vain. In this chapter occurs the following anecdote of the "French Queene, Lady Anne of Britaine, wife first to King Charles the VIII. and after to Lewis the XII. who, passing one day from her lodging toward the Kinges side, saw in a gallerie Maister Allaine Chartier, the King's secretarie, an excellent maker or poet, leaning on a tables-end asleep, and stooped down to kisse him, saying thus, in all their hearings; "we may not of princely courtesie passe by and not honour with our kisse the mouth from whence so many sweete ditties and golden poems have issued:" and at a short distance Puttenham observes, that "such among the nobilitie or gentrie as be very well seene in many laudable sciences, and especially in making or poesie, it is so come to passe that they have no courage to write, and if they have, yet they are loth to be knowen of their skill. So as I know very many notable gentlemen of the court that have written commendably, and have supprest it agayne, or els suffer'd it to be publish'd without their own names to it: as if it were a discredit for a gentleman to seeme learned, and to shew himself amourous of any good art."

One is at a loss to reconcile this complaint of Puttenham with the ample catalogue of poetical writers during Elizabeth's reign, although in "The Para-

dise of Dainty Devises," and in Tottel's collection many anonymous specimens are to be found.

"It is rather from necessity than inclination that I pass over intermediate chapters, relating chiefly to classical customs, and Latin or Greek poetry; which will be found less interesting than the 31st, containing a general criticism on English poets antecedent and coeval with the age of our author; with which, as it finishes the first division of his subject, shall also close for the present this review of the work.

"It appeareth by sundry records of bookes both printed and written, that many of our countrymen haue painfully trauelled in this part: of whose workes some appeare to be but bare translations, others some matter of their owne invention, and very commendable, whereof some recital shall be made in this place, to th' intent cheifly that their names should not be defrauded of such honour as seemeth due to them for hauing by their thankefull studies so much beautified our English tong (as at this day it will be found our nation is in nothing inferiour to the French or Italian for copie of language, subtiltie of deuice, good method and proportion in any forme of poeme, but that they may compare with the moste, and perchance passe a great manie of them. And I will not reach aboue the time of King *Edward* the Third, and *Richard* the Second, for any that wrote in English meeter: because before their times by reason of the late Normane conquest, which had brought into this realme much alteration both of our langage and lawes, and therewithall a certaine martiall barbarousness, whereby the study of all good learning was

much decayd, as a long time after no man or very few entended to write in any laudable science: so as beyond that time there is little or nothing worth commendation to be founde written in this arte. And those of the first age were *Chaucer* and *Gower*, both of them as I suppose knyghtes. After whom followed *John Lydgate*, the monke of Bury, and that nameles, who wrote the *Satyre* called Piers Plowman; next him followed *Harding* the Chronicler; then in King *Henry* the Eightes times *Skelton*, (I wot not for what great worthines) surnamed the Poet *Laureat*. In the latter end of the same Kinges raigne sprong up a new company of courtlie makers, of whom Sir *Thomas Wyat* th' elder, and *Henry* Earle of Surry were two cheiftains, who hauing trauailed into Italie, and there tasted the sweete and statelie measures and style of the Italian poesie as novices newly crept out of the schools of *Dante*, *Ariosto*, and *Petrarch*, they greatlie polished our rude and homely maner of vulgar poesie, from that it had bene before, and for that cause may iustly be sayd the first reformers of our English meeter and stile. In the same time, or not long after was the Lord *Nicholas Vaux*, a man of much facultie in vulgar makings. Afterward in King *Edward* the Sixth's time came to be in reputation for the same facultie *Thomas Sternehold*, who first translated into English certaine psalmes of David, and *John Heywood* the Epigrammatist, who for the myrthe and quicknesse of his conceits more than for any good learning was in him came to be well benefited by the King. But the principall man in this profession at the same time was Maister *Edward Ferrys*, a man of no lesse myrthe and felicitie

that way, but of much more skil, and magnificence in his meeter, and therefore wrate for the most part for the stage, in Tragedie, and sometimes in Comedie or Enterlude, wherein he gave the king so much good recreation, as he had thereby many good rewardes. In Queene *Maries* time, flourished aboue any other, Doctour *Phaer*, one that was well learned, and excellently translated into English verse Heroicall certaine bookes of *Virgil's Æneidos*. Since him followed Maister *Arthure Golding*, who with no lesse commendation turned into English meeter the Metamorphosis of *Ouide*; and that other Doctour, who made the supplement to those bookes of *Virgil's Æneidos*, which Maister Phaer left undone. And in her Majesties time that nowe is are sprongé vp an other crewe of courtlie makers noblemen and gentlemen of her Majesties own servants, who haue written excellently well, as it would appeare if their doings could be found out and made publicke with the reste; of which number is first that noble gentleman *Edward* Earle of Oxford, *Thomas* Lord Buckhurst, when he was young, *Henry* Lord Paget, Sir *Philip Sydney*, Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, Maister *Edward Dyer*, Maister *Fulke Grevell*, Gascon, Britton, Turberville, and a great many other learned gentlemen, whose names I do not omit for enuie, but to auoyde tediousnesse, and who haue deserued no little commendation. But of them all particularly this is myne opinion, that *Chaucer*, with *Gower*, Ludgat, and *Harding* for their antiquitie ought to haue the first place, and *Chaucer* as the most renowned of them all, for the much learning appeareth to be in him aboue any of the rest. And

though many of his bookes be but bare translations out of the Latin and French, yet are they well handled, as his books of *Troilus* and *Cresseid*, and the Romaunt of the Rose, whereof he translated but one half, the deuice was *John de Mehunes* a French poet. The Canterbury Tales were *Chaucer's* owne inuention as I suppose, and where he sheweth more the naturall of his pleasant wit, then in any other description are such as cannot be amended. His meeter Heroicall of *Troilus* and *Cresseid* is uery graue and stately, keeping the staffe of seuen, and the verse of ten; his other verses of the Canterbury tales be but riding ryme, neurthelesse uery well becoming the matter of that pleasaunt pilgrimage in which eury man's part is playd with much decency. *Gower*, sauing for his good and graue moralties, had nothing in him highly to be commended, for his uerse was homely and without good measure, his wordes strained much deale out of the French writers, his ryme wrested, and his inuentions small subtiltie: the applications of his moralities are the best in him, and yet those many times uery grossely bestowed, neither doth the substance of his workes sufficientlie answere the subtiltie of his titles. *Lydgat* a translator onely and no deuiser of that which he wrate, but one that wrate in good verse. *Harding*, a poet epic or historical, handled himselfe well according to the time and manner of his subject. He that wrote the Satyr of Piers Plowman, seemed to have bene a malcontent of that time, and therefore bent himselfe wholy to taxe the disorders of that age, and specially the pride of the Romane Clergy of whose fall he seemeth to be a very true

prophet; his verse is but loose meeter, and his termes hard and obscure, so as in them is little pleasure to be taken. *Skelton* a sharpe satirist, but with more rayling and scoffery then became a Poet Lawreat. Such among the Greekes was called *Pantomiuh*, with us buffoons, altogether applying their wits to scurrilities and other ridiculous matters. *Henry* Earle of Surry and Sir *Thomas Wyat*, betweene whome I finde very little difference, I repute them (as before) for the two chief lanternes of light to all others that have since employed their pennes vpon English poesie; their conceits were loftie, their stiles stately, their conueyance cleanly, their termes proper, and their meetre sweete and well proportioned, in all imitating very naturally and studiously their Maister *Francis Petrarcha*. The Lord *Vaux* his commendation lyeth chiefly in the facilitie of his meetre, and the aptness of his descriptions such as he taketh vpon him to make, namely, in sundry of his songs, wherein he sheweth the counterfait action very liuely and pleasantly. Of the latter sorte I thinke thus: That for Tragedie, the Lord Buckhurst, and Maister *Edward Ferrys*, for such doings as I have sene of theyrs, do deserue the hyest price. Th' Earle of Oxford and Maister *Edwardes* of her Majesties Chappell for Comedie and Enterlude. For Eglogue and pastoral poesie, Sir *Philip Sydney* and Maister Challenner, and that other gentleman who wrate the late Shepheardes Callender. For dittie and amorous *Ode* I find Sir *Walter Rawleigh's* vayne most loftie, insolent, and passionate. Maister *Edward Dyer*, for Elegie most sweete, solempne

and of high conceit. *Gascon* for a goode meetre and for a plentifull vayne. *Phaer* and *Golding* for a learned and well corrected uerse, specially in translation, cleare and uery faithfully answering their authour's intent. Others haue also written with much facilitie, but more commendably perchance if they had not written so much nor so popularly. But last in recitall and first in degree is the Queene our soueraigne Ladie, whose learned, delicate, noble Muse, easilie surmounteth all the rest that haue written before her time or since, for sence, sweetness, and subtilltie, be it in Ode, Elegie, Epigram, or any other kind of poeme Heroick or Lyricke, wherein it shall please her Majestie to employe her penne, euen by as much oddes as her owen excellent estate and degree exceedeth all the rest of her most humble vassals." *

The second book treats "of Poetical Proportion;" in the first chapter of which the author defines poetry to be "a skill to speak and write harmonically; and verses or rime to be a kind of musicall utterance, by reason of a certain congruity in sounds pleasing to the eare." In the third chapter describing "how many sorts of measures we use in our vulgar," are the following verses which he says "sound very harshly in mine eare, whether it be for lack of good rime or good reason, or of both I know not."

* Oldys's account of this book, extracted from the notes to his Life of Raleigh, is inserted in the new edition of the Theatrum Poetarum, p. 310.

"Now suck child, and sleep child, thy mother's own joy,
Her only sweet comfort to drown all annoy;
For beauty surpassing the azured skie,
I love thee, my darling, as the ball of mine eye."

As Sir Toby observes, "it is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan," or one might suspect our critic of prejudice in this instance, for the lines will not, as I think, sound harshly in the judgment of this advanced period.

The whole of this division of his work, being occupied with the mechanical rules of poetrie, contains little worth noticing in this place, unless, the piece itself being lost, the plot of his comedie Ginæcocratia, printed towards the conclusion of the book, could be considered interesting.

Pass we now to the third book, "of Ornament," in the third chapter of which he instructs the maker, or poet, to choose his language from the court or the shires lying near London: he adds "our maker at these days shall not follow *Piers Plowman*, nor *Gower*, nor *Lidgate*, nor yet *Chaucer;* for their language is now out of use with us," and he guards his readers against the many "inkhorne termes brought in by men of learning, as preachers and schoolmasters;" a conceited practice against which Wilson also exclaims in his "Art of Rhetorick:" I know them, says he, that think rhetorick to "stand wholly upon dark words; and he that can catch an *inkhorne term* by the tail, him they count to be a fine Englishman and a good rhetorician." Not far distant from the former quotation, Puttenham, in ridicule of their inflated language, says,

"they cannot be better resembled than to these midsummer pageants in London, where to make the people wonder are set forth great and uglie gyants marching as if they were alive, and armed at all points, but within they are stuffed full of brown paper and tow, which the shrewd boys underpeering do guilefully discover and turn to great derision."

Butler tells us that

——————A rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools;

and, indeed, this were no small matter, according to Puttenham's ample catalogue, which amounts (if my fingers err not) to one hundred and nineteen; and all of them "inkhorne terms." The following epitaph (introduced for the purpose of illustrating Metaphora, or the figure of transport), "to the memorie of a deere friend, Sir John Throgmorton Knight, Justice of Chester, and a man of many commendable virtues," may not be unacceptable as a specimen of the critic's poetical talents:

Whom virtue rear'd, Envy hath overthrowne,
And lodged full low under this marble stone,
Nor ever was his value so well known,
Whilst he liv'd here, as now that he is gone.
No sun by day that ever saw him rest
Free from the toils of his so busy charge,
No night that harbour'd rancour in his breast,
Nor merry mood made reason run at large.
His head a source of gravity and sense,
His memory a shop of civil arte;
His tongue a stream of sugared eloquence;
Wisdom and meekness mingled in his heart.

In like manner each of his rhetorical figures is exemplified by some piece of poetry, original or selected, or some curious anecdote, for the most part of his own period, and relating to persons whose names are "familiar in our mouths as household words." It is in this that the chief entertainment of his book is found: to transcribe every tradition of this garrulous old courtier would be to copy half this division of the work, and it is rendered less necessary since ample use has been made of it by Seward in his collection; nor, perhaps, would their introduction be altogether correct in this place. Enough, it is hoped, has been said for the purposes of this work, which were to give a general idea of the volume, and having nothing of much importance to add to the accounts of the author by Ellis and Ritson, it is thought unnecessary to extend this review.*

O. G.

ART. CCLI. *Notices regarding several old English Poets; viz. Breton, Roydon, Nash, Daniel, Gascoigne, Turberville, Peele, Bastard, Davies, Golding, Elyot, Phayer, Whetstone, Warner, Stanyhurst, Sylvester, and Thomas Buckley.*

THE following valuable notices, among others, have been sent me, by a learned friend, for the reimpression of the late edition of Phillips's Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum, 1800, which I have for some time been preparing. I insert them here for the benefit of those, who have already bought the

* Webb, Puttenham, and other Tracts of Poetical Criticisms have been lately reprinted in one vol. by Mr. Haslewood. 1815.

work. My anxious desire to render the future edition as accurate and full as possible, makes me still delay to bring it before the public. And the communications of those whose researches have been exercised in this line of literature, in which many of the materials are so very difficult of access, will be gratefully received.

1. NICHOLAS BRETON.

In the catalogue of this prolific Poet's productions, Ritson has omitted "The Pilgrimage to Paradise," &c. a poem, in 4to. printed at Oxford, 1592, in which is the following curious declaration:

"To the Gentlemen students and scholers of Oxford.

"Gentlemen, there hath beene of late printed in London by one Richard Joanes a printer, a book of English verses, entituled "*Breton's Bower of Delights.*". I protest it was doone altogether without my knowlege, and many things of other men's mingled with few of mine; for, except "*Amoris Lachryme*," an epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney, and one or two other toies, which I know not how he unhappily came by, I have no part with any of them; and so I beseech ye, assuredly believe."

No earlier edition of "*The Bower of Delights*," than that of 1597 appears in Herbert; but it was licensed to Joanes in 1591, who, according to the Typographical Historian, was "little better than a false knave." See Herbert's Typ. Ant. II. p. 1039.

In 1626 was printed "Fantasticks, serving for a perpetual prognostication," by N. Breton, bl. l.

2. MATTHEW ROYDON.

Nash, in his Preface to "Green's Arcadia," thus mentions this little-known author.

"Neither is he (Spenser) the onely swallow of our summer; there are extant, about London, many most able men to revive poetry, though it were executed ten thousand times, as in Platoe's so in Puritan's Commonwealth: as namely, for example, Matthew Roydon, who hath shewed himself singular in the immortal epitaph of his beloved Astrophel, besides many other most absolute comic inventions, made more publicke by every man's praise, than can be by my speech."

3. THOMAS NASH.

Of the popularity of his "Pierce Penilesse," a notion may be formed, when we learn, from his "Have with you to Saffron Walden," that "it passed through the pikes of at least six impressions." The author also informs us, that "Dick Litchfield, the barber of Trinity College, a rare ingenuous odd merry Greek, hath, as I have heard, translated my Pierce Penilesse into the Macceronical tongue, wherein I wish he had been more tongue-tied, since in some men's incensed judgments, it hath too much tongue already; being above two years since maimedly translated into the French tongue, and in the English tongue so rascally printed and ill-interpreted, as heart can think and tongue can tell."

Have with you to Saffron-Walden. Qo. 1596. *Sig. F.*

Malone's censure of Nash is too severe, and the opinion seems to have been formed upon a misconception of Nash's aim in his "Have with you to Saffron-Walden," which was intended to ridicule the inflated and turgid language of Harvey, in his Astrological Tracts. The style of "Pierce Penilesse," is very dissimilar, and his "Address to the two Universities," 1589, is written in a vein of spirited and judicious criticism, of which the English language has no cotemporary example.

The former editors of that too hasty and inaccurate publication, the Biographical Dictionary, in 15 volumes, 8vo. speak of Nash's "Pierce Penilesse," as a poem, and reason from it accordingly.

4. SAMUEL DANIEL.

"Some dull-headed divines," says Nash, "deeme it no more cunnyng to write an exquisite poem than to preach pure Calvin, or distill the juice of a Commentary into a quarter poem:—but you shall find there goes more exquisite paynes, and puritie of wit, to the writing of one such rare poem as *Rosamond*, than to a hundred of your dunsticall sermons."

Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Divell, 1592. *fol.* 17.

5. GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

"Whoever my private opinion condemneth as faultie, Master George Gascoigne is not to be abridged of his deserved esteeme, who first beat the path to that perfection, which our best poets have conspired to, since his departure, whereto he did

ascend by comparing the Italian with the English as Tully did Græca cum Latinis."

Nash "to the Students of both Universities," 1589.

This testimony in Gascoigne's favour will be sufficient to obviate Mr. Park's suspicion,* that Nash intended to satirize him in "Pierce Penilesse:" he was already dead, and could not three years after have given new cause for the reversal of this praise.

In order to ascertain if George Gascoigne was buried at Walthamstow, I went purposely to search the parish register, and found no entry anterior to 1650.

6. GEO. TURBERVILLE.

"Neither," says Nash, was "M. Turbeville the worst of his tyme, though, in translating, he attributed too much to the necessity of the time."

7. GEORGE PEELE.

"I dare commend George Peele unto all that know him, as the chief supporter of pleasance now living, the Atlas of poetrie, and primum verborum artifex; whose first increase, the Arraignment of Paris, might pleade to your opinions his pregnant dexteritie of wit, and his manifold dexteritie of invention, wherein, me judice, he goeth a step beyond all that write."

Nash's Address prefixed to Menaphon, 1589.

* See Ritson's Bibliographia, 218.

8. THOMAS BASTARD

Was expelled the University for writing "Marplate's Bastardini," a pasquinade, exposing the amours of the University and Town of Oxford. A MS. copy of this unpublished satire is in my possession, and the introductory stanzas are as follow:

To the Scholers.

Fie, brethren scholers, fie for shame,
Such youngster's tricks among you still?
Hath not yet learning learn'd to frame
The wanton toys of youthful will?

To the Townsmen.

And you, my brethren of the town,
That holde yourselves so well afraid,
And vaunt your foretops up and down,
Forget you what the preacher said?

Can you behold the light put out,*
And lanthorns broke in pieces mark,
And feel the horns fly round about,
And think there's nought done in the dark? &c.

9. SIR JOHN DAVIS

Was among the number of those who petitioned James I. to grant them a charter for erecting an academy for the study of antiquities. The King however, so far from promoting their design,

* Dr. Prime, preacher to the town at Carfax church, compared the University to a light, and the town to a lanthorn, and said that the light was put out, and the lanthorn broken, and the horns shed round about the town.

This was Dr. Prime of New College, of whom see Wood's Hist. and Ant. Oxon. lib. I. p. 139. Edit. 1764—and Wood's Ath. Ox. lib. I. p. 285. Edit. 1722.

obliged them to discontinue their meetings, and threatened to prosecute the applicants as a suspicious and disloyal cabal.

From Stukeley's Hist. of the Ant. Society MS. penes me.

10. ARTHUR GOLDING.

"In this page of praise," (says Nash, in his "Address to the Universities,") "I cannot omit aged Arthur Golding, for his industrious toyle in Englishing Ovid's Metamorphosis, besides many other editions of divinitie, turned by him out of the French tongue into our owne."

11. SIR THOMAS ELYOT.

"Among others in that age," says Nash, "Sir Thomas Elyot's elegance in translation, did sever itself from all equals."

12. THOS. PHAYER

"Is not to be forgot in regard of his famous Virgil, whose heavenly verse, had it not been blemished by his hawtie thoughts, England might have long insulted his wit, & corrigat qui potest have been subscribed to his workes."

Nash's Letter prefixed to Greene's Menaphon, 1589.

13. GEORGE WHETSTONE

Has several short poems and translated passages of poetry interspersed throughout his "Englysh Myrror," 4to. 1586, bl. l.

14. WILLIAM WARNER.

"As poetrie hath been honoured in those beforementioned professors, so it hath not been any whit disparaged by William Warner's absolute *Albions*."

Nash's "Address," ut supr.

Both Warner and Nash are eulogized by Drayton.

15. RICHARD STANYHURST.

"Fortune, the mistress of change, with a pitying compassion respecting Mr. Stanyhurst's prayse, would that Phayer should fall, that he might ryse, whose heroical poetry infired, I should say inspired, with an hexameter furye, recalled to life whatever hissed barbarism hath been buried this hundred yeare; and revived by his ragged quill such carterly varietie, as no hedge plowman in a countrie but would have held as the extremitie of clownerie: a patterne whereof I will propound to your judgment, as near as I can, being part of one of his descriptions of a tempest, which is thus:

"Then did he make heavens vault to rebound
With rounce robble bobble,
Of ruffe raffe roaring,
With thicke thwacke thurly bouncing.

Which strange language of the firmament, never subject before to our common phrase, makes us, that are not used to terminate heavens moving in the accents of any voice, esteem of their triobulare interpreter as of some Thrasonical huffe-snuffe; for so terrible was his style to all mylde ears, as would have affrighted our peaceable poets from intermed-

dling hereafter with that quarrelling kind of verse."

Nash's Preface to Greene's Arcadia.

16. JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

Many of the particulars of whose life may be found in Dunster's Letter on Milton, was a candidate, in the year 1597, for the office of Secretary to the Company of Merchant-Adventurers at Stade, of which he was a member; on which occasion the unfortunate Earl of Essex interested himself in his favour, and wrote two letters in his behalf, dated from the Court on the last of April: a private one to Mr. Ferrers, the deputy-governor, recommending Mr. Sylvester as an able and honest man; and a general one to the company, to the same purpose, in which he mentions that he had received a very good report of his sufficiency and fitness for the post of Secretary, being both well qualified with language, and many other good parts, and honest and of good conversation; two especial motives of his lordship's request in his behalf.

Ben Jonson has an epigram to Sylvester, and he is eulogized by Drayton; the latter dedicated his "Miracles of Moses" to Sylvester and Du Bartas. His "Tobacco batter'd," &c. was reprinted with King James's "Counterblast," and similar tracts, 4to. 1672.

17. THOMAS BUCKLEY,

Who is not mentioned by Ritson, wrote a satire (in MS. in my possession) on divers persons in Oxford.

"Ho, ho, John of Dogs, what news?"

The following is the introductory stanza:

"The Devil is dead in Devonshire late,
(A happie tale, if it be true;)
He gave the check, but not the mate,
And are you dead, sir Devil?—Adue!"

The author was admitted Bachelor of Civil Law, 1566, of All Soul's College, Oxford: he was then, says Wood, much in esteem among the academicians for his poetry; but, being given to libelling, was forced to leave the University. *Fasti, I.* 97.

Stamford, Dec. 27, 1805. O. G.

Art. CCLII. SAMUEL ROWLANDS.

Samuel Rowlands, a prolific poetical pamphleteer during the reigns of Elizabeth and her successors; (in addition to the list of his writings in Ritson's Bibliographia), was author of "Tis merrie when gossips meet, newly enlarged, with divers songs, sung by a fiddler's boy," 4to. printed by W. H. It is "dialogue-wise," a poem between a widow, a wife, and a mayd; prefixed is a wood cut representing the three characters, and the "fidler's boy" in waiting, with a gittern in his hand. In continuation, also, of his design expressed at the conclusion of the "Knave of Clubbs," he published "the Knave of Hearts," and "more Knaves yet; the Knaves of Spades and Diamonds": &c. printed by John Bache, and are to be sold at his shop at the entering in of the Royal Exchange," 4to. 1613.

From the last of which the following lines may be worth extracting.

On vaine and curious monuments.

What trust of future praise in senseless stones,
Containing rotten and worm-eaten bones!
What do the gazers on report but this?
"Fair monument, wherein foul carcase is!"
Virtue dies not—her fame herself will raise;
Let them trust tombs that have outlived their praise.

I may just observe that, "the Knave of Clubbs, or tis merrie when Knaves meete," must have been printed earlier than 1613, for in the Register of the Stationer's Company, dated 1600, is an order for burning "Tis merrie when Knaves meet." See Ames, Vol. II. p. 1266.

"Not Roscius nor Æsop (says Nash) those tragedians admyred before Christ was borne, could ever perform more in action than famous Ned Allen. If ever I write any thing in Latine (as I hope one day I shall) not a man of any desert among us but I will have up. Tarlton, Ned Allen, Knell, Bentley, shall be knowen to France, Spayne and Italie, and not a part that they surmounted in, more than other, but I will there note and set downe *with the manner of theyre habites and attyre.*"

Pierce Penilesse P. 27. Ed. 1592.

In the following passage from "the Knave of Clubbs," is this picture of Ned Allen in Faustus:

The Gull gets on a surplice,
With a crosse upon his breast,

Like Allen playing Faustus,
In that manner was he drest.

Sig. D. 2.

The play was " Dr. Faustus's Tragical Historie, by Christopher Marlow, 4to. 1604. O. G.

ART. CCLIII. *Palladis Tamia. Wits Treasury. Being the second part of Wits Common Wealth. By Francis Meres, Maister of Artes of both Vniuersities. Viuitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt. At London printed by P. Short, for Cuthbert Burbie, and are to be solde at his shop at the Royall Exchange.* 1597. *Small* 8vo. *leaves* 174.

ART. CCLIV. [Engraved title] *Witts Academy, a Treasurie of Goulden Sentences, similies and examples. Set forth cheefely for the benefitt of young Schollers. By Fr. M. Mr. of Arts of both Vniversities. Printed at London for Richard Royston,* 1636. *Io. Droeshout scul.* [In an arch having two whole-length figures of " Wisedome" and " Salomon," and on the plinth " Oxford" and " Cambridge." Second title same as above.] *London, printed by William Stansby, and are to be sold by Richard Royston, at his shop in Iuie Lane,* 1634.

FRANCIS MERES was the son of Thomas Meres of Kirton in Holland, in the county of Lincoln. He was entered of Pembroke College, Cambridge,

and took the degree of B. A. 1587, and of M. A. 1591. He was incorporated at Oxford July 10, 1593, and about that period was a minister and schoolmaster. He became rector of Wing, in the county of Rutland, sometime in or near 1602, and held the same for the remainder of his life, which terminated in 1646, at the advanced age of 81.*

The Wit's Common Wealth was first printed 1598, and there is one, if not more, editions than the above. Wood considers it "a noted school book," which accords with the engraved title as "set forth chiefly for the benefit of young scholars." From the comparative discourse upon our English poets, the work obtained considerable repute. Heywood, in his Apology for Actors, calls him an approved good scholar, and tells us his account of authors is learnedly done. Oldys speaks him "of no small reputation at that time for his moral and poetical writings."† His reading was general and extensive, and the connecting his numerous transcripts shews taste, research, and strong critical judgment. It is not to depreciate his labour upon the subject of the "comparative discourse," that I notice the greater portion to be derived from the first book of Puttenham's Art of English Poesy, in particular the thirty-first chapter. By the additions it forms a valuable chronology for that period, and the discovery of Henslowe's latent papers estab-

* Wood's Ath. Oxon. Vol. I. Fast. 146, and MS. notes by Dr. Farmer, in a copy of Meres.

† Biog. Brit. Art. Drayton, p. 1746.

lishes its credit as being just and correct. As a new edition of Puttenham's work is reported to be in the press, and as it is not probable the booksellers will venture to reprint the Wit's Treasury, though scarce and of some pecuniary value, giving the whole discourse at this juncture appeared an useful article. To the readers of the CENSURA many of the names must be familiar as household ones; but to some I have ventured to add a few notes, and trust they will obtain candour and indulgence amidst their imperfections.

"*A comparative discourse of our English Poets, with the Greeke, Latine, and Italian Poets.*

"As Greece had three poets of great antiquity, Orpheus, Linus, and Musæus, and Italy, other three auncient poets, Liuius Andronicus, Ennius, & Plautus: so hath England three auncient poets, Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate.

"As Homer is reputed the Prince of Greek poets, and Petrarch of Italian poets, so Chaucer is accounted the god of English poets.*

"As Homer was the first that adorned the Greek tongue with true quantity, so Piers Plowman was

* Whetstone has censured the old bard in a stanza of Cressid's Complaint, in the first part of the Rock of Regard, 1576.

"But as the hawke to gad, which knowes the way,
Will hardly leaue, to cheake at carren crowes,
If long unserude, she waites and wants her pray;
Or as the horse, in whom disorder growes,
His iadish trickes againe will hardly loose:
So they in youth, which Venus ioye do proue,
In drouping age, Syr Chaucer's iestes will loue."

the first that obserued the true quantitie of our verse without the curiositie of rime.*

" Ouid writ a Cronicle from the beginning of the world to his own time, that is, to the raign of Augustus the Emperour: so hath Harding the Chronicler (after his manner of old harsh riming) from Adam to his time, that is, to the raigne of King Edward the Fourth.†

" As Sotades Maronites y^e^ iambicke poet gaue himselfe wholy to write impure and lasciuious things, so Skelto~‡ (I know not for what great worthines, surnamed the poet laureat) applied his wit to scurrilities and ridiculous matters; such amo~g the Greeks were called Pantomimi, with vs Buffons.

" As Consaluo Periz, that excellent learned man, and Secretary to King Philip of Spayne, in translating the Vlysses of Homer out of Greeke into Spanish, hath by good iudgment auoided the faulte of ryming, although not fully hit perfect and true versifying: so hath Henrie Howarde that true and noble Earle of Surrey in translating the fourth book of Virgil's Æneas, whom Michael Drayton, in his England's heroycall epistles hath eternized for an epistle to his faire Geraldine.

" As these Neoterickes Iouianus Pontanus, Poli-

* Piers Plowman, i. e. Robert Langlande, flourished 1530. A specimen of his work may be found in Cooper's Muse's Library, p. 7.

† John Hardinge supposed to have died 1451, very aged.

‡ His life, taken from Wood's Ath. Ox. V. i. p. 22, was reprinted some time since in black-letter, 12mo. without date or printer's name. I am told there are only twenty-five copies. He died 1529.

tianus, Marullus Tarchaniota, the two Strozæ, the father and the son, Palingenius, Mantuanus, Philelphus, Quintianus Stoa, and Germanus Brixius haue obtained renown and good place among the auncient Latine poets: so also these Englishmen being Latine poets, Gualter Haddon,* Nicholas Car, Gabriel Haruey, Christopher Ocland, Thomas Newton with his Leyland,† Thomas Watson, Thomas Campion,‡ [John] Brunswerd,§ and [Richard] Willey,‖ haue attained good report and honorable aduancement in the Latin empyre.

"As the Greeke tongue is made famous and eloquent by Homer, Hesiod, Euripides, Aeschilus, Sophocles, Pindarus, Phocylides, and Aristophanes; and the Latine tongue by Virgill, Ouid, Horace, Silius Italicus, Lucanus, Lucretius, Ausonius and Claudianus: so the English tongue is mightily enriched, and gorgeouslie inuested in rare ornaments and resplendent abiliments by Sir Philip Sidney, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, Marlow, and Chapman

* President of Magdalen College, and Doctor of Civil Law, Oxford. His poems were printed 1567. Died 1572, aged 56. A copy of his monument may be found in Stowe's Survey of London.

† *Illustrium aliquot Anglorum Encomia.* At the end of Jo. Leland's *Encomia Trophæa, &c.* Lon. 1589.

‡ "Tho. Campiani poema," licensed to Richard Field, 1594. He is mentioned in Camden's list of "pregnant wits," and by Wood as "an admired poet and musician."

§ Or Brownswerd, educated at both universities; settled at Macclesfield in Cheshire. Died Ap. 15, 1589, the same year his poems were printed.

‖ Ricardi Willeii poematum liber. 1573. Her. 820.

"As Xenophon, who did imitate so excellently, as to giue vs *effigiem iusti imperij*, the portraiture of a iust empyre vnder y^e^. name of Cyrus (as Cicero saieth of him) made therein an absolute heroicall poem; and as Heliodorus writ in prose his sugred inuetiō of that picture of loue in Theagines and Caricłea, and yet both excellent admired poets: so Sir Philip Sidney writ his immortal poem, the Countesse of Pembrookes Arcadia in prose, and yet our rarest poet.

"As Sextus Propertius saide, *Nescio quid magis nascitur Iliade:* so I say of Spencer's Fairy Queene, I knowe not what more excellent or exquisite poem may be written.

"As Achilles had the aduantage of Hector, because it was his fortune to bee extolled and renowned by the heauenly verse of Homer: so Spenser's Elisa, the Fairy Queen, hath the aduantage of all the Queenes in the worlde to bee eternized by so diuine a poet.

"As Theocritus is famoused for his Idyllia in Greeke, and Virgill's for his Eclogs in Latine: so Spencer, their imitatour in his Shepheardes Calender, is renowned for the like argument, and honoured for fine poeticall inuention, and most exquisit wit.

"As Parthenius Nicæus excellently sung the praises of his Arete: so Daniel hath diuinely sonetted the matchlesse beauty of his Delia.

"As euery one mourneth, when hee heereth of the lamentable plangers of Thracian Orpheus for his dearest Euridice: so euery one passionateth,

when he readeth the afflicted death of Daniel's distressed Rosamond.

"As Lucan hath mournefully depainted the ciuil wars of Pompey & Cæsar: so hath Daniel the ciuill wars of Yorke and Lancaster; and Drayton the civill wars of Edward the Second, and the Barons.

"As Virgill doth imitate Catullus in y^e^. like matter of Ariadne for his story of Queene Dido: so Michael Drayton doth imitate Ouid in his England's Heroical Epistles.

"As Sophocles was called a bee for the sweetnes of his tongue, so in Charles Fitz-Iefferies' Drake,* Drayton is termed golden-mouthed for the purity and pretiousnesse of his stile and phrase.

"As Accius, M. Attilius, and Milithus were called Tragædiographi, because they writ tragedies: so may wee truly terme Michael Drayton Tragædiographus, for his passionate penning the downfals of valiant Robert of Normandy, chast Matilda, and great Gaueston.

"As Ioan. Honterus in Latine verse writ 3 bookes of Cosmography w^t^. geographicall tables, so Michael Drayton is now in penning in English verse a poem called Polu-olbion, geographical and hydrographicall, of all the forests, woods, mountaines, fountaines, riuers, lakes, flouds, bathes and springs, that be in England.

* Charles Fitzgeffrey's poem was entituled "Sir Francis Drake, his honorable life's commendation, and his tragicall death's lamentation, newly printed, with additions, 1596," 12mo.' *Review of the new edition of the Theatrum Poetarum*, written by Mr. PARK. Fitzgeffrey was rector of St. Dominic, Cornwall, and died Feb. 22, 1636, aged 61.

"As Aulus Persius Flaccus is reported among al writers to be of an honest life and vpright conuersation, so Michael Drayton *(quē toties honoris & amoris causa nomino)* among schollers, souldiours, poets, and all sorts of people, is helde for a man of vertuous disposition, honest conuersation, and wel gouerned cariage, which is almost miraculous among good wits in these declining and corrupt times, when there is nothing but rogery in villanous man, & whē cheating and craftines is counted the cleanest wit, and soundest wisedome.

"As Decius Ausonius Gallus in libris fastorum, penned the occurrences of y^e. world from the first creation of it to his time, that is, to the raigne of the Emperor Gratian, so Warner, in his absolute Albion's Englande hath most admirably penned the historie of his own country from Noah to his time, that is, the raigne of Queene Elizabeth; I haue heard him termd of the best wits of both our vniuersities, our English Homer.

"As Euripedes is the most sententious among the Greek poets, so is Warner amōg our English poets.

"As the soule of Euphorbus was thought to liue in Pythagoras, so the sweete wittie soule of Ouid liues in mellifluous & hony-tongued Shakespeare, witnes his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugred sonnets among his priuate friends, &c.

"As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latines, so Shakespeare, among y^e. English, is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witnes his Gētleme of Verona, his Errors, his Loue La-

bor's Lost, his Loue Labour's Wonne, his Midsummer's Night Dreame, & his Merchant of Venice: for tragedy, his Richard the 2. Richard the 3. Henry the 4. King Iohn, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Iuliet.

" As Epius Stolo said that the muses would speak with Plautus' tongue if they would speak Latin, so I say that the muses would speak with Shakspeare's fine filed phrase, if they would speake English.

" As Musæus, who wrote the loue of Hero and Leander, had two excellent schollers, Thamaras & Hercules: so hath he in England two excellent poets, imitators of him in the same argument and subiect, Christopher Marlow, and George Chapman.

" As Ouid saith of his worke,

Iamq. opus exegi, quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

" And as Horace saith of his; *Exegi monumentum ære perennius; Regaliq; situ pyramidum altius; Quod non imber edax; non Aquilo impotens possit diruere; aut innumerabilis series & fuga temporum:* so say I seuerally of Sir Philip Sidney's Spencer's, Daniel's, Drayton's, Shakespeare's and Warner's workes;

Non Iouis ira; imbres: Mars: ferr m: flamma, senectus,
Hoc opus, vnda: lues: turbo: venena ruent.

Et quanquam ad pulcherrimum hoc opus euertendum tres illi Dij conspirabu̇t, Cronus, Vulcanus, & pater ipse gentis;

Non tamen annorum series, non flamma, nec ensis
Æternum potuit hoc abolere Decus.

"As Italy had Dante, Boccace, Petrarch, Tasso, Celiano and Ariosto: so England had Mathew Roydon,* Thomas Atchelow,† Thomas Watson, Thomas Kid,‡ Robert Greene, & George Peele.

"As there are eight famous and chiefe languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latine, Syriack, Arabicke, Italian, Spanish and French: so there are eight notable seuerall kindes of poets, heroicke, lyricke, tragicke, comicke, satiricke, iambicke, elegiacke, and pastoral.

"As Homer and Virgil among the Greeks and Latines are the chiefe heroick poets, so Spencer and Warner be our chiefe heroicall makers.

"As Pindarus, Anacreon and Callimachus among the Greeks, and Horace and Catullus among the Latines are the best lyrick poets: so in this faculty the best amo̅g our poets are Spencer (who excelleth in all kinds) Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Bretto̅.

"As these tragicke poets flourished in Greece,

* Author of some occasional introductory lines in commendation of his cotemporaries, and of an epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney, inserted in "The Phœnix Nest," 1593.

† Or Acheley.

‡ The title of Kyd to be considered the English Tasso appears at present very slender. He has been pointed out by Mr Park as a contributor to the "Belvedere," and also "England's Parnassus." It is conjectured by Hawkins, that he wrote the tragedy of "Soliman and Perseda," which arises from an apparent connection it seems to have with his play of "The Spanish Tragedy, containing the lamentable end of Don Horatio and Bel-imperia." Upon the last he was universally ridiculed, and the effect seems to have been an increased demand by the public. The editions were, besides one without date, 1602, 1603, 1610, 1615, 1618, 1623, 1633. It is inserted in Dodsley's Collection, as also his other play of Cornelia.

Aeschylus, Euripedes, Sophocles, Alexander Aetolus, Achæus Erithriæus, Astydamus Athenie'sis, Apollodorus Tarsensis, Nicomachus Phrygius, Thespis Atticus, and Timon Apolloniates; and these among the Latines, Accius, M. Attilius, Pomponius Secundus, and Seneca: so these are our best for tragedie, the Lorde Buckhurst,* Doctor Leg of Cambridge,† Doctor Edes of Oxforde,‡ Maister Edward Ferris, the authour of the Mirrour for Magistrates,§ Marlow, Peele, Watson, Kid, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman, Decker, and Beniamin Iohnson.

"As M. Anneus Lucanus writ two excellent tragedies, one called Medea, the other de Incendio Troiæ cum Priami calamitate: so Doctor Leg hath penned two famous tragedies, y^t. one of Richard the 3, the ther of the destruction of Ierusalem.

"The best poets for comedy among the Greeks are these, Menander, Aristophanes, Eupolis, Atheniensis, Alexis Terius, Nicostratus, Amipsias, Athe-

* Jointly with Thomas Norton wrote Ferrex and Porrex. See Dodsley's Collection, 2d. Edit. Vol. i. p. 101.

† Vice-chancellor of Oxford, author of two tragedies not printed. Died 1607, aged 72.

‡ Dean of Worcester, died Nov. 19, 1604.

§ Dr. Farmer had noticed in the margin the christian name of Ferrers as George, which seems a doubtful question. The words in Puttenham are "that for tragedie, the Lord of Buckhurst and Maister Edward Ferrys for such doings as I have sene of theirs do deserue the hyest price:" and Warton was inclined to consider them the same person, but Ritson has attempted to prove the contrary, in the Bibliographia Poetica. If Puttenham alluded to the writer in the Mirrour for Magistrates, does it not appear singular the omitting to mention Baldwin and the other persons concerned in that production?

nienſis, Anxandrides Rhodius, Ariſtonymus, Archippus, Athenienſis, and Callias Athenienſis; and among the Latines, Plautus, Terence, Næuius, Sext. Turpilius, Licinius Imbrex, and Virgilius Romanus: so the best for comedy amongst vs bee, Edwarde Earle of Oxforde, Doctor Gager of Oxforde,* Maiſter Rowley once a rare ſcholler of learned Pembrooke Hall in Cambridge,† Maiſter Edwardes, one of her Maieſtie's Chappell,‡ eloquent and wittie Iohn Lilly, Lodge, Gascoyne, Greene, Shakespeare; Thomas Nash, Thomas Heywood, Anthony Mundye,

* William Gager. Baker, in his Companion to the Play House 1764, has the following passage.—"The commendation which Anth. à Wood gives of him as to his poetical talents is somewhat extraordinary. He was (says that author) an excellent poet, especially in the Latin tongue, and reputed the best comedian (by which purpose he means dramatic writer) of his time, whether, adds he, it was Edward Earl of Oxford, Will. Rowley, the once ornament for wit and ingenuity of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge, Richard Edwards, John Lylie, Tho. Lodge, Geo. Gascoigne, Will. Shakespeare, Tho. Nash, or John Heywood: A combination of names, by the bye, so oddly jumbled together, as must convince us that Mr. Wood was a much better biographer than a judge of dramatic writing." This "odd jumble" is continued in the Biographia Dramatica by Reed; the origin of which the reader will now easily discover. Dr. Gager was living 1610. His controversy with Rainoldes respecting stage-plays is known to all readers of theatrical works.

† I consider this as *Samuel* Rowley the player, as well as poet; and that a portion of the character of *William* Rowley, given in the Biographia Dramatica, should be transferred to the preceding article. Reed's Shak. Vol. 3. Henslowe's list *passim*.

‡ Author of various poems in the Paradise of Dainty Devises. Died about 1566.

our best plotter, Chapman, Porter,* Wilson,† Hathway,§ and Henry Chettle.‖

"As Horace, Lucilius Iuuenall, Persius & Lucullus are the best for satyre among the Latines, so with vs in the same faculty these are chiefe, Piers Plowman, Lodge, Hall of Immanuel Colledge in Cambridge; the author of Pigmalion's Image, and certaine satyrs;‡ the author of Skialetheia.**

"Among the Greekes I wil name but two for iambicks, Archilochus Parius, and Hipponax Ephesius: so amongst vs I name but two iambical poets, Gabriel Haruey, and Richard Stanyhurst, bicause I haue seene no mo in this kind.

"As these are famous among the Greeks for elegie, Melanthus, Mymnerus, Colophonius, Olympius Mysius, Parthenius Nicæus, Philetas Cous, Theogenes Megarensis, and Pigres Halicarnassæus; and these among the Latines, Mecænas, Ouid, Tibullus, Propertius, T. Valgius, Cassius Seuerus, & Clodius Sabinus: so these are the most passionate among vs to bewaile and bemoane the perplexities of loue, Henrie Howard, Earle of Surry, Sir Thomas Wyat the elder, Sir Francis Brian, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir

* Wrote the pleasant history of the two angry women of Abington printed 1599, a second part acted 1598, n. p. and Love prevented, acted 1598.

† See note *postea*.

§ Richard Hathwaye was concerned in writing six dramatic pieces, not printed. The researches of Mr. Malone first discovered their titles, which are enumerated in *Barker's Continuation of the Theatrical Remembrancer to* 1803.

‖ This writer assisted in 29 pieces also mentioned by *Barker*.

‡ Printed 1598, by Marston. ** Cens. Lit. Vol. 4.

Walter Rawley, Sir Edward Dyer, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Whetstone, Gascoyne, Samuell Page, some time fellowe of Corpus Christi Colledge, in Oxford,* Churchyard, Bretton.

"As Theocritus in Greeke, Virgil and Mantuan in Latine, Sanazar in Italian, and the authour of Amyntæ Gaudia and Walsingham's Melibœus are the best for pastorall, so amongst vs the best in this kind are Sir Philip Sidney, Master Challener,† Spencer, Stephen Gosson,‡ Abraham Fraunce and Barnefield.

"These and many other epigrammatists y^e. Latin tongue hath, Q. Catulus, Porcius Licinius, Quintus Cornificus. Martial, Cn. Getulicus, and wittie Sir Thomas Moore, so in English we haue these, Heywood, Drayte, Kendal, Bastard, Dauies.

"As noble Mecænas that sprung from the Hetruscan kinges not onely graced poets by his bounty, but also by beeing a poet himselfe; and as Iames the 6. nowe king of Scotland is not only a fauorer of poets, but a poet, as my friend master Richard Barnefielde hath in this disticke passing well recorded;

'The King of Scots now liuing is a poet,
As his Lepanto and his furies show it.'§

* Vicar of Deptford, als. West Greenwich, Kent. Died Aug. 8, 1630, aged about 56. His poetical pieces are unknown, and his name is omitted in Ritson's Bib. Poetica.

† Ritson has a probable conjecture of this being Sir Thomas Chaloner. Mears, copying verbatim from Puttenham, might retain the style of master, although he was knighted in 1591.

‡ Born about 1556, and alive 1615. His *pastoral* pieces are unknown.

§ See Royal and Noble Authors by Mr. Park, Vol. I. p. 117.

So Elizabeth our dread soueraign and gracious Queene is not only a liberal patrone vnto poets, but an excellent poet herselfe, whose learned, delicate, and noble muse surmounteth, be it in ode, elegy, epigram, or in any other kinde of poem heroicke, or lyricke.

"Octauia, sister vnto Augustus the Emperour, was exceeding bountifull vnto Virgil, who gaue him for making 26 verses, 1137 pounds, to wit, tenne sestertiues for euerie verse, which amount to about 43 pounds for euery verse: so learned Mary, the honorable Countesse of Pembroke, the noble sister of immortall Sir Philip Sidney, is very liberall vnto poets; besides shee is a most delicate poet, of whom I may say, as Antipater Sidonius writeth of Sappho:

"*Dulcia Mnemosyne demirans carmina Sapphus,*
Quæsiuit decima Pieris vnde foret."

Among others in time past, poets had these fauourers, Augustus, Mecænas, Sophocles Germanicus, an emperour, a nobleman, a senatour, and a captaine; so of later times poets haue these patrones, Robert King of Sicil, the great King Francis of France, King Iames of Scotland, & Queene Elizabeth of England.

"As in former times two great cardinals, Bembus & Biena, did countenance poets, so of late yeares two great preachers haue giuen them their right hands in felowship, Beza and Melancthon.

"As the learned philosophers Fracastorius and Scaliger haue highly prized them, so haue the eloquent orators Pontanus and Muretus very gloriously estimated them.

"As Georgius Buckanamus' Iephthe, amongst all moderne tragedies, is able to abide the touche of Aristotle's precepts, and Euripedes examples, so is Bishop Watson's Absalon.*

"As Terence for his translations out of Apollodorus & Menander, and Aquilius for his translation out of Menander, and C. Germanicus Augustus for his out of Aratus, and Ausonius for his translated epigrams out of Greeke, and Doctor Iohnson for his Froggefight out of Homer, and Watson for his Antigone out of Sophocles, haue got good commendations,† so these versifiers for their learned translations are of good note among vs, Phaer for Virgil's Aeneads, Golding for Ouid's Metamorphosis, Harington for his Orlando Furioso, the translators of Senecae's Tragedies,‡ Barnabe Googe for Palingenius, Turbeuile for Ouid's Epistles and Mantuan, and Chapman for his inchoate Homer.

"As the Latines haue these emblematists, Andreas Alciatus, Reusnerus, and Sambucus, so we haue these, Geffrey Whitney, Andrew Willet,§ and Thomas Combe.

* Bishop of Winchester, died Jan. 23, 1583, aged 63.

† "That no reader may be misled (says Wartou upon this article) I observe here, that Christopher Johnson, a celebrated head master of Winchester school, afterwards a physician, translated Homer's Frogs and Mice into Latin hexameters, which appeared in quarto, at London, in 1580. Thomas Watson, author of a Hundred Sonnets, or the passionate century of Love, published a Latin Antigone in 1581." Hist. of Eng. Po. V. iii. p. 433.

‡ Jasper Heywood, John Studley, Thomas Nuce, Alexander Neyvle, and Thomas Newton. A critical account of the work may be found in Warton, Vol. iii. p. 382; and further specimens will be found in the present volume.

§ See Cens. Vol. IV.

"As Momus Panapolyta writ the gospell of Saint Iohn in Greeke hexameters, so Ienuis Markham hath written Salomon's Canticles in English verse.

"As C. Plinius writ the life of Pomponius Secundus, so young Charles Fitz Ieffrey, that high touring falcon, hath most gloriously penned the honourable life and death of worthy Sir Francis Drake.

"As Hesiod writ learnedly of husbandry in Greeke, so hath Tusser very wittily and experimentally written of it in English.

"As Antipater Sidonus was famous for extemporall verse in Greeke, and Ouid for his *Quicquid conabar dicere versus erat*, so was our Tarleton, of whome Doctour Case that learned physitian thus speaketh in the seuenth booke, & seuenteenth chapter of his politikes; *Aristotles suum Theodoretum laudauit quendam peritum Tragœdiarum actorem: Cicero suum Rosciun: nos Angli Tarletonum, in cuius voce & vultu omnes iocosi affectus, in cuius cerebroso capite lepidæ facetiæ habitant.* And so is now our wittie Wilson,* who, for learning and extempo-

* "Robert Wilson was one of the Earl of Leicester's servants, to whom the theatrical license was granted in 1574." (Chalmers's Supp. Apology, p. 161.) Whether this was the "witty Wilson," also noticed by Thomas Heywood, in his Apology, 1612, may admit of some doubt, though there is little hazard in considering the preceding notice of "one of the best for comedy," and the actor as the same person. He was author of five plays alone, and six more conjunctively with others. Of these only one is known, and that scarce; the title is "The Cobler's Prophesie, written by Robert Wilson, Gent. Printed at London by Iohn Danter for Cuthbert Burbie, and are to be sold at his shop near the Royal Exchange, 1594." It may be added that Mr. Reed did not consider this author alluded to by Mears. Biog. Dram. Vol. I. p. 473.

rall in this facultie, is without compare or compeere, as to his great and eternal commendations he manifested in his chalenge at the Swanne on the Banke side.

" As Achilles tortured the deade bodie of Hector, and as Antonius, and his wife Fulvia tormented, so Gabriell Haruey hath shewed the same inhumanitie to Greene that lies full low in his graue. *

" As Eupolis of Athens vsed great libertie in taxing the vices of men, so dooth Thomas Nash, witnesse the broode of the Harueys.

" As Actæon was wooried of his owne hounds, so is Tom Nash of his Ile of Dogs. Dogges were the death of Euripedes, but bee not disconsolate, gallant young Iuvenall: Linus, the sonne of Apollo died the same death. Yet God forbid that so braue a witte should so basely perish; thine are but paper dogges, neither is thy banishment like Ouid's, eternally to conuerse with the barbarous Getes. Therefore comfort thy selfe sweete Tom, with Ciceroe's glorious return to Rome, and with the counsel Aeneas giues to his sea beaten soldiers. Lib. i. Aeneid.

' Pluck up thine heart, & driue from thence both feare
and care away:
To thinke on this may pleasure be perhaps another day.
Durato, & temet rebus seruato secundis.'

" As Anacreon died by the pot, so George Peele by the pox.

" As Archesilaus Prytanæus perished by wine at a drunken feast, as Hermippus testifieth in Diogenes,

* I have to notice an omission in a former volume, at No. 9, in the list of Greene's works, of the dates 1655, and 1664.

so Robert Greene died of a surfet taken at pickeld herrings,* & rhenish wine, as witnesseth Thomas Nash who was at the fatal banquet.

" As Iodelle, a French tragical poet, being an epicure and an Atheist, made a pittifull end, so our tragicall poet Marlow, for his epicurisme and atheisme, had a tragicall death; you may read of this Marlow more at large in the Theatre of God's iudgments, in the 25. chapter, entreating of epicures and Atheists.

" As the poet Lycophron was shot to death by a certain riual of his, so Christopher Marlow was stabd to death by a bawdy seruing man, a riuall of his in his lewde loue."

J. H.

* This epicurean treat appears to have continued in vogue several years. Sir Toby, in Twelfth Night, exclaims " A plague o' these pickle herrings!"

END OF VOL. III.

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